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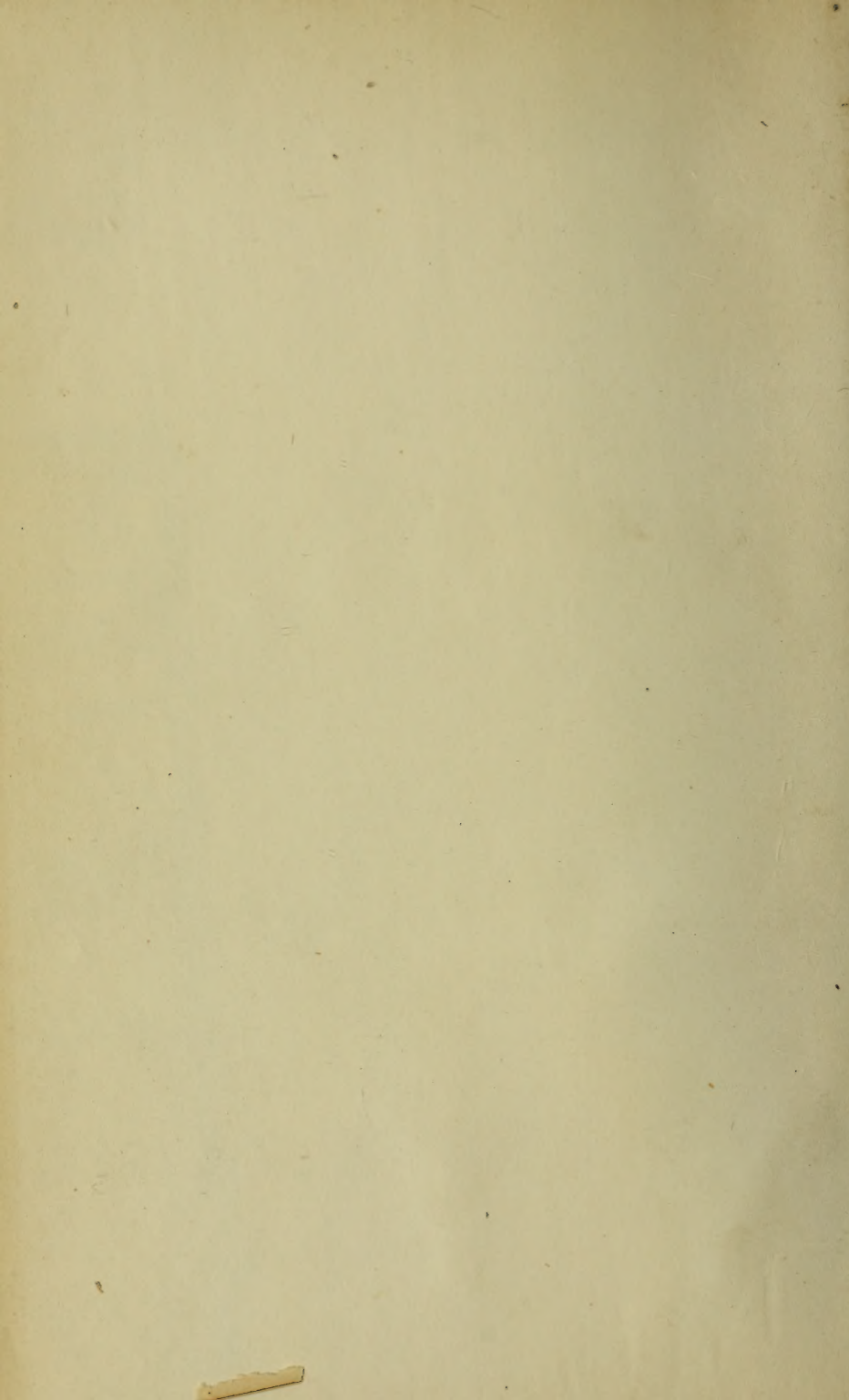
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THE

ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

NEW SERIES.

APRIL TO SEPTEMBER, 1871.

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THE

ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE.

THE LAST ADDITION TO THE CABINET.

MR. GLADSTONE has just admitted to that sacred circle within which the affairs of the British Empire are administered, a gentleman who would, in sporting phraseology, be described as "a novice." Mr. James Stansfeld, for some time Secretary to the Treasury, and now President of the Poor Law Board, has gained, with his promotion, a seat in the Cabinet, and is now accordingly one of the leading men in the liberal ministry. The rank of Cabinet Minister is in this country justly thought to be one of such importance, that when we hear that another politician has been raised to it, we are at least justified in asking what are the reasons which have induced the Prime Minister, who is in these matters the fountain of honour, to single out one happy man from a score of candidates, for a mark of favour so signal.

In the present case, we have no difficulty in deciding the reason which has induced Mr. Gladstone to make Mr. James Stansfeld a Cabinet Minister. He has gained that promotion, not because of any high appreciation of his powers on the part of Mr. Gladstone or any other member of the Cabinet, but because, in certain quarters, a blind and ignorant clamour in favour of Mr. Stansfeld's promotion to the Cabinet was raised. That Mr. Gladstone's opinion was not the same as that of the people, who have declared, through the medium of certain Radical journals, their belief that without Mr. Stansfeld's presence in the Cabinet, the Ministry must split up, and make shipwreck of itself, is proved by several circumstances. In the first place, very shortly before the right honourable gentleman was promoted, the opportunity of promot-

ing him occurred, and Mr. Gladstone resolutely refused to avail himself of it. The clamour raised by Mr. Stansfeld's friends was not then too loud to be resisted, and the Premier was delighted to be able to ignore a man in whose much-vaunted "powers" he had himself no belief. But finally, as we have seen, the tumult became too formidable to be resisted, and it resulted in the admission of the member for Halifax to the political paradise.

We wish we could believe that he is likely to be of any service there. Statesmen are not so plentiful now-a-days, but that we must scan the heavens eagerly in search of new stars, and examine closely those which are discovered. Close examination of Mr. Stansfeld's character and career will not, however, be reassuring. The simple fact is that he owes his reputation, such as it may be, to the lucky circumstance that early in life he threw in his lot with the advanced Radicals. He was very advanced in those days; his speeches and his hair were both alike of the true Red cut, and having had the good fortune to become acquainted with Mazzini, the young brewer soon felt himself to be a distinguished member of that select circle, which, under the inspiration of the Italian patriot, believed itself to be destined to regenerate Europe.

Mr. Stansfeld's admission to Parliament as member for the borough of Halifax, where his father's family had some influence, was of course the real starting-point in his public career. He went into the House with the reputation which usually attaches to a young man who has no sort of connection with the great governing families, and who has made himself notorious by the violence of his opinions, and the character of his associates. But when the time came for Mr. Stansfeld to address the House, he agreeably surprised our legislators. It was an old kind of surprise which they enjoyed, but it was, nevertheless, one which has hardly ever been known to fail. Something of precisely the same nature occurred when another distinguished patriot out-of-doors, the O'Donoghue, first addressed the House. Instead of the violent blustering demagogue who had been pictured as the redoubtable Mr. Stansfeld, the House saw a youngish looking man, very carefully dressed, studiously quiet in his demeanour, and perfectly moderate and reasonable in his language. The new member had moreover a certain touch of fluency in speech which was not so common in Parliament in those days, and which was therefore more highly valued than it can be said to be now. In addition to this he was almost complimentary to the Opposition, and decidedly respectful to the Whigs. Who would have believed it possible that a gentleman whose title to fame was acquired on the platform, where he strove beside the atheistic and democratic politicians of the day, could have comported himself in so un-

exceptionable a manner in Parliament? This was what everybody said when Mr. Stansfeld sat down; and the general impression was that the young man deserved encouragement—and was sure to get it.

He got it. Lord Palmerston, who had as happy a knack as Walpole himself of discovering what was the very smallest ministerial favour which would secure a man's silence or support, was not long in finding that Mr. James Stansfeld, the supposed light of the young England Radicals, the hope of the unwashed, would be quite willing, nay even thankful, to take the post of Junior Lord of the Admiralty. What the political standing of a Junior Lord of the Admiralty is, we need hardly say. Somebody once irreverently remarked that he would rather be door-keeper to the House of Commons for one year, than sit below the gangway for twenty. The man who is ready to move from a recognised position among the irreconcilables in order to become Junior Lord of the Admiralty, must undoubtedly be of the same opinion. Mr. Stansfeld made then a revelation of the scope of his ambition, the strength of his devotion to the people's cause, and his own knowledge of his own merits, by which it is comparatively easy to judge his subsequent career. As the *Saturday Review* said at the time, he had pleaded guilty to mediocrity by accepting such a post. But if mediocrity had been his only fault he might have been forgiven.

Not very long after he took office, there came the miserable squabble about the Greco assassination plot, which led to Mr. Stansfeld's retirement from the Ministry. We should not have referred to this affair, were it not that the Right Honourable gentleman has more reason to thank this than anything else for his subsequent advancement in political life. It is true that he was at the time somewhat harshly treated. His friendship with Mazzini was a matter with which the House of Commons had really nothing whatever to do; and a mistake was made when the young Junior Lord was attacked upon such ground. The country knows how the attack succeeded. Mr. Stansfeld resigned, and for some time continued to live upon his reputation as a Radical martyr.

How well that reputation has helped him since we need hardly say. It has made him successively Under-Secretary for India, Secretary of the Treasury, and Vice-President of the Poor Law Board. It has secured for him the esteem of his party in the country, long after his party in the House of Commons had discovered that he was politically a failure. Finally, it has won for him that place in the Cabinet which he now enjoys.

Truly "the thing is neither rich nor rare," but it is not the less curious on that account. Mr. Stansfeld's career conveys a

lesson to all who are beginning life in the House of Commons. It shows that it is not necessary to be very wise, very eloquent, very well-bred, or very well-connected in order to get high office in a Ministry. Enlist the country upon your side; secure the support of Radical newspapers; impress Radical orators with the idea that you are kept out of your due position because of your steadfast adherence to their principles, and the end is soon reached. Every Prime Minister is more or less squeezable; and Mr. Gladstone has just shown the precise amount of pressure which he needed in order to induce him to take "a hard bargain" from his patrons the Radical public.

With respect to Mr. Stansfeld's political abilities it is scarcely necessary to speak. He has now been a good many years in Parliament; but from first to last he has accomplished nothing which entitles him to be distinguished from the ordinary herd of members, and whatever may have been the promise of his youth, he has most signally disappointed it. A certain gassy, stilted rhetoric, which sounds like a village schoolmaster's imitation of Mr. Bright; a trick of hiding his own intense belief in himself, under a veil of quiet self-complacency, and a ready obedience to the behests of his official superiors, are the only qualities of which the Right Honourable James Stansfeld can boast. The House of Commons has long since ceased to form any expectations as to his future, or to trouble itself in any way about him. The country, now that it will have a better opportunity than it has hitherto enjoyed of studying his powers and capacity, will, without doubt, follow the example of the House of Commons. Mr. Stansfeld, though he has succeeded in climbing into the Cabinet, will never leave his mark upon the political history of England.

THE LUMLEY ENTAIL.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAURA'S WEAKNESS.

LADY LUMLEY had forgiven her husband. Possibly some of my readers may think that an apology for this act of weakness on her part is required. But I have none to offer. Like other women, gifted with even more strength of mind than that which she possessed, Laura had seen reason to regret her rash vow never again to see the man whose name she bore. She had, during the dreary winter's exile at the Eaves House, made the discovery that it is far easier to set an idol up in the heart, than to cast it down. She was not a mere girl now, who might be satisfied with the limits of her mother's home. She had been out in the world upon her own account, and she found that she could no longer be happy in that position as Mr. Harcourt's daughter, which it had once been her great pride and delight to fill. Moreover, she loved her husband tenderly. Yes! despite his sins, she still loved him; and through the long months of the winter, when her Lancashire home was so far from being a cheerful or a lively place of residence, she had more than sufficient leisure to frame excuses for his conduct.

There was a long struggle with her pride before she would consent to call him back to her. But at length affection conquered, and she resolved to forgive him absolutely. She never doubted that his pledged word, given to her father, had been kept; and that during these months of separation Sir Arthur Lumley had seen nothing of Grace. So the struggle ended, and the man who had commissioned Carnaby Hickson to dismiss Grace Heaton, was less than a week afterwards re-united to the wife whom he had deceived.

The season was not yet so far advanced that the baronet felt disposed to take up his residence in town; whilst, on the other hand, Laura was anxious that this second honeymoon upon which they were entering should be spent more quietly than it could be

in London. It was therefore to Lumley Park that Arthur took his wife from the Eaves House. Did no thought of the wrong he had done to her and to another enter his mind as he brought her back to the place which was now her home? I cannot think so. When he met Laura, there was hardly a blush upon his cheeks: he was far more composed, looked happier, and in every way more at ease than she did. He had won all that he wanted in life. His estate was now his beyond the possibility of dispute, and the wife whom he really loved as much as it was in his nature to love anything but himself, was once more reconciled to him. As to the falsehood which he volunteered to her when, upon one occasion only, the cause of their separation had been referred to, it produced scarcely a qualm of conscience. He found it so easy to tell a lie—he, who had once believed himself to be the soul of honour—and the telling of it was attended by such successful results, that he could only regard the matter as one in which he had acted with commendable prudence and foresight. Moreover, he could salve his conscience, if it were to become uneasy, with a hundred flattering excuses. Had he not made matters far more pleasant for Laura as well as for himself, by bringing about this reconciliation through his solemn assurance that he had seen nothing of Grace Heaton since the day on which she left Lumley Park? Was it not even more for his wife's benefit than for his own that she should be living with him again, instead of dwelling forlorn and desolate at the Eaves House; and had he not in the first instance been hardly used by Laura, by her father, and in fact, by everybody? Arthur felt as complacent and as confident when he reviewed his conduct as though he had been the most virtuous of men.

For Laura the times were not quite so happy. She had forgiven her husband, but she would have done so more completely if she could have seen any trace of remorse or of real repentance in his conduct. As it was, his entire self-satisfaction, his apparent determination that his sin and its consequences should simply be put aside and forgotten, as an unpleasant episode in their life, to which it was at once useless and disagreeable to refer, showed his character to her in a new light. And it was not a pleasant light. Nevertheless, she believed his pledged word, and resolved to let by-gones be by-gones, as the old saying expresses it; she made up her mind to think as little about them as possible.

Thus it was that Lumley Hall was once more tenanted, after a dreary winter of emptiness and desolation. When Arthur found his way back to his splendid home, he was delighted to learn that his old enemy, Dawson, had disappeared. He had left the cottage

in which he lived so long, and with his wife had departed for Northumberland. Peter Dawson's case, as the reader has seen, was a pitiable one. He had cherished one idea so long, and had seen that idea so completely frustrated by the hand of inexorable fate, that now in his extreme old age he had become nothing more than a waif upon the sea of life. And yet, even now he was not without a purpose. Through the old man's torpid mind there was constantly passing the thought that time would, in spite of everything, bring him his revenge. Arthur, however, knew nothing of this; he only saw that the cottage at the park gates was empty, that Grace Heaton was disposed of, and that his wife had returned to him. So he believed that this opening spring, the flowers and breezes of which the world was now enjoying, marked the beginning of a new life of happiness and prosperity.

Yet, even now there was a worm in the opening bud of this new life. All had gone well with him, but one thing. There was no heir to bear his name, and to inherit from him the vast estates which he himself had acquired so strangely. Many times during these days did he ponder over this circumstance regretfully; and when he did so, he never failed to wish that his cousin, Gerald the illegitimate, was still on friendly terms with him. Had he been, Arthur would have liked during this period of his life to make some reparation for what he now knew to be the meanness of his conduct in former times. But his regrets were unavailing. His pride would not allow him to summon Gerald to Lumley, and without such a summons it was quite certain that Gerald would never seek to force himself upon his notice.

Away in grimy Moorfell there have been some changes since we last saw Mary and Nellie seated beside Gerald in his unpretending home. Grace Heaton was duly brought down to the quiet village, from her temporary refuge in London; and she was now living in suitable lodgings procured by Gerald. Here, watched over by Mary's unceasing care, the unhappy girl ought to have recovered some measure of her spirits and self-control. But she regained neither. It seemed as though the shock she had sustained when she learned how Arthur had deserted her, had completely overthrown the balance of her mind. Day by day, as the time approached when she must become a mother, she grew more and more restless and miserable; and not even Mary's gentle ministrings were effectual in laying a balm upon her bruised and wounded spirit.

One day, when she was taking a sad and lonely walk in the bare fields round the pit-village, she met Peter Dawson. The old agent was not living in Moorfell itself, but he had occasionally

visited it since leaving Lumley. Peter professed extreme surprise when he saw Grace.

"Eh! lass," said he, "I thought as you were living up in London, and quite the grand lady."

Peter thought nothing of the sort, for he had heard nothing and knew nothing of the girl since her flight from the park; but he had his own reasons for wishing to obtain such information with respect to her movements, as was to be had.

Grace blushed. She knew better than to expect from Peter Dawson any of the delicacy which her new friends, Gerald and Mary and Nellie, had exhibited in their conduct towards her. She essayed to speak, but could not. Something in Peter's face, or in the tone of his voice, brought back to her mind the day at Lumley, when she was still innocent and happy, and she burst out crying.

"What! then thou isn't such a grand lady after all. Well lass, well; it's the way of the world. But you've had your fling anyway, and that's more than some poor girls can say. Ye've seen London with all its sights, haven't ye?"

Our poor Peter attempted to adopt a tone of gentle persuasion in asking this question. Alas! as well might the raven attempt to convert its croak into the clear, sweet warble of the thrush. Grace only looked frightened, and continued to sob—making her face—from which the lines of beauty were fast fading away—plainer than ever. But Dawson was bent upon getting an answer to his question.

"Come, now thou did'st see London?"

By a gesture the girl answered the question in the affirmative.

"And a fine brave gentleman it was that showed ye the sights? Eh!" Peter grinned malevolently as he put forth this further feeler.

Grace's sobs were re-doubled.

"Aye! thou may'st cry, lass! He is a bad one, if ever a bad one lived. And how did he part with you?"

Now it is probable that from most other persons Grace would have resented this cross-examination. But she did not do so when Dawson was the cross-examiner. The simple fact was that she had a servant's proper reverence for a superior; and Peter, even in his retirement, had rested upon the laurels of his past greatness, and enjoyed among the servants at Lumley Park the consideration which properly belonged to the ex-bailiff. His age too was such as to give him some claim upon Grace's confidence; and although she disliked him, and his style of addressing her seemed truly odious, she could not command herself sufficiently to keep silence; and before long Peter had drawn from her the main facts of her history

in London—the chief fact of all being that she had lived there as the wife of Sir Arthur Lumley for a considerable time after her flight from the hall.

Dawson was delighted with the information he had thus acquired.

“Eh, and the rascal is living with his proud young wife again ! Does she know, I wonder, what he was after whilst he was living in London. They said that he had promised my lady never to speak to the girl again. Well, Sir Arthur, I’ll be equal with you yet.”

Peter, as he indulged in this soliloquy, set his face homewards to the little rural hamlet where he had found a resting-place in his old age. But often after that did he make his way to Moorfell. Sometimes he would call upon Gerald and Mary ; but he found so little which was congenial in their society that, in spite of the respectful affection for our hero which he had never ceased to entertain since Gerald’s birth, he never stayed longer under their roof than he could help. Grace he met constantly. Mary, puzzled at first by his attentions to the forlorn girl, at length ascribed them to his pure kindness of heart, and rejoiced in them as a means of diverting her thoughts from the subject upon which her mind seemed now to be constantly bent, the wrong inflicted upon her by the baronet. She little knew that the whole object of Peter Dawson was to nurse and feed the flame which was consuming Grace. For a long time it seemed doubtful whether he would succeed. But the girl was weak, and the old man mean and cunning : so that at length he succeeded in instilling into her mind some of his own bitter and burning desire for revenge ; and before long the two found that they had at least one object in life, in common, the punishment of Sir Arthur Lumley.

Meanwhile, Gerald, after the long and untiring labour of years—labour at which it has only been possible to glance incidentally in these pages ; for what would a novel be which dwelt upon so common-place a topic as hard work—began to reap some of the prizes which he had set before him when he started on his race for wealth. Long ago he would have fallen out of that race, satisfied with a moderate competence and the power to do good to his fellow-creatures ; but when the heart and energies of a man who is “thorough” to the back-bone have been thrown into one channel they are not easily diverted. This at least was what Gerald had found. Having entered upon his career as a mining engineer, he found that he could not pause mid-way in it, and as whatever he did, he did with all his strength, he soon found that he was succeeding, and succeeding even beyond his expectations.

For a long time, of course, it was but a moderate success which

he achieved. Nevertheless, the two or three hundred pounds a year which he received in return for his labours was sufficient for his wants, and as it was all earned by his own hand and brain, it was sweeter than if it had been four times as much, and had been derived from the broad lands of the Lumleys. True there was his marriage to think of. To think of! Why, he thought of little else. By day and by night that blessed, fairy-like, impossible, time, when Nellie was to be his wife—his, actually and absolutely—was constantly floating before him as a vision of glory and of beatific happiness. But even when he indulged in this vision his wishes were moderate. A quiet house in the outskirts of Moorfell, with a garden where Nellie might grow her favourite flowers, and a lawn where poor old “Vic” might chase the sparrows, was all that he aimed at. These would come in good time—in God’s time—and meanwhile he was nearly as happy as any man could hope to be, though his estate was lowly. He had Nellie near him, even now; could spend the tender spring twilight in wandering with her through the fields, and the stunted Northumbrian woods; could worship with her on the Sabbath, and could day by day drink deep draughts of love from those pure and sparkling eyes which ever met his so fondly. Had he not reason to be happy even now, good reader? Surely. Perhaps he himself hardly knew how happy he was. He had known trouble in the past, sore and heavy; the Lord who loved had chastened him, and under the grievous chastening he had profited. But despite all his sufferings and his trials, he knew nothing of that heaviest trial which can befall a man—the depth of that desolation which overwhelms the soul, which having loved and been loved, suddenly finds itself alone. If there be among my readers any one who has known this supreme sorrow, he at least will acknowledge that in these days when Gerald was blessed with the presence of his betrothed, his lot, whatever might be its drawbacks, was enviable indeed.

How it came to pass, Gerald could hardly say afterwards. But he awoke one morning and found himself famous. Not with the loud, brassy fame of mere popularity—that trumpery thing which may be won by the writer of books, or the singer of songs, or the actor of plays; and which is just as often conferred by corrupt or incompetent critics, as gained by real merit.

Gerald’s fame was much more limited and much more substantial than this kind of renown. The truth was, that during the years he had spent at Moorfell, he had nourished an idea, which had at length assumed form and substance. That terrible calamity in which, so soon after he began his life in the pit-village, he had been an actor, left a deep impression upon his mind. He had seen men slaughtered in scores whilst performing a mere

mechanical operation; and he had asked himself whether it was necessary that human lives should be risked in such a manner. The great problem of the coal-fields, in those days, was the invention of an efficient coal-cutting machine—a machine which might take the place of the miner, and be sent in to the most dangerous galleries of a colliery without fear of loss of human life. Gerald had set himself the task of solving this problem. It was not an easy one. Many had made the attempt before, and failed. Many were even now competing with our hero in the task. He had many discouragements, and some failures. But he persevered, and at length he succeeded. It was through Redwood's influence that his coal-cutting machine was brought into public notice. It attracted attention immediately. The practical mining institutes and coal-owners' associations of the north saw that it was what they had wanted so long. Eager capitalists in London offered to purchase it. Men talked about it; the scientific newspapers were full of it. Gerald, as I have said, became famous.

It was at the very time that Grace Heaton was dwelling at Moorfell, virtually the guest of our hero, that this event happened. The weeks went by, and still the wonderful new coal-cutting machine was praised; but yet for some reason or other the coal-owners showed little disposition to adopt it. All admitted that it was simple, ingenious, and efficient; it was tried with complete success, and acknowledged to surpass every previous invention of the same description. But it is humiliating to own that, whether for commercial or for private reasons, the coal-owners showed little disposition to bring the machine into general use. The enthusiastic capitalists, who had at first been so liberal in their offers, grew cold; the scientific newspapers found something else to write about, and Gerald was called upon to sustain one of the most common reverses of budding genius—especially of genius which displays itself in mechanical inventions.

But at the very time when he had almost abandoned hope of benefiting in any way by his suddenly acquired fame, he received a note from Redwood one morning, asking him to meet him that day at his office in Newcastle. He hurried away from Moorfell to keep the appointment, and soon found himself in the "grey metropolis of the north" of England. Redwood's office was on the Quayside, in an old building looking across the Tyne to dirty, smoky Gateshead. Here he was introduced by the man who had been so constantly his friend, to a gentleman who was awaiting him—an elderly man, lean and tall, and not particularly prepossessing in appearance, but about whose manner there was something that was unmistakably aristocratic. It was the Marquis of Bearbrow, one of the largest colliery owners in the world.

Gerald had some faint recollection of him—a very faint one indeed—from having seen him at some of Mr. Harcourt's assemblies. The marquis, however, soon allowed Gerald to see that he was no stranger to him.

"Mr. Lumley, I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before—at the house of Mr. Harcourt, if I mistake not."

Gerald bowed assent to the great man's remark.

"I came here to-day, in order that I might see you again. Mr. Harcourt told me where you were to be found; but it was not his doing that I sought for you. The fact is, I am extremely interested in your capital coal-cutting machine. I must say an admirable invention. I should like to have it tried in my collieries. It was reading an account of it which made me anxious to make your acquaintance."

Gerald, who in his homely life at Moorfell was losing that familiarity with the great of the land which he once enjoyed, felt somewhat overpowered by the peer's compliments, and at the same time he could not refrain from wondering at the object of his visit. He was not kept long in suspense.

"Mr. Redwood, as I've no doubt you are aware, Mr. Lumley, is the consulting viewer for my collieries in Northumberland. But I want a permanent chief viewer. Mr. Nicholls, who has acted for me for many years, is retiring, and my principal object now is to ask if you could accept the post."

Our hero was fairly overcome. He knew that the Bearbrow collieries were among the largest in the county, and that the chief viewer was a man of no small importance. It seemed impossible that it could really be intended to confer such a position upon himself. He looked up stunned and bewildered.

Lord Bearbrow saw his hesitation, and seemed determined to clench the bargain at once.

"The salary I offer," said he, "is fifteen hundred a-year. That was what Mr. Nicholls had, and what I propose to give now. Should you be willing to accept the post on those terms?"

"Certainly, Lord Bearbrow," said Gerald, "but I have the very gravest doubts as to my ability to fill so important a situation."

"My dear sir, don't trouble yourself on that point. Whatever doubts you may have I have none. I couldn't have any after hearing what Mr. Redwood has to say about you, and seeing that wonderfully ingenious machine of yours. Pray set your mind at rest, and allow me to consider the matter settled."

And the matter was settled accordingly, after further conversation which it is unnecessary to record in these pages.

But this was not all.

"By-the-way," said the peer, when their business was done, "I was empowered to ask you to luncheon at the Station Hotel, to meet a very old friend of yours—Lord Cleverly."

Gerald was startled. It seemed so long, so very long, since Lord Cleverly's name had been uttered in his hearing in this casual manner. He remembered his youthful jealousy of that most good-natured of noblemen, and remembering also that this jealousy was not entirely unrequited, his first impulse was to decline. But second thoughts conquered. He felt a yearning, by no means unnatural in a man who was still young, to see a known face once more. The old life in London—the life of "violent delights," to which there had come so violent an end,—seemed suddenly to be opened before his eyes once more, and he could not resist the temptation to see one who was associated with that life; so he went, and saw Lord Cleverly.

I think my reader will be sure that the peer received Gerald with the utmost kindness. To be unkind to anybody was not in Lord Cleverly's nature. Nor was his kindness merely that worthless amiability of which Arthur Lumley furnished so striking an example. There was backbone to it. Lord Cleverly was a man of honour and high principles, and not merely "a benevolent smile."

It was not only that he might have a chat with our hero about old times, and draw from him in the most delicate manner possible some information as to his present life, that Lord Cleverly had wished to see Gerald. Very early in this history there is a record of a conversation in which the peer told Mr. Harcourt that he would help Gerald some day. That day had now come; and within two hours from the time at which our hero was appointed chief viewer to the Bearbrow collieries, he also found himself consulting viewer to Lord Cleverly's mines, at a salary of five hundred pounds a year.

It seemed almost like a fairy tale. His wonderful good fortune completely bewildered him. As he returned to Moorfell in the dusk of the day, he pondered much over this strange and unexpected change in his affairs. He was a rich man at last. Rich even in the eyes of the people with whom he had once mingled as an equal, but of whom he had seen so little during those years which had gone by since his father's death. To him two thousand a year seemed now a princely fortune. True, it was barely a tenth of the splendid income of the Lumley estates, but it was money earned by the sweat of his brow, and as he walked through the fields from the railway station he owned that such

money was a hundred times sweeter than would have been the inheritance of his father's estate, if it had ever come to him.

Not towards his own cottage did he, in the first instance, turn his footsteps. It was Nellie of whom he thought most in connection with his good fortune, and it was to her that he first carried the tidings.

His love, like himself, was somewhat overwhelmed. She had never thought of Gerald as a rich man; had never thought of him, indeed, except as a poor man, doomed to work hard all the days of his life for a scanty living. She was almost disappointed when she found that this was not to be. The true woman indeed, who has been preparing herself for the lot of a poor man's wife, must always be disappointed when she finds that the sacrifices and labours to which she had looked forward, are not to be exacted from her.

"Oh, Gerald!" said Nellie, "there will be terrible temptations for both of us now you are so rich."

Gerald smiled in response—a happy, self-confident smile. Somehow the possession of riches seems to be so light a thing to men; whilst to women it is so grave a responsibility.

"With you beside me, darling, I shall not be afraid to encounter temptation. And, Nellie, you do not know how thankful I am that the cares of a poor man's wife will never be yours."

"Ah! but I should have liked it so much, Gerald. I hoped I might make you such a careful housekeeper—though I could never, never be half as good a wife as you deserved."

Again the smile on Gerald's face; but this time not a self-confident smile.

"My darling, you don't know what you say. You have learned to love a man with more faults than most people. But you will help me, will you not, to overcome the world?"

"Oh, Gerald!" And the bright tender face of his girl love flushed with a blush as warm as the heart which beat beneath her bosom. "And, Gerald, darling," said she, presently, "I am so glad of this on your account, and Mary's."

We have seen our hero in more than one dark hour. We have watched him wrestling with loneliness, anguish, and bereavement; now we see him under other circumstances. Years after, Gerald Lumley used to speak of that evening when he sat beside the doctor's niece, and told her the news which he had brought from Newcastle, as the happiest in his life.

Oh! successful man with no love, no wife, to whom to tell the story of your battle and triumphs, you little know all that you have lost!

CHAPTER XXVII.

GRACE.

GERALD'S new appointments made it necessary that he should leave Moorfell and take up his residence in some more central part of the Northumbrian coal-field. The necessity of finding a suitable residence, as well as the duties which quickly began to crowd upon him in connection with his new posts, occupied much of his time; and for some weeks no one at Moorfell saw much of him. Even Nellie had to be satisfied with brief meetings, at what seemed to be very long intervals.

One day returning to his home, wearied after a long journey to the spot which he had at last fixed upon as his future place of abode, he bethought himself of Grace. He had seen the girl at church on the previous Sunday, and he knew that Mary frequently saw her. Nevertheless, some vague feeling of uneasiness which he was unable to shake off, made him resolve that he would call at her lodgings that night. But when he reached his own house he found that it was useless to do so. Mary met him with a pale and startled face, and told him that Grace had disappeared. It was quite true. The girl had left Moorfell that very day. She had fallen completely under the influence of Peter Dawson, and, lured away by him, had accompanied him to Lumley.

It would perhaps be difficult to say precisely what Peter's object was. He had a vague idea that by taking Grace to Lumley he would gain some sort of hold upon the man whom he hated so intensely. He might make him miserable; he might even bring about another separation from his wife; and in any case it was something to be engaged in a plot. The present writer has heard a distinguished member of the Red fraternity of Europe avow that when all governments had swallowed the socialist formula, and there was nothing left to plot and conspire for, existence would simply become unendurable. In the same way our friend Peter, who in a vague hazy way had been plotting all through his long life, found that he could no longer be happy unless he were mixed with some piece of underhand work.

Little did Sir Arthur Lumley know of the evil which was in store for him. He was very happy just then—happier than he had ever been since his first discovery of the fact that there was a rival claimant to his title and estates. The season was far advanced, and he ought of course to have been in London. But Laura, who knew that the tale of their recent separation had duly found its way to Mayfair and Belgravia, and been commented

upon there with all the good-nature which distinguishes those most blessed of mundane regions, induced him to remain quietly at Lumley during the beautiful months of spring. And he had enjoyed his stay. Like most other men who are members of society, he had hardly seen the country during spring since his boyhood, and now that he once more beheld how bright and beautiful it was, he came to the conclusion that the "season" was altogether a mistake. He began, too, during these days to look upon himself as a model man. His little affairs of honour, and his unfortunate difference with his wife, were set aside, and soon were totally forgotten. They were things of the past, and it would be hard, indeed, if a man were always to be reminded of the sins of his early life. The reformed rake became one of the most virtuous of men; and slowly Laura's esteem for him began to come back.

"A letter for you, my lady," said the servant, one bright May afternoon, when Laura was seated alone in her boudoir.

There was nothing very remarkable in the outside of the letter, and Laura opened it without a shadow of misgiving; but she had no sooner unfolded the sheet within the envelope than she let it drop from her hand as though she had been stung by it. The letter was unsigned.

Now, I suppose that Laura's duty was to ring for the servant, who had just left the room, and to order him to burn the ugly treacherous missive before her eyes. We are always told that this and this only is the way in which anonymous letters should be treated. We are all agreed in holding the same opinion, and yet—who amongst my readers would act up to it?

Certainly Laura did not. She fain would have done so, and for some minutes she eyed the venomous sheet of note-paper with unutterable disgust. But presently her curiosity was aroused. It might be better, after all, to see at least what the letter was about before she destroyed it. She lifted it up, and the first thing that she saw was her husband's name.

Once again there passed through her mind a misgiving as to the course she was taking. The letter—the mean, sneaking, anonymous letter—referred to her husband, the man she loved. Would it not be better to hand it to him unread, and to leave him to deal with it?

But as this thought crossed her mind, it was quickly followed by a sharp bitter pang of jealousy. Her husband had deceived her. She did not, she could not believe that he would deceive her again—he whose word of honour, as well as his vows of love, was pledged to her. But the recollection of his former sin was enough. She read the letter. Here it is:—

“MY LADY,

“Excuse your humble well-wisher, who wishes to inform of what he thinks you ought to be made acquainted with. Your ladyship, the young woman is living in Lumley Hamlet, at this very moment, which her name is Grace Heaton; and those as ought to know, think that there’s a deal more in it than ought to be. Leastwise your humble wisher thinks it well to inform you. So no more at present.”

The letter might have been worse than it was. It was coarse, and inspired by a vulgar insinuation, but it was not untrue, in which respect it differed, as the reader will no doubt observe, from most anonymous letters.

Laura read it through a second time, with compressed lips, and knitted eyebrows. She comprehended clearly enough the fact that it was not written by a friend of her husband’s, and she was annoyed, distressed, and perplexed to find that the girl whom she had believed to be far away, and who had brought so much unhappiness to herself, was living within an easy walk of Lumley Hall. But still she saw nothing in the letter to incriminate Arthur. She had his word that he had never seen Grace during their period of separation, and she could not believe that he had seen her since. Nevertheless she put the letter carefully aside, resolved to speak to her husband upon the subject before day was over.

That very afternoon an unkind fate ordained a meeting between Grace and Sir Arthur Lumley. He had been visiting a friend at a little distance, who chanced to be still in the country, and on his return he strolled through the pleasant lanes on foot, sending his groom forward. Suddenly, in a retired bye-path, leading towards his own park, he came face to face with the girl he had betrayed. On both sides the meeting was unexpected, though naturally it was Arthur who was the more surprised. Upon unhappy ruined Grace the effect was terrible. All her strength seemed to leave her; she stood as though paralysed, and then she clutched at the thorny hedge, in evident fear of falling.

It was not in Arthur Lumley to be deliberately unkind under such circumstances. My reader has seen that no man could do more unkindly actions than this gallant and ever courteous baronet. But he did them by deputy, and when an appeal was made to his sensitiveness, like that which was now conveyed to him by his eye, he was quite unable to resist it.

So, although he would have freely given a thousand pounds rather than have encountered Grace in such a place and under

such circumstances, he could not pass on coldly and leave her unnoticed. He approached her, and not a moment too soon, for before he knew how it had all come to pass she was lying insensible in his arms.

Did he, as he looked at the once fair face, now wan with suffering, and furrowed with grief, feel any of that remorse which the author of a great crime like that of which he had been guilty, might be expected to feel? It was his own handiwork which he saw before him in the wrecked beauty—ah! the wrecked life also—of Grace Heaton. Was he smitten to the heart with grief for the evil he had wrought? I think so: I hope so. There passed over his still handsome face a sudden spasm of pain. But the next moment he was framing excuses for himself, and wondering why a mere passing fancy, an “affair” which, in the case of any other man (so he thought), would have entailed no unpleasant consequences whatever, should have brought so much evil upon him—and upon her.

“Oh, let me die! Oh, sir, go away and let me die!” were the first words which Grace uttered, when she recovered her senses. Peter Dawson, who had been training her for months past in the noble art of revenge, would scarcely have been gratified had he been present when she uttered these words. The poor girl forgot everything now, but that she was in the presence of the man whom she loved, and that even to speak to him was a sin.

“Why should you die, Grace? You should not talk in that foolish way,” said Arthur half-tenderly, half-petulantly. “You must take care of yourself and get well as fast as you can.”

There was a woe-begone look upon her face as she heard these words that must have touched the hardest heart. It was a look which spoke of utter despair.

“No, no: I hope I shall never be well again. I hope I shall die.”

“You are very wrong to say that, Grace,” replied Arthur sententiously, though not without a certain soothing influence in his tone. Then, feeling as though he must say something more, he added hurriedly: “I was very, very sorry to part from you.”

Grace shook from head to foot when he said this, and turned towards him a face on which was written plainly enough, the agony which she was enduring.

Arthur could not bear to see that face. It wounded him in his heart, possibly, in his self-esteem, certainly. He knew that he and he alone was the cause of her suffering; and he could not endure that she should think badly of him.

“I am afraid you thought me very unkind, Grace; but upon my word nobody could have been more sorry than I. I was

forced to do it, you know. But I shall always be your friend. You shall never want for anything."

Still the girl only looked at him. The power of speech seemed to have left her altogether.

Arthur felt very uncomfortable, and yet with his characteristic horror of a scene, he shrank from parting from her. At length a happy idea struck him. He could escape more easily by promising to see her again, and then he need not keep the appointment unless he liked.

"I am afraid I must leave you, Grace. But I shall soon see you again. I must ask you some questions about yourself, and you must tell me if I can do anything for you. Will you meet me to-morrow afternoon about this time."

Grace assented in a whisper.

"And where shall the meeting be —— here?"

"No, Sir Arthur, if you would let it be at the 'Folly.' I should like that best."

A cloud passed over the baronet's face when Grace mentioned Lumley Folly as their place of meeting. But it was only a momentary one. The next instant he had recovered his composure.

"Yes: I should say the Folly is as good a place as any; but you must be punctual."

Then he kissed her—he could do no less, he thought—and walked quickly away, satisfied at having escaped more easily than he had expected, from what he described to himself as a deuced awkward encounter.

Laura met him in the hall. He went up to her to kiss her, just as he had done on that afternoon in the previous summer when he came, as he now came, straight from the presence of his mistress to the presence of his wife.

Laura submitted to the kiss. She was not suspicious by nature, and in her heart she despised the letter which she had that morning received. Nevertheless she spoke of it, and spoke of it with a suddenness which disconcerted even Arthur Lumley's composure.

"Arthur, do you know that——" she paused for a moment, her face burning with shame, and then proceeded bravely—"that Grace Heaton is living at Lumley?"

The baronet was completely overcome. It was not half an hour since he had kissed Grace Heaton's lips; and already some malicious sprite seemed to have conveyed the news to Laura.

No one could mistake the confusion and embarrassment which were exhibited on his face. Almost for the first time in his life his equanimity completely deserted him. Was his nerve failing, or was his conscience becoming more active? He did not know.

He only knew that he was trembling and white, and that Laura saw the state into which her words had thrown him.

Well would it have been for him if he had spoken the truth then concerning that meeting in the country lane, but he had not the courage, nay it must be said that he had not the inclination to do so. Like many other men he had become so habituated to deception and falsehood, that he instinctively chose the way which was dark and crooked rather than that which was light and straight.

"I do not know anything about her," the while every look, every word belied him.

"Arthur," cried Laura more passionately than she had ever done before, "you have deceived me, I see it in your face."

For once the placid temper of Sir Arthur Lumley was ruffled. He knew that in this matter of the chance meeting that afternoon he was altogether innocent, and yet he felt that he could not act as if he were innocent.

"I wish you would not be so foolish, Laura, I am speaking the truth."

"Your face contradicts you then. I knew you to be weak, but I little knew how dishonourable you were. I see it all now. You deceived me before, and you have deceived me again; you are deceiving me now."

"Laura, you do not know what you are saying. I have *not* deceived you."

"I am punished, properly punished," she continued without heeding his protestation, "for having trusted you at all. I said before that I could only be deceived once. I was mistaken. I did not know how weak I was; but I know now."

"Laura, tell me what you mean, and do not talk in that way," said Arthur irritably.

"I mean that whilst you have been pretending to be filled with remorse, and to be thinking only of me, you have still been intriguing with this girl."

"By God, it's a lie," cried Arthur, fairly beside himself with rage and vexation.

"By God, Sir Arthur Lumley, it's the truth, and you know it."

Husband and wife alike started when these words were uttered in a voice which both knew, but which neither had heard for months past. They turned and saw that Peter Dawson stood beside them.

Their conversation had taken place in the hall, where they had been utterly alone; but Peter Dawson entering unseen whilst they were speaking, had heard enough, and more than enough, for his purpose.

"What do you mean, ruffian!" cried Arthur, when he saw who had spoken. "What business have you here?"

"I came to see my lady, Sir Arthur, and not you," replied Peter, with a mock obeisance.

"Then you'll please to leave Lady Lumley alone. She desires to have nothing to do with you. Have the goodness to retire."

"Stop Arthur," said Laura; "you heard what Dawson said. He has said so much that he must say more."

"I can say a good deal more that's to the purpose, my lady."

"About what?"

"The lass. I know all about it, sir; so you needn't try to come over me. Why it's not an hour since I saw you kiss her with your own lips in Shaw's Close."

Arthur blushed, and, almost choking with rage, once more declared that the man lied.

"Nay, nay; if ye will have it that I lie, I can show ye that I don't. Why I've got a witness in the kitchen, young Tommy Farbeck, who'll tell my lady that what I've said is gospel truth, and no less."

Arthur was silent; and Laura looked at him—half with contempt, half with pity.

"Have you nothing to say, Arthur?" she asked, after a pause, in gentler tones than those which she had used before.

"I suppose you will believe anybody rather than your husband, Lady Lumley," was the sullen reply.

She said nothing but with a sad slow step, turned and left the hall.

Peter did not find it convenient to remain after her.

LONDON IN THE BLUES.

"Oh! darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
As some one somewhere sings about the sky."

BYRON.

It was during the annual "Varsity" race epidemic last year, that a foreigner observed to me, on first setting his polished boots on terra firma, in our little village of London: "Why is your London and all you English so blue? I look everywhere, and everywhere my eye do alight on de blue; de boutiques, de equipages, de ladies, are all blue, except de sky, which ought to be blue, but is not. Is it de anniversaire of the fête of any grand *bas bleu* or literary personne? or is it de feast of de blue devils, which I hear is a custom to have in England when anyting *triste* is about, and de money market is bad, and then I know you English are very sujet to dese littel spirits? *Parbleu, mais c'est fort drôle!*" "*Pas bleu*, but, on the contrary, *it's all blue*," I could not help answering. The Frenchman was quite right, the Swiss proverb of "*De quel côté je me tourne, je ne vois que la ville de Sivourae*," is truly verified at that time, for wherever one turns as this great aquatic festival approaches, azure tints glimmer.

From Fortnums and Mason's, and such goodly emporiums which display regiments of bottles of "Phiz," draped in paper light and dark blue, to the tallow chandlers exposing their blue dips (at least they would if they had any) and their wax candles in columns of cerulean shades. Bakers' shops are full of luncheon cakes, all guised in the colours of the day. Hairdressers display their dummies crowned with azure blue flowers and ribbons gay. The umbrella shops manifest their "desideratums" in dark and light blue cases. The drapers and haberdashers are as blue as truth and constancy could wish, and the dressing of their shop windows gives great scope to the display of artistic taste in arranging the sky-dipped silks, satins, parasols, gloves, stockings, and ribbons in harmony. Even *grave* booksellers' windows are girt with rows of books in their brightest blue bindings. Toyshops are "laced with blue of heaven's owne" in the shape of blue dolls and barricades, and pyramids of blue croquet balls and mallets. Regiments of conical sugar-loaves, robed in blue, do honour to the race in the grocers' windows. The Berlin wool shops are wreathed

with wools and beads of the day's colours. Jewellers in gems of turquoise are rich and rare. Infantile shops are a puzzle of sashes and pigmy garments, and fancy repositories seem to have just received a large consignment of blue leather fancy goods and work-baskets lined with the two blue shades. The hat shops teem with blue smoking-caps and *gibus* hats all lined with the conflicting colours. Stationers' windows look a confused mass of blue paper, arranged in mathematical monuments, tied with blue tape (red tape being an exceptional article on that day). China and glass shops, carpet warehouses, and upholsterers', all are a blaze of the ethereal tints. Tailors are magnificent in blue uniforms and liveries. Saddlers indulge in the different shaded blue satin curls with which horses are wont to adorn their ears. Even the cheesemongers display their Stiltons, conspicuous for their antique blue mould. Shoemakers put to the fore their blue boots and shoes for little feet "that peep like mice from the petticoat beneath." Milliners' and bonnet shops vie with one another in producing an effect with the greatest variety of the combatant shades in parasols, bonnets, dresses, and shawls; while as to the resorts where gentlemen are wont to indulge their tastes, the ties, scarves, socks and shirts, are a sight indeed!

It is a wonder that the druggists do not celebrate the event by exhibiting artistic designs in blue pills.

The "unmitigated woe" shops alone break the monotony of the line with their more sober hue, and they do the best to inaugurate the national festival by disporting the bluest of lavender parasols, etc. The music shops seem to have a tremendous stock of "dark girls dressed in blue" about this period, variegated with banjos, garnished with light-blue bows.

The people who seem most one-sided and wedded to Oxford are the brave knights of the pavé, the police who adhere to their indigo hue. No, by-the-bye, there is another race strictly Cantab in principle, the milkmen, who are always for sky blue.

Railway stations are decorated with special train boards, and the buses are placarded with fares to the boat race in resplendent letters of the rival colours blended harmoniously together; and as to the button-hole, girls are redolent with the sweet-smelling emblematic colours of the "tug of water." True blue everywhere is the song and order of the day; blue-eyed lassies are more in request than ever just then; in fact, all London seems to have been well dipped in "Binko's celebrated paper blue," which we read of in the Metropolitan Run and Read Library, yeapt the scaffolding and other walls, and the roofs of omnibuses and railway carriages.

And as the exciting day of the "Varsity" carnival draws nigh,

the face of the metropolis presents a living gigantic wave of sky-kissed hue. Veils; reins, rosettes (the yards in which must give a good turn to the Coventry weavers), pocket-handkerchiefs, dog-collars, and so forth, are as blue as blue can be.

From the occupants of the drags, the knife-boards of the "buses," to the dog-meat barrows and gipsy vans, not to speak of the rolling surge of pedestrians, all are under a strong influence of a fit of the blues. And, in conclusion, may we hope this annual race will be rowed till all is blue, and the victory we feel sure will ever fall to the best. Then three cheers for the light and dark blue, and we hope that though London may feel the effects of the blues for some days, it may not be caused by blue ruin, and we trust the fairer sex will all get to their hearths and homes out of the crowd without, as Shakespeare says, being "pinched blue as bilberries."

Let us pray also (as the Emperor of Germany would say) that the old Tory colours of true blue will maintain not only their popularity during the excitement of the race, but will wear better, stronger, and brighter than they do now on the other side of the water, *i.e.*, that part of the fair and silvery Thames which flows at Westminster.

THE PEDIGREE HUNTER.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"The fortune of the family remains,
And grandsires' grandsires the long list contains."

DRYDEN.

PEDIGREES and genealogical researches have become quite a fashionable mania, especially among our transatlantic brethren, who, notwithstanding that two centuries have elapsed since their leaving these shores, have still the pride of ancestry glowing within them, and feel interested in the land which gave birth to the progenitors of their race.

With pardonable vanity they *calculate* from how many scions of our aristocracy they can claim blue blood, and though *New* Englanders in custom, birth, and habit, they are *still Old* Englanders at heart, and feel pleasure in knowing that they derive from the real old stock; for, as Sir Egerton Brydges observes, "there is no quality to which every one in heart pays so great a respect as honourable descent."

Few people know the intricacies, difficulties, and disappointments with which pedigree-hunting is attended, unless, indeed, they have confidently trusted themselves to those obliging and ingenious creatures, (vide *Times*, and *Punch*,) who advertise to trace your pedigree for two guineas; provide you with a pretty coat of arms for three shillings and sixpence on specification of county, and are even so amiable, that for a fee of ten shillings they will actually tell you the proper colour your servants' livery ought to be. I think, therefore, that the experiences of one who long ago took up the oar to pull along the genealogist's crooked stream, may not be unacceptable to the public in general, and will show that in spite of the wear and tear of the destroyer Time, with perseverance at the prow, and patience at the helm, one may travel back centuries gone past, and bring the dead gone back to memory, though *not* to life.

I must have been born with an ancestral spade in my mouth, (instead of *the* desirable silver spoon), ready to unearth my cold slumbering forefathers; for, from my earliest recollection, I was very inquisitive about my kindred, and not only about mine, but about that of other people.

I used to ask everybody how many brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins they rejoiced in? what their names were, their ages, and their birth-days?—which I always carefully noted down and treasured up in my memory; and from a still earlier period, heraldic monsters had an all-enthraling charm for me.

I was always trying to draw them, and one of the brightest days that gladdened my childhood was, when I obtained permission to have “Pinnock’s Catechism of Heraldry,” and allowed to say a portion by heart daily with my other lessons.

The older I grew, the more the love and taste for heraldic lore grew too, and well do I remember how I used to catechize and plague the life out of a certain old bachelor cousin every time I saw him, about family traditions, and taxed his muddy and decaying memory, poor old fellow, to try and resuscitate great uncles, aunts and grandmothers, whom he had never even heard of since he was short-coated.

At last, when I was grown up to full estate, the desire seized me fully to trace my ancestry, *coûte qui coûte*, even though I only knew I had a great-grandfather as a starting point. Perhaps this is saying more than many, as some just know they must have had a father and mother, and imagine that their parents must have had progenitors, unless they supposed that, like Topsy, “*they had growed!*”

The first thing to be done, then, was to find out where the grandfather was born, as that would show the soil where the great-grandparents flourished. Well, the family Bible generally informs one that much; having ascertained this, the next step was to write to the parish-clerk, and ask what registers of baptisms, marriages, or deaths in the family there were; all this seems easy enough; but lo! and behold, one perhaps gets an answer similar to what I did—that there certainly was a date of burial of such and such a name, but no entries of births or marriages; that possibly the sought-for ancestor had only been an exotic, and thrived there but late in life; of course, the next step was to trace out where he was *indigenous*—rather like looking for a midge in a hay-stack, thought I.

What was to be done to make this long business short?—Some one said to me, “Get a ticket for the reading-room of the British Museum; you will be able to find it all out there.” This was no sooner said than done, and directly the postman brought me the coveted pass which was to carry my ambition to a successful issue,

I trudged off as fast as a pair of legs could carry me, rejoicing within myself that I should soon dig up my old ancestors, illuminate, and put them into print, which sounds perhaps rather a peculiar kind of performance.

I reached the Museum, and felt at first rather uncomfortable marching into the large room, walled with shelves after shelves of the most ponderous and learned looking books; knowing no one and wondering how I should begin my excavations. Having signed my name in a thick book I was asked what works I wished to see? Books on Heraldry and Genealogy, I answered; whereupon I was marched to a side of the room, where there was a compartment entirely devoted to books on the subject. I seized Burke, instantly found the name, and a whole lineage of the family. I thought I saw my forefathers in living rows before me, and kept reading on, hoping to fall on the name Edward (that of my great-grandfather)—no such name appeared; I was all at sea again; I felt very weary and depressed, but “never say die” having always been my motto, I sat and thought what was to be done next? I felt too shy to ask any of the attendants, and thought if I did, they would not understand so mystic and deep a science, and not then being aware there was such a book in existence as Mr. Sims’ “Manual for Genealogists,” all I could do was to press my thumbs into my forehead and sit and look for ideas.

At last, it struck me I would write to every parish in which I could find the name, and seeing a row of the official county directories close to the heraldic shrine of books, I waded through all the northern counties where my ancestors were supposed to have mustered, and whenever I found my patronymic, I copied down the addresses; these amounted to nearly two hundred. Wondering what next would help me, my eye wandered with my steps around the interminable bookshelves, till they fell on the Gentleman’s Magazine, and seeing what copious indexes of names it had, I proceeded to jot down every reference I could find to my own there; this was enough for one day, and the next I went again to this literary club, and ransacked all the county histories, whenever I met the name, still making a note of it.

At last I had a huge MS. book full; then, quite regardless of the expense of postage, I contributed freely to her Majesty’s revenue by writing to every living representative of the name, and to the clergymen of those parishes where I found it mentioned centuries ago.

Sometimes I received polite letters in answer; sometimes none at all, and often the answers were so peculiar and original, that I felt more puzzled than I was before, and was disappointed when

I thought to catch gleams of information leading me to the burial-ground of the originator of our race. I purpose giving a few specimens, just to prepare the amateur genealogist as to what he or she may expect unless they tread in the sure way into which I purpose conducting them presently. From the clergymen who *did* answer me, I must own I received much courtesy and often very sympathetic letters, especially from one of my own name, who was as enthusiastic as I was myself on the family explorations. Now and then some of the cloth would observe that the registers were so illegible from Time's destroying hand and the dust of ages, that they were obliged to have microscopic aid, and left it to my generosity to send them something for their missionary box or mothers' meeting fund, but it is not of these letters I would speak; it is of those I received from farmers, and others bearing the old though not time-honoured name. The orthography of some was original, the grammar equally peculiar, and the information very vague and incoherent; they would tell me perhaps they once had a brother James, who had gone beyond seas, they did not know where, but to some heathen land; that brother Jacob was dead, and they had an uncle Timothy, who, if he were alive must be getting on in years, but he lived some fifty miles away; they had not heard of him now these thirty years, but they would write and find out if he was living, if I pleased, but perhaps I would *writ* again saying why I wanted to know all about them, as not being very good scholars it took 'em a wery long time to write it.

Among the higher classes, I got a few rebuffs; they used to write, they did not chose to gratify inquisitive people, of whom they knew nothing, respecting their family antecedents; others again, "knew nothing of their ancestors, heraldry never having been in their way, and all they knew of them was that the best parts were, like potatoes, underground." Once or twice I had a tract sent me with no letter, and once I had a regular sermon from a knight, telling me that instead of making those unseemly enquiries I had better look out for my own soul, and find my way to gain the crown of glory, rather than to think about such pomp and vanity as to who and what my ancestors where.

But on the whole, I must say I received most courteous and polite letters, full of as much information as the writers could possibly give.

Sometimes, instead of answering by letter, my correspondents would call, and how well I recollect how, on one fine winter morning, I had gone to my beloved haunt the British Museum, and on my return after two hours' absence, my brother and sister greeted me with "There has been such queer cuntrypeople up

from 'Leizestershire' to see you, saying you had wrote to them about the family and they had coomed up to London, and had called to tell you, and make your friendship, and were going to call again in an hour or two's time."

"You will get yourself into a mess some of these days with that mania of yours," said my sister, "you can't tell what queer people may turn up, declare relationship, want to borrow money, and come and call at awkward times."

"The mater will be furiously angry at people of that kind calling at the house."

My exclamation was more pointed than polite. I observed, "What fools people are! I asked them to write an answer. I do hate people calling about my affairs, but I won't see them. Pray what did Simon say when he answered the door?"

"That you were out, but would be sure to be back soon, and he came in with a broad grin on his face, saying some gentleman and lady from Leicestershire had coomed up to see Miss Garnett, but as you were out they would call again."

In a frantic state of mind I rang the bell, and said, "Simon, why had you not the sense to say I was out of town when those people came? you must have known I did not want to see them. I won't see them, so you must settle the matter, and put them off, as you best can; tell them I have not come home yet, and you don't know when I will."

Presently, a wonderful country bumpkin knock nearly broke the door down, not like the knock of the Duchess of Strawberry-leaves' footman which makes a long echoing sound, but a heavy kind of slow tum-tum-tum, that is never heard except when given by foreigners to London knockers.

Simon, recognizing the knock, would not answer the door again, and sent the lady's maid. I, guessing who it was, rushed into the library, and called out, "Be sure to say I am out, Price, and not expected home till night;" but feeling anxious to hear how this denial would be taken, I just opened the door a quarter of an inch to listen, and heard—

"Well, mum, be Miss Garnett in?"—

"No, sir, she is out and not expected home till late this evening."

"Whoy, the gentleman as opened the door before said, she would be in soon, and we have coomed up from Leizestershire upon very pertikler business, and to see she, for she wrote to I about her family and I have coom up to tell her all about it—I have."

"Perhaps you had better write, sir, and ask her to fix a time to call," said Price, "for she is hardly ever at home."

"I say, Prudence," said Bumpkin, turning to the female accompaniment he had with him, "what had best do?"

Without vouchsafing the querist any answer, she turned to Price, and in the highest and shrillest of trebles, squeaked out so that the inhabitants of the attics might have heard her, "Well be sure and tell Miss Garnett we called, our name is Garnett, and we are relatives of hers, good-day."

Hearing the door shut, I poked my head out, and saw Price shaking with laughter, and, stealing quietly round to the dining-room window, just caught sight of the pair descending the steps arm-in-arm, and justly proud I was indeed of my new-found relations. The man was a hurly-burly looking individual with a white coat and mother-of-pearl buttons, the size of salt-cellars, horsey check trousers, and "billy-cock" hat, set off with a coloured comforter of "strange device" round his very thick throat. His companion was a tiny little shrivelled specimen of the unappropriated blessing (*vulg.* old maid) order, dressed in the brightest of green garments and tight-fitting jacket, fur boots, and a black beaver bonnet with a red feather sticking out of it *à la militaire*—and an ornamental flower-garden border surrounding her very sharply developed and nosy lineaments.

"Well," thought I, "see those aborigines, I can't—I wonder if they want to be asked to dinner, and introduced to the rest of the family of Garnett? I won't see them. I declare I won't."

The excitement and perturbation of mind I was in all that afternoon will never "be forgot" as the song says, together with the quizzing I got from my brother about my country cousins, and the fright I was in, lest my parents should hear of these aristocratic visitors.

The whole evening my brother kept playing and singing "I'm a young man from the country," and turning round with the most exasperating grin at me.

Presently the last post came. Simon brought in the letters; there was one for me, with a seal like Katey's "*as big as her best bonnet*"—with the impression of a fat dumpy thumb on it. I found it was from my newly-discovered relative, and began thus:—

"RESPECTED MISS—

"I and sister Prudence was much disappointed that you was out to-day when we coomed to see you. We coomed up from Leizestershire to see the Cattle-show, and thought as how instead of answering your kind letter we would call and claim relationship, and shake a hand with our London relation, so called. I have large arable estates at Frostleigh which have been in the family

for years and years, me and sister are the only ones left out of 10, and we can tell you all the pedigree which is so-and-so—(giving a long list of relations and names), and our dear sainted dead mother's side was related to Lord Boyle, which I am christened after, so please put in my name, when you writes. I will call to-morrow morning before leaving this city, and hoping this will find you as well as it leaves me and sister,

“I am your humble servant,

HENRY BOYLE GARNETT, *Esqre.*”

On reading the list of their dead and gone kindred and ancestors, I found I had already tracings of them from Nichols' “History of Leicestershire,” and knew them to be collaterals of the branch, which went Midland, and which had degenerated into farmers from being lords of manors three hundred years ago, whilst the stock from which I sprang—the parent stem—had remained and flourished in the North, till 1740.

Next morning, after sound sleep and mature deliberation, I said to my sister—

“Well, I have made up my mind not to see Henry Boyle Garnett, Esquire, and his sister Prudence. So I shall have pressing business to take me out.”

My sister replied—“You *must* see them after that letter. You can't get out of it. Why not see them, and have done with it?”

I mildly said—“No—but I tell you what will be my dodge—I will see them, and pretend I am not myself. I will say, my genealogical sister is away from home, and not likely to return for some time, and that I have just forwarded a letter, which I presumed must be from them, &c., but that I know nothing of her correspondence or correspondents. Before resorting to this piece of deception, however, I will try to make Simon persuade them to go away.”

I rang the bell for Simon, and told him—“If those country people call—(the reader must know Simon had been twenty years in our service, and had often carried us pick-a-back, as children, so we could tell anything to him,)—you had better say, I suppose you want *Miss Anne*—she is away at Guildford, and will not be home for a month; and if they seem very anxious to see some of their cousins, you can then add—Well, I will speak to *Miss Garnett*, and perhaps she will be able to give you some message from her sister.” In which case I would see, and discourse to them, pretending “I was not myself at all.” Happily, however, upon hearing *Miss Anne* was out of town, they did not ask to see any one else, but only looked very crest-fallen, and observed, they

were very sorry, but I was to be told they had "coomed to call, and that they were relations, and perhaps I would write."

It was such a relief to my mind, to find they were not going to repeat their visit, that after a few days had elapsed I wrote to them a note, filled with many regrets that I was away when they called, and thanking them for their courtesy in coming, and for the information they gave, &c. &c. I hope these white lies may never lie heavy on my conscience.

Another little adventure I had partook more of the sentimental than of the comic. Amongst my patronymic correspondents, was a landed proprietor, living in the Eastern Counties. I wrote to him with my usual apologies for intruding, and my usual attendant queries about a certain clerical Edward Garnett?

To my amazement, in answer came the most poetical letter—*poetical* is the only name I can find for it,—saying genealogy and antiquities were to him his ewe lambs, they had ever been to him what the dear ties of wife and children might have been, had he ever found a sympathetic and heraldic bosom to beat in unison with his, but as this had been denied him, and he had always been esteemed by the fair flowers of immortal creation, as nothing better than a living piece of antiquated marble in the nobler sex's form, he had made his antiquities and heraldic researches his Lares and Penates; but that he rejoiced to think he had found some one in whom the love of the noble art of blazonry was so ripe, and whose heart seemed yearning to learn more of the noble deeds of her ancestors; and that the masses of genealogical information he had collected of this very old and distinguished family, and all the records he had obtained should be hers, and most freely given, and that he hoped for a long and interesting correspondence and exchange of thoughts on genealogical matters, and that with the united exertions of two such enthusiasts, the old name would be rescued from oblivion, and the mouldering dust of ages. He then diverged into endless and most interesting genealogical data.

I used to get these very enthusiastic letters nearly daily, and daily did a tenderer tone pervade them.

(To be continued.)

FOR LIFE.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RING AND A FACE.

EDWARD FENWICK was a temperate man. He used to say with pride—"I know I never will be a drunkard, and I don't think I'll ever go mad."

Had the statement been made in a positive form it would have indicated the possession of two virtues—sobriety and constitution. He used to say to his nephew—"Frank, you drink too much." He regarded such an expression of opinion as education; he always thought he did his duty by the boy. He gave him money enough to keep him out of temptation; he gave him advice,—and a good deal of liberty to find out that it was good. He kept him from marrying Kate Musgrave, who was poor. And a poor wife was in Edward Fenwick's opinion one of the devil's trump cards in the game of life, in which the stake is a soul.

He had ideas about education. He thought that a man must be left to find out a good deal for himself. He looked upon words as sort of experiments with new withs on a Samson. He regarded books as sometimes entertaining, but generally stupid. As an educational agent they were useful, for the purpose of teaching a man to read. That was all! The world was a school, and some pleasures were like boomerangs, there was a rebound which probably hurt. A man must learn for himself which these are. There is no use telling a man that wine has a headache. If you do he won't believe you. You may think it your duty. Then do it by all means; but let the fellow get drunk, and then you will rise in his estimation.

His principles of instruction were these.

He told Frank he drank too much, but every day after dinner, when he had taken his own two glasses of wine, he said to Frank:

"Take another glass."

Frank generally did take it.

That day the request was made as usual, and Frank stretched

out his hand to take the decanter. His hand was round its neck when his uncle said :

" Good God ! Frank, where did you get that ring ?"

" I bought it."

" Where ?"

" In a shop in Queensberry."

" In Queensberry ? Are you sure ?"

" Quite."

" Do speak the truth to oblige me. Did you get it in Queensberry ?"

" Yes."

" Let me look at it."

Frank took it off his finger. It was a ring with rubies in it.

" It is not a gentleman's ring."

" I got it for a lady."

" Did you ? That's odd."

" How ?"

" Do you want to keep it ?"

" Yes."

" Very much ?"

" Not very much."

" Oh ! you'll sell it ? How much did you pay for it ?"

" Seven pounds."

" I'll give you ten."

" Done." He felt he had made a bargain ; he only gave six pounds for the ring.

" Thank you."

When Frank had had his other glass of wine they went into the drawing-room. Mrs. Fenwick was there. Frank shouted to her through the trumpet. Mr. Fenwick read a newspaper. He had the ring on his finger.

Tea was brought.

About half an hour after they had entered the drawing-room, a servant entered and informed Mr. Fenwick that a man wanted to speak with him.

" He can't."

" He says it is very important, sir."

" Confound him !"

Mr. Fenwick rose and went out into the hall.

Jervis was standing there.

" You here ! What do you want ?"

" I'm sent here by Mr. Maleson, sir."

" Well, what does he want ?"

" He wants to see you, sir."

" To see me ?"

"Yes, sir. He was down below the Highcliffe Crag, and he fell and hurt himself; he was brought to my house. He's very bad—dying mayhap; and he said he must see you. He said you would know what about."

"Dying! Maleson dying! Yes, I'll come."

He said this as if he was not very sorry to hear the news. It is human nature to feel glad of some happy chance which does for us what we had not the courage and opportunity to do for ourselves.

"It's an awful night, and there's no drive down to the Highcliffe Crag."

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll go; wait till I get on my boots."

"Perhaps, sir, if you know the road, you'll go yourself, for I'll have to go on to Queensberry, for the doctor."

"Very well! Yours is the cottage in the moss."

"Yes, sir. You'll see the light when you get past the Wortley farm."

"How far is it?"

"Less than two miles, sir."

Mr. Fenwick opened the door for Jervis himself, and a cold wind blew some drops of rain into the hall. The door was soon closed on the darkness and on the night. Mr. Fenwick returned to the drawing-room; told Frank to tell his aunt that he was going out; and went up-stairs. As he was putting on his great-coat in the hall, the lamp light fell on the ring; and he kissed it. Soon he was out in the wind and rain.

There is some comfort in going out well clad into a bad night. You feel that the wind is cold, but you are warm. He enjoyed his walk for a little way.

He did not know what eyes followed him as he went up by the winding path through the shrubbery to the back gate which opens on to the road through the Highcliffe Moor. Two shadows followed him through the night.

One might have been taken for a man; the other for a woman. The storm had come, as the toll-keeper said. It seemed as if the face of sable night had grown blacker—it blew so hard. A terrible wind swung through the black night. It quarrelled with the earth, and struck it blows as if it were a hammer in a giant's hand. No sky could be seen. The wind had built a house of cloud, and revelled in it. It was black and sombre like a vault, and the rain might have dropped cold from the oozy ceiling. The wind's rage in such a place was horrible. It seemed a drunk giant stamping over the dead earth. Its fury was still increasing! The rain did not fall, it was driven. When it touched a face it gave a blow.

When it touched a garment it was forced through the texture. The three dark shadows moved on through the blackness.

Of a sudden there was a sound. It seemed a voice speaking to the wind. The wind's voice seemed a whisper to it. It seemed to begin in a murmur and to pass into a roar. It was a voice, but it was not articulate. It was a peal of thunder. When it ceased the wind seemed silent, as if it were rebuked. But still it blew. Noise makes silence! With too loud a noise we become deaf. After a cannon's, a small arm's report sounds like a tap on a window-pane.

At first, when the thunder ceased the wind seemed only to whisper "hush;" but its voice grew again, and the whisper became hoarseness.

Then through the thick roof of cloud there was a rent. The clouds had brought "fire" to the birth—it was their parturition. The world was bright for a moment, and then the darkness leapt upon it again as if it were a wild beast kept at bay a moment from its prey.

The light had blazed forth, and perished. Light had left blindness, as the noise left silence. Yet the light had shown these travellers clambering up the road to the moor. The next flash showed only one. It was Edward Fenwick; he was on the moor. Those who followed him were creeping under the brushwood. The man was nearest to him; the woman kept behind the man. This time the thunder seemed to stammer with eagerness of utterance. It seemed to have something to say, yet it said nothing. It came in a quick series of sharp reports. The lightning was nearer.

The sky is Nature's timbrel; she clashes clouds together. And all the other voices of the sky take up the strain and sing this chorus. It may be a dirge for some poor human being charred and blackened. Nature's organ is the forest with its million pipes, and the sky blows the bellows. Nature's harp is the sea, and the waves are the chords of it. The three journeyers of the night had crossed the moor. The lightning still flung a day upon the earth for a second, and then withdrew it, and night came back. The thunder had a sharp dry voice, and did not roll about the sky as it had done.

They were entering the wood which grew about the Highcliffe Crag. The first of the three was already in the shadow. It was a narrow path, that which led at the foot of the cliff. But the frequent flashes made it light. One could pick one's way over the water-courses which ran torrents. They had all passed into the shadow.

There was a sharp dry crash and a bright sudden flame; they seemed to come together. The fire had fallen from the zenith,

the sound was as short-lived as the light. Then the silence came. But it was broken by a dull sound, as if the earth were thundering. Something seemed to be stamping on the earth with iron feet. The woman crouched behind a tree. She felt the earth tremble. She knew not what had happened, or what nature had in store. The night was full of horrors. A flash shone out, and she saw the two men she had been following, one lay upon the ground, the other was bending over him. The curtain fell, nature was playing at tableaux. When the next flash came, there was only one man there. He lay upon the ground. She was cold. She felt as if she had died, and yet she was alive. She crept from where she lay along the footpath, she could not walk, she could only creep. She came upon the body ere she knew. She touched it. It was warm! The lightning shone. It shone on a ring which was on the hand she held. It shone on a face, but it was the face of the dead. The thunder that followed the flash drowned a cry. The darkness that followed hid a blanched face, which had fallen upon that of the dead man. Helen Asprey had fainted. She, fainting, kissed the dead.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

SOME WEAKNESS IS STRENGTH.

CONVALESCENCE, the slow process of recovery, the clambering up the hill of health from the valley of disease, which leads into the darker valley of death, passed over quickly in Elton Asprey's case.

He was well enough to sit up all day, and could even walk by himself into the little garden ground when the morning sun shone on it. He would sit there for hours, content to listen to the murmur of work from that great hive behind him, where men are storing up gold, not honey, in a hundred cells, of which death will rot them as it does the bees.

His life had changed somehow in a few weeks. He had found the world cruel, he had asked work and could find none, he had almost starved in the very centre of abundance. He had thought that all hearts were stone. He had fallen and wandered in the fairy world of dreams, and when he woke the task-master world was gone. He found a kind woman beside his bed. He found an old blind man ready to give him all the help and comfort he could.

His eyes used to follow Marie everywhere. Her father's sightless eyes were no check to that luxury. He blushed when he thought he was taking an advantage of the old man's infirmity. When Marie saw his eyes resting upon her, she sometimes smiled; she sometimes looked grave. When we are weak we will do many things that we cannot do when we are strong. Some of us will pray. So in weakness, there is an actual pleasure in following motion with the eye. If the motion is like that of a bird which slips through glossy summer air; if you feel that it is going to rest somewhere and sing; how exquisite is the luxury of such a gaze! The body is only a cage after all. There is a bird in it. We judge of the motions of the bird, of the fluttering of its wings, by the jolts of the cage. Sometimes the bird comes to the window, as it were, we see a smile or a frown. We can hear it sing, a voice is a part of the soul. And the soul is the bird.

Elton Asprey had greedy eyes in those days. He never could be content. He used to be sad in heart at rehearsal time. He thought, if she goes away she perhaps will not come again. Twice he made her promise to return. What luxuries strength deprives us of! Love gives us a chance of playing the child when we are grown up! What grown man has not at some seasons wished that he might lay his head in his mother's lap, and go to sleep? Oh! dignity, you won't let a man become as a little child. You have been as an angel with a flaming sword keeping many out of paradise.

But Elton Asprey was weak, and he could ask such a promise. Once before he was able to rise, he asked Marie to sing him to sleep. And he laid his hand on the coverlid that she might stroke it.

Is such weakness, weakness? If it gives us a license to speak truth, if it gives us an opportunity of drinking of the pleasant fountain of kind help, if it enables us to part with that sham coldness and insensibility, if it will let us shed sweet tears, if it will let us say humble prayers, it is strength. The so-called strength of manliness is coarseness. A fluted pillar will support a roof as well as rough-hewn stone. Many confound clumsiness with strength.

"You are very beautiful," he used to say to her.

One day he turned to her and said, "Will you let me tell you all my story?"

"May I hear it?" she asked.

"It will cure me and make me strong, if you will listen. I should like to tell you all."

It was a Sunday, and London seemed to be taking breath to roar again for six days. It was a spring day, as it were, summer

sent to be tried on. A snowdrop or two had put up their heads above the dark brown cold earth, into the bright warm golden sunshine. What it is to be born out of a grave! White clouds flew about like birds. The wind, a very child of a wind, carried them and played with them. It felt the softer for all the mighty winds that had gone before. Winds are mysteries. No one can say where they come from. But come they do with wide wings. They are birds of prey, or they are gentle shepherds. They are angry tyrants, or they are moonlight lovers. They cast shadows as black as midnight, or they clear a path-way for the blessed sun-light. They uproot forests, or they fertilize little quiet flowers. They scourge the sea into fury, and drive poor ships upon merciless rocks, or they ripple the water so that it may seem to be dancing guineas, and gently lead little boats over that great monster sea. They have a will which makes a trumpet of every key-hole, an organ of every forest, a timbrel of heavy rocks and great waves, and makes the whispering of river sedges swell into a shriek; or they are so bland that they coo in the woods like doves, they rustle the briers and reeds, and make no more noise than if a maiden walked in silk. Or they pass over the world without noise as if they walked on tip-toe. They can strike as if they were iron. They can pass without turning a sunflower from the sun. They have winter and summer to give away, in spite of the ruler sun. They can pipe for fierce dances of trampling waves. They can raise a forest of trees in the barren plain of the sea—trees whose stems are water, trees whose leaves are clouds. They are the horses of the heavens' artillery. They place those batteries of cloud; they arrange the acoustic principles of heaven for the thunder. They sweep as from the mouth of a furnace over a land, and leave a beaten path of blight. They carry a desert of sand, and choke men with earth's dust. They bring their leeches, the locusts, and a green land is left barren. They divide seas, and a chosen people walk where, even now, the fish swam. All these things do the winds do, and man stands under them, a spectator of all their mirth and anger,—joy and sorrow—spite and kindness; of all their revels, their battles, their sleeps and their marches; of all the good they do, and the bad they bring. He tries to slip through their fingers to foreign lands to bring from their gardens fruits. He sets up a mill with sails to make the winds do a little work for him. But after all he feels that they are terrible. Even when he makes a play-fellow of the strong wind on a high common, he feels that he is playing with a wild beast. It may leap out from its unbarred cage in heaven and crush him.

He is thankful when it is at peace. It was at peace that early

spring day as Elton Asprey and Marie sat in the little garden. It was quiet and gentle while he told her all his story. She cried when he told her some parts of his history. She asked him some questions. When he had finished, she thought, she would rather he hadn't told her. There is a real pleasure in faith. Faith is so much grander than belief with reasons. It seems a huger grasp of the universe. It seems, like genius, to be a God gift, while reason seems to be learned in the world's school.

She listened to all he said. She wondered what was his duty. She only asked one question about Kate.

"Is Miss Musgrave very beautiful?"

He answered, "Yes."

CHAPTER II.

PEOPLE OFTEN THINK THEY KNOW WHERE THE WIND COMES FROM.

OUT of that baby wind a giant grew. It shook the little villa in its hand. It kept folk awake all night. It peeled the slates of houses and tumbled down chimneys. It broke the branches from grand old trees and tore up saplings. It kept Marie awake for a time; and when she did sleep she dreamed of that awful wind in Dante, which hurls folk about for ever. She thought she was in the arms of a whirlwind, that she wished to reach something, but that it carried her away and wound her round.

She had tears wet on her cheek when she fell asleep that night.

One day Elton said to her, "May I write a play for you?" The idea pleased her and he began.

Every night he read what he had written; and she always praised it. She said, "When it is finished, I shall take it to our manager, and ask him to read it."

She used to appeal to her father, and he said it was good, but he qualified his praise by his modesty, for he always added, "But I am no judge."

One day Elton said, "I must go away."

"Why?" she asked. She would have wept if she had said more.

"Why? Because I am strong. Because I have been a burden to you too long. I never can repay you."

"We are repaid."

"You are an angel."

"Stay," she said, as she laid her hand on his arm, as if to detain him.

"And let you work for me—I who have hands and muscles—I who am a man?"

"You saved me."

"I must work. It is my creed, and I must not say I believe, and do nothing."

"You do work! The play will soon be finished."

"I shall be told it is worth nothing."

"You will not!"

He found it hard to say he must go. All the misery, or nearly all that he had left behind seemed to be waiting for him outside the threshold. To go away seemed to be facing the storm. And yet he dared not stay. He went out one day when he was able to walk and got lodgings near.

He had money now; Dr. Yates had sent him some. The old doctor asked him to take the loan of the money. He told Marie of the letter and of the present.

"Yates—I wonder if that was the name?" she said.

"What name?"

But she did not answer.

That was a few days before he left the villa. His lodgings were not far off. A house which had a field behind it; its windows looked towards the little villa; and over the villa to the pillars of cloud which went up from London into the wilderness of heaven by day, which was turned into a pillar of ruddy fire by night. He was not able to walk far yet. When he did go away, his blind host thanked him for his stay. He said, "Words are lamps to the blind, and you have as many words as there are stars in heaven."

Elton promised him to make his house a sort of home.

Marie did not speak. Even a few yards may be a separation. Another front door makes a gulf between hearts.

He sat at his window and looked over at the little villa. He thought he once saw a face at one of the windows. He watched for it, but it did not come again. It was dusk, and he thought that she must have gone to the theatre. So he closed the window, and began to work at his play.

He worked hard, but he always worked at the window.

There are many nomads in this country. People who travel with amusement; people who travel to grind knives and scissiors; people who travel to rob. One little party passed the house in which Elton Asprey lodged. They were dark-skinned folk. An old woman, a man, and a boy. They were laughing when they came past. They looked up and saw the young face; it was still pale. The chin was resting on the hand; the eyes were looking out over the villa. He had a pen in his right hand. They thought

nothing of the youth ; they went on. Soon they were beside the little villa. They saw a face at one of the windows. It was a girl's face ; it was half hidden by the curtain. She had a book on her knee. Her quiet eyes were not reading, they were gazing out through the window.

The old woman said "Ah me !" It was her sigh. And the man looked back at the window where they had seen the pale face, and laughed.

Marie saw the look, and heard the laugh. She sat further from the window after that.

CHAPTER III.

SUCCESS IS NOT TO BE SNATCHED.

HE worked hard ; but he felt his weakness. Creation is not effortless. To get order out of disorder ; to get ideas out of matter ; to collect scattered beauties and make a sheaf of them ; to glean a wide field which had been often harvested is not easy ; to make words body forth acts ; to make speech indicate character ; to weave and unweave threads of circumstances into the knots called incidents ; to add that something to an act which will show forth the motive,—all this requires thought. We live in the external. The fields with their flowers, the sky with its stars, the sun with its risings and its settings, man with his smiles and tears,—these are the things that have interest for us. The objective is the common room of life. The subjective is a drawing-room, which is used when we entertain angels. The soul is a citadel which we can retire into, but we live in the town and out-works, the body and senses, which lie at its feet. The soul is useful to swear by. But life—it is little thoughts and sensations, and hopes and fears, which have to do with the events which will happen to-day and to-morrow, or the little events which happened yesterday. Memories, like dead leaves, are useful for enriching the soil of the present. A man who has a bad memory is like a field with a poor soil. The problem for him who writes, or for him who speaks, is to make memories rich. Some men fill their heads with facts. They might as well keep acorns in a drawer, or money in a stocking. Facts have life, but it is useful only when it produces. Facts must be wedded. Ideas must breed, or they are rubbish. The process of thought is a bringing to the birth. There are sexes in ideas. "Like" is the wedding-ring of two thoughts. The marriage is called a simile. There are questions of hybridity and prolificacy connected with concepts. The very word is a key to the mystery.

Elton Asprey's play was full of excellence and full of defect. He was new to the work. A critic would have said the author was a fool. He makes the heroine come on the stage in the first scene. So she did. She entered first into his thought. Or, a critic would have said—"Two back scenes together. Bless me!"

Critics are persons of great intelligence from one point of view. They are accustomed to think in grooves. It is very much better to run one's thoughts on rails of habit or imitation. If you strike out a way for yourself you are apt to be thought mad, or to be prosecuted for trespass. In literature it is best to follow a good example. An example may be followed too closely, however. Even the best exemplar is not to be a guide in all things. But Elton Asprey had followed no guide. He had done many things which were sufficient to damn his play. He had put too long speeches into the mouths of his characters. True they said some good things, but an audience won't listen to long speeches; and the other actors look like fools while this long-winded colloquist is haranguing. Then the plot was flimsy. True, Shakespeare had no plots, but then you're not Shakespeare. This is an unanswerable argument. Then there was no chance for realism. True, realism is clap-trap. Red paint on Macbeth's hands is one way of making up for bad acting. Fine scenery, good dresses, active violins, and well-managed blue light will help to hide the defects of a Hamlet who drops his h's, who thinks that pathos means a bass voice, and a partial paralysis of one leg. But the people must have realism. However, that defect might have been remedied by the appearance of several real horses on the stage. The dialogue was witty. The love scene was not so stupid as they generally are. The *dénouement* was good.

The play was finished.

One day he took it over to Marie, and said—

"I have brought the play."

It was a pleasant day, and as they sat at the open window he read it to her.

"It is called 'Forethought,'" he said. He looked up, and he saw some one upon horseback, who had stopped his horse to look at them. He thought he knew the face; but he could not remember where he had seen it. He began to read, and thought no more of the face.

Marie listened, and when it was finished she took it in her hand. It was time for her to go, she said. So Elton Asprey went away. When he was gone she went and read some part of the play over again. She took it to the manager, who said—

"I'll read it, and if it is as good as 'Nothing Lost,' I'll give the author one hundred pounds for it."

He had given the author of "Nothing Lost" five hundred pounds.

Marie told Elton what the manager had said, and added—

"You will soon be great."

"If I am—" he said ; but he did not finish the sentence.

CHAPTER IV.

REGRETS.

GODFREY ST. AUBIN did not care to sow that another man should reap. It is a very high and noble thing for a man to do ; but Mr. St. Aubin did not pretend to be very high or noble. He thought he had obeyed the doctrine of the Delphian oracle and become acquainted with himself. He thought he knew his own powers, his own capabilities, and his own weaknesses. One of his weaknesses was that he did not like to see a woman cry. He had tried to analyze this weakness, but he did not succeed. A man who knows he has weakness is possibly on the way to become strong. It depends upon one thing—whether he tries to get rid of the weakness, or only endeavours to conceal it.

Godfrey St. Aubin did the latter. He had an idea that that was virtue. In knowing himself he had a great advantage over other people. To know where one is vulnerable is almost to be invulnerable. A belief in invulnerability is a traitor within the walls. The only question which would suspend for a time the respect which seems due to Mr. St. Aubin for this self-knowledge, would be a doubt as to its possession. A special verdict would direct that to be tried.

However, one thing is certain—he was very unwilling to do work that another might profit by. And he felt he had done this. He had planned a garrotte robbery. He had been at great trouble in instructing his man servant, and a professional colleague of his man-servant, as to the whole scheme. And he had gone with the intention of rescuing the old blind man and his pretty daughter from the hands of those men-hawks, of knocking down one or both of them, and of being repaid by gratitude, perhaps by love. All had gone excellently. The scheme passed for real. The gratitude, possibly the love, had been forthcoming, but he was not her hero !

His plan, which was to remove a mole-hill, had reared up a mountain. He had endeavoured to get through a door to a woman's boudoir confidence, and his art had erected a stone wall. He had laboured to make himself acceptable, and he had secured

the acceptance of another. He had opened a door to the heart, and another had gone through the door-way. He had ushered a rival. All these feelings tormented him. That he should have injured himself, was an idea peculiarly disagreeable to him. Self was the last person he expected an injury from. Yet when a heavy man falls and is killed, the pavement gets the blame. But was it not his weight that killed him? The pavement does no injury to a feather. Children fall on it, and get up again laughing.

He was provoked. He had put his finger into a hole, and it was his struggle that was holding him. It is an awful thing when one's flesh turns traitor; and yet it is always on the watch how it can betray you. His self-respect was a little injured. He enjoyed thinking well of himself. He generally succeeded in doing this in spite of circumstances. Upon the present occasion he could not. He was very angry with himself, so he swore at Ford. He knew it was partly his fault, so he laid the whole blame upon his man-servant. Cats are sometimes kept to be scape-goats. Servants are sometimes paid that they may be sworn at. Ill humour must out. If you are angry with your servant, he will abuse his wife. She will ill-treat the children. They will ill-treat their dolls or kick the tables. It gets to inanimate matter at last. Ford bore it patiently. He tried to defend himself against some of his master's imputations. He had believed that Elton Asprey was Mr. St. Aubin, and he had fallen beneath the blow with a groan that might have done some credit to an accomplished actor. He never for a moment imagined the possibility of a real rescue.

When we are expecting a joke the actual is laughed at. Sometimes a little farce turns a tragedy. Nature was being played, and she steps in and takes the part herself. Some youths planned to frighten a friend. There is much amusement to be derived from the excessive inconvenience of those people we call friends. They knew he was timid, so they planned to rob him in a joke. To stop him and ask him for his money or his life. The place was excellently chosen, the voice was admirably disguised. It was all a joke, but the timid youth killed his friend.

So this little play had become real. The rescue was a rescue. Everything tends to pass from the ideal into the real. Some actors here become for a time those they personated. An idea constantly entertained becomes an illusion. That which was internal has become external. The externality of nature is the illusion of humanity!

But Ford did not argue with Mr. St. Aubin. Opposition is the fixing solution of mental photography. He thought it better

to go about his work quietly. The curses hid not make him uneasy. He tried to suggest a new scheme to Mr. St. Aubin. It was rejected because Mr. St. Aubin thought there was something in it, and he meant to have the merit of proposing it himself.

This method has very obvious merits.

CHAPTER V.

MEN ARE WICKED IN CERTAIN DIRECTIONS.—THE EAST WIND
IS COLD.

It is easy to procure information for money. The nurse who was sent to the little villa by Dr. Amsden was not sworn to secrecy. She went out occasionally for a walk, and "she had been young herself," she said. That seemed to be her reason for taking a bribe from Mr. St. Aubin to tell all she knew. She knew a good deal. The young man who was lying ill was called "Asprey." He had not been known to Mr. Earle, or his daughter, until a certain night when they were attacked by robbers, upon which occasion this young man had rescued them at the risk of his own life. The nurse thought that the robbers had fired at him but she was not quite sure. He had formerly lived at No. 16, B—— Street. She had seen that on the address of one of his letters. She had found a pawn ticket in one of his pockets. It was for a silver watch. Miss Erle waited on him constantly. If people did employ a nurse it might be better if they trusted more to her. The young lady didn't seem to think that a trained nurse was good for much. Now this individual trained nurse had stood by the death-beds of the best in the land. She had been most successful. It was quite evident that the young lady had taken a great fancy to the poor young man. He wandered constantly. He wasn't very violent, and he never swore. She regarded profane swearing as a symptom of the disease. Its absence was rather to be deplored than otherwise.

He talked a great deal about somebody called Kate. But she couldn't make out all he said. He sometimes spoke Latin, she thought it was Latin, but she knew it was nonsense; she thought the result of the disease very doubtful. She had seen worse get better, but, on the other hand, she had seen many hopeful cases go to the bad. It was true Dr. Amsden took a hopeful view. But doctors don't know so much about these things as nurses; how can they? They only see the patient for a few minutes in the day.

Old Mr. Erle was very nice.

She would not object to part with the pawn ticket. She looked upon it as hers by the right of perquisite!

All this the nurse was able to communicate.

The landlady at No. 16, B—— Street, was exceedingly garrulous. She told of all Asprey's pride, of his poverty. She told of his manly endurance, which had so touched her heart, that she hadn't charged for many things that she ought to have put down in the bill. Perhaps her heart had made her do an injustice to her husband. She never had told him that there were several things she hadn't charged for. People who had known better days, of course were not like ordinary people who kept lodgings. She herself had known what want was, and she felt sorry for the poor young man. Sorrow often leaves folk out of pocket. If any friend of his were to say, "Mrs. Bristow, how much out of pocket were you?" she would not say. But there was many a little thing that she had never counted. She never had and never would charge extra for an extra pair of shoes. Many people did, but she didn't think it honest. But were the same friend to say, "Mrs. Bristow, will you accept a smaller sum for what you laid out?" she would feel bound out of regard for her husband to accept the offer. It hurt her, that she could not afford to be so generous as she would like. But fine feelings are for the rich. Nobody would do more for the poor than she would if she had plenty.

Mr. St. Aubin listened to all this.

Mr. St. Aubin knew a lie when he saw one. He was rather a connoisseur in that sort of thing, and he perceived that Mrs. Bristow was not speaking the truth. And as she could give very little information that he thought of value to him, he gave her a very small sum as a gratuity. He was lavishly generous, but he thought it improper to encourage a lie. There was really no hypocrisy in this. Many men, who are not saints, do good actions. And men who are wicked sometimes dislike wickedness in others.

This man who had planned a false rescue to raise himself in the opinion of a girl he loved, to raise himself in her opinion that he might ruin her, this man willingly forewent the pleasure of giving liberally to a sneaking landlady because she told a lie. There are mysteries in wickedness. There are little efforts of a soul to get free from the thrall of a devil. Goodish people are too apt to think the bad, all bad. It is not so.

He wished Elton Asprey to die, yet he disapproved of this woman taking advantage of his illness to try and impose upon his friends.

All the information he procured satisfied him that nothing

need be done until the result of the illness was known. There was no use taking steps for ousting his rival if death did it for him. Economy of labour means making use of nature. Meanwhile he could do one thing. It might do something to procure the good opinion he desired. He bought Elton Asprey's watch, and sent it to Marie with a few words written upon a piece of crested note-paper. The words told her that a friend of hers and of her patient's was anxious to give some pleasure to both, and still to remain unknown to both. He did not disguise his hand; he said, "Who knows if this waif dies, and I come to know her, I can let her see my hand and she will remember this act. Girls like chivalry and all that sort of thing. If a man does not throw his bread upon the waters, that is, if he does not speculate, he can't expect to get on."

If he had seen Marie's face when she read the note he would have been somewhat puzzled. She looked very happy; and she laid the watch and the note away to give them to Elton Asprey when he was better.

We often think that we have found a really kind heart in the world, a really honest hand which we may grasp. We feel as if we were in port after a storm. It is sad when we waken and find out our mistake. Sad indeed.

CHAPTER VI.

FAME'S TRUMPET—ADVERTISEMENT.

THE play was accepted. It would not act, but it could be altered. There must be an act before the first, a great deal of what the author thought was best must be cut out. It was like telling a girl to cut the colour out of her cheeks. Marie hardly dared to tell him.

He went to have a talk with the manager. And the manager was inclined to keep his word about the £100, although he remarked that it was a great deal of money. He pointed out his objections to the play; and showed in what it would require correction and alteration. Such things hurt, but they do good. The surgery of literature is of great service. Besides some of his objections were reasonable and good. Asprey recognised their justice, and thought how they could be advocated, not by argument, but by improvement. He went home and worked upon the play, at the window as of yore. All the reasons that had been in his head for putting a thing in, came up to show that it was well to

keep it in, but still he pruned. It seems a pity to cut off flowers, but he did it.

A hack would have taken out all those beauties, kept them in a common-place book, and used them up again. But then a hack would not have put them in at first. When a man gets his living by literature, he is apt to make what brains he has go a long way. When a person sells sugar, they weigh it. When a man gives a thing away he does not measure it. If he measures it, he may pretend to be giving it away, but he is selling it. All the good literary work in the world has been given away. It never can have a marketable value. It is a thing in which no two men can compete. If you don't take the good work a man does from him, you can't get it from another. You may give a man money for his work, but if it is good you have not paid him, if it is bad he has cheated you. That is a sketch of the transaction. A great book is not like so many yards of cloth. You can't make it in a loom. Much current literature is very much like cloth, and is produced by a machine. But the play was altered, and the characters were cast.

Marie was to do the heroine. Much was said at the Q——'s concerning "Forethought."

Opinions differed much as to its merits. One or two, who had got parts of some importance, thought it good. Others who had nothing to say, and had been disappointed in the "casting," thought it stupid. Some prophesied a long run, others a short run. "Forethought," a new comedy, was upon all the hoardings.

Elton Asprey stood and looked at one of these giant advertisements, and thought what a marvel it was that his thought should become so conspicuous, that his thought should be printed in such letters. Then he considered that it was only a word that was printed in that mammoth type, and he walked on again. He was proud however. He had written down to Dr. Yates and to his mother, to tell them of the dawn of fortune. He told them of his success, of his joy, because it would give them pleasure: he had never told them of his failure, of his misery, because he had known that it would cause them sorrow. Perhaps there was a little pride in it too. It is a great thing to see that wonderful engine, advertisement, working for you. To think of the force of mere iteration awes one. Advertisement is rumour made a servant. The problem of these days is to make use of what has been wasted in times past. The blast-furnace makes use of wasted heat. The paper mill of wasted rags. Resist liquors of wasted dyes. Formerly they threw away dirty water, to-day they take the soap out of it. Formerly they spoiled rivers, and ran what would make fortunes into the sea. To-morrow they will take all this fatness

out of the rivers and give it to hungry land. So we have made use of rumour. Cabs carry it about, railway carriages are full of it. Your tobacco is wrapped in it. Tickets have it on their backs. Clocks on their faces. You find it everywhere. It is a great subject, that of the ubiquity of advertisement.

"Forethought," — "Forethought," — "Forethought." For thought had placed "Forethought" everywhere. So much so, that the manager said confidently—

"Well, it ought to succeed."

It is sad for a young author to think that it is the big letters that are doing it; that if he is famous it is advertisement that has done it.

When he felt vexed by such thoughts, as a man who has not learned the world will, he used to say to Marie—

"It is all your doing. I never would have been heard of but for you. I would have died of starvation ere this, if it had not been for you. You have saved my life."

"You saved mine."

That was a disputed point; but Marie said she had a right to think what she liked, and so she held to it.

CHAPTER VII.

UNPOPULARITY.

THERE was some astonishment at the Q——'s, when it became known that "Forethought" was by a friend of Miss Erle's. Many of the people said to their friends, "I told you so." This was not strictly correct, as no one had ever thought or said anything of the sort; but many people have a way of saying what they don't mean, with a view of conveying what they do mean.

Whether this expression was thought to indicate that the person speaking had all along had his or her suspicion concerning Miss Erle, and that they regard the statement of the fact that the author of "Forethought" was a friend of hers, as a proof of the justice of that suspicion, is doubtful. Of course those same persons had found a ready explanation of Mr. St. Aubin's persistent presence in the second seat of the stalls, in the fact of supposed encouragement.

At first sight Miss Erle's friendship for Mr. Elton Asprey, who was a very young man, might seem to negative the supposition of encouragement given to Mr. St. Aubin. But it is wrong to take a superficial view of things. True, Mr. St. Aubin still occupied his place in the stalls, and had taken a box for the first night of "Forethought," but that proved nothing.

There are two kinds of encouragement, direct and indirect. It is sometimes useful to alternate these two kinds. Direct encouragement having lost its power, the indirect encouragement, which consists in encouraging another, was sometimes efficacious. Doubtless Miss Erle was doing that. We sacrifice a minnow to catch a trout. Perhaps the author was bait to catch the gentleman. Miss Erle was thought well of as an actress. Some people liked her voice and manners. Perhaps she was making use of her art, now.

Such things are said even by people who have no actual wish to do mischief. Perhaps, however, more severe things would have been said concerning Marie had not the author of "Forethought" become very unpopular. Every battery of scandal was directed against Elton Asprey. He was not a man who made friends. He had a heart, but it was a secret drawer, and the spring was not easily found. He loved some people intensely—reverently, but he did not know what half love was. He felt devoted friendship for Dr. Yates, and now for Mr. Erle, but for most people he felt mere indifference. He did not hide this indifference; hence he was disliked. To a man who feels his own importance acutely another's indifference is contempt. To be nothing to a neighbour is in many cases to be his enemy. Some people would rather be hated than be objects of indifference. They connect indifference with insignificance. Hence, if a man shows that he is indifferent he insults.

Elton Asprey was never at pains to hide anything; he had that kind of pride which makes a man show even his faults more openly than they deserve, to others; that kind of conscience which rather exaggerated these faults to himself. There is no merit in it; it is simply a fact.

These circumstances account for his being disliked.

It was said by the first-walking gentleman, who said he had been in the army, and whose clothes were of the most exquisite cut; it was whispered amongst young men, probably city apprentices, in the pit, that he was paid for wearing them. Well, the first-walking gentleman said that the author of "Forethought" had not the manners of a gentleman. This of itself was sufficient to lower Elton Asprey infinitely in the estimation of the whole company. The first-walking gentleman was regarded as a perfect gentleman. On the stage or off the stage he displayed that great accomplishment, "ease." Now, "ease" in good clothes is gentlemanliness. His opinion upon such a matter was of great weight. True, the first-walking gentleman was not a thorough judge of character. True, he was apt to think that if a man did not dress well he was not a gentleman; and finally, true the first-walking gentleman had shown a partiality for Miss Erle, and

had even made her an offer of marriage. All these things may perhaps have influenced his estimate of the manners of the author of "Forethought." And the first-walking gentleman was good enough to admit that "he might be very clever." This concession was something gained. But others entertained opinions perhaps more full of censure than that of the first-walking gentleman. Some said he was cold and haughty. Some said he looked upon himself as a sort of Shakespeare, and others that he was a very young man, and perhaps when he knew more he would have a greater respect for age, and less respect for his own abilities. It was the man who had been playing pantaloons that said this.

Perhaps Elton Asprey was cold and reserved to the men and women, but he was kind to the children. One of them, running across the stage, fell and cried, and he went and picked it up; its head was cut, and he washed the wound and tied it up with his own handkerchief. Gave the child a shilling, and told it a story about a giant, so full of humour, that the child left off crying and laughed again. The child's mother used to say a good word for the author after that, but it was not worth much. "She was only a *super*, and didn't wear a marriage ring."

However that might be, the manager liked the author. A man generally likes another if he feels he is about to make by him. The manager knew he had bought the play cheap, and was endeavouring to procure a promise of other works before Asprey began to find he could do better. Therefore he was very friendly.

Just before "Forethought" was produced, Elton Asprey entered into an agreement to let the manager of the Q——'s have his next play for a hundred pounds. And the manager raised Miss Erle's salary another pound a week; possibly that act was somehow connected with the memorandum of agreement.

Marie came to Elton Asprey when she returned from the theatre that day, and said—

"I shall soon be very rich. I am to get more money now. I'm very glad. I hope it isn't mercenary. Is it?"

"No," he said; "it isn't mercenary. I'm glad, too."

He did not ask how much it was. Perhaps he knew!

CHAPTER VIII.

WILFUL FOLLY.

GREGORY ST. AUBIN watched carefully to see whether Elton Asprey would die. But he did not die. Mr. St. Aubin was per-

haps a little sorry that the issue had not been fatal. He was not really a murderer in heart. But he reasoned thus. "Perhaps for most men death is the best thing that could happen. I don't wish him to die. I wish circumstances to take him out of my way—out of Marie Erle's heart, if he is in it. Any circumstance will do. I don't care which it is. Death is a circumstance! I am not blood-thirsty. I forgive the man for knocking down Ford. I wish him well—away!"

Still Asprey grew strong again. And circumstances did not seem to favour Mr. St. Aubin. He discovered that Elton Asprey had taken lodgings near the villa. And then he discovered that Elton Asprey was the author of "Forethought." He thought at one time of having "Forethought" hissed. Money can manage that in spite of big letters, but he thought that would be ungentlemanly, so he took a box for the first night, and sent the ticket to his brother's wife.

Lord St. Aubin's wife called her brother-in-law "Nothing Lost." "Nothing Lost" was the name of the play he talked about. She promised to go and see "Forethought," and to rename him if she liked the play. He felt the satisfaction of having done something that was good. Many men, like St. Aubin, long for a new sensation. Let them try and do a good action!

Whether it was the grand law which makes good easy to those who do it, or not, one morning, as Godfrey St. Aubin lay in bed—it was the morning of the day on which "Forethought" was to see the light—he formed a good resolution. He had tried to form some grandly wicked scheme by which to attain the end he had in view. He had thought of dropping a cigar-ash somewhere in the theatre—so setting it on fire—rescuing Marie and carrying her off there and then. He gave that up. He thought of various other plans. And at last he said: "Well, I'll make an idiot of myself—I'll marry her if she'll have me. I'll be good, and live on my allowance, and pay that old woman at Harrow, and even the tailors. I know what I'll do. I'll go and ask that author if he means to marry her? Perhaps he doesn't! That woman said he used to talk about somebody called 'Kate.' He may be in love with *her*. Well, I suppose I *am* a fool. Ford, if he knew it, would despise me. But here goes! I love the girl, and I'll marry her."

This was his good resolution. Even here he prided himself on the knowledge of himself. He thought he knew he was a fool. It is out of such a seed that wisdom grows.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE FIRST NIGHT."

IT was a full house. And Elton Asprey's heart beat fast as the curtain rose.

He knew Marie knew her part. They had gone over it together often. And he used to say—"The part is too poor for you, Marie. I had to cut it down. It was that I liked least. You shall have a better part in the next play I write."

But Marie liked the part. She had laboured to make herself perfect. She was docile, and had a quick intelligence to see where she was wrong. She could make the most of her part. That is high praise.

The curtain was raised. The people liked the scenery, and applauded. The author thought his heart was making as much noise as any single pair of hands. He could scarcely see the stage from where he sat, the air was glassy between him and the stage. Foot-lights make the air look greasy, but excitement makes it opaque. The first scene was a garden scene. The artist's fingers had done well. The trees were somewhat graceful for stage trees, whose sap, it seems, might have been drawn from a chalybeate well. The little piece of water was troubled enough to refuse shadows, and the sunlight fell prettily enough. The house which was seen beyond the lake half hidden in the woods, looked a comfortable house. It was about a mile from the stage, which was supposed to be a rose-garden close to the house. People came upon the stage as if they had just come out of the long windows which opened to the ground, instead of having come a good mile round the lake. Still the scene pleased, and the dialogue began. It went well. The walking gentleman was dressed with great care. He knew his part, and said it with gentlemanly emphasis. The next was the scene in which Marie appeared. She looked beautiful. Bouquets fell about her.

Lady St. Aubin threw one. She said—"Godfrey, does she paint?"

"No," he answered.

Marie's eyes looked up at Elton Asprey. And he smiled upon her. What is a bouquet to a smile! All the flowers in Eden gathered and bound together by a wreath are nothing to a smile.

Marie was a favourite. And she had to acknowledge the applause which fell from some hands in the shape of noise, and the applause which fell from other hands in the shape of flowers. But she acknowledged that smile most of all. She looked up, and saw her father close to Elton Asprey. He seemed to be trying to see with his blind eyes. He was whispering—

"Is it Marie?"

The play went well. Marie played splendidly.

The manager rubbed his hands. He was glad he had been generous, and given another pound per week. There is no harm in having some pleasure in our good actions, especially if we think they are going to pay.

The first act was done. The actors were recalled. The curtain fell. Elton Asprey left the box and went behind the scenes. He met Marie. She was waiting for him at the little door that led from the front of the house. She saw his eyes were bright and his cheeks were flushed. She knew he was happy.

"Did I do well?" she asked.

He held her hand in his. He looked down on her, and then he said—

"Marie—I want to thank you—you have made me happy."

"Were you not happy before?"

"I never can be quite happy."

"Oh! I know—but—"

"What?"

"If some one who knew all, did love you? And—
and——"

"No one would! Fancy taking compassion on a madman—marrying a maniac! I only pray I may have a lucid interval until I die. If one person would love me! You know all. Marie——"

At that instant there was a cry of "Fire!"

CHAPTER X.

"FIRE!"

THERE was a strange gleam.

The glimmer spread; and there was a noise as of a wind.

Through this sound rose a tumult as of a sea with all its waves pent between sounding rocks. There was a confused shout, half of terror, half of warning. The word "Fire?" was flung from a thousand throats. A monster had leapt upon the place. Death had come to the play! The theatre was on fire.

The tumult shook the building. The laughter which had even now filled the place was gone—a cry of despair perched where it had hovered. The smiles which had reddened faces had flown—every face was pale. Each face from a rose had become a snow-flake. There is something terrific in the thought of death catching its victim in a laugh. One is readier for death when on one's

knees. Yet death loves the humorous. It will take a man when he is drunk. It seems to say, "What of a laugh—I will hush it."

The little glory of the lights was quenched—not in darkness, but in a greater glory—as the sun hides the stars. Sheets of flame sprang from beam to beam. It seemed playing the acrobat. It drew the drop-scene aside; it consumed it. It fell in ashes. The fire was going to play a drama of its own. It drew the curtain for it. The stage was in flames—each flame seemed a tongue. It seemed to be lapping water which was not there. It seemed grasping its food as a horse does. There was some one on the stage. Some one had fallen. That was act one. A long wreath of smoke swept over the burning stage, and hid the glory of destruction. The play might have been "The Building of the Second Babel,"—a Babel which is meant to reach to Chaos, which is Hell. The chorus of flames sang while the smoke rolled on over the pit, through the boxes. It hid the struggling people in its folds. There was much to hide. There were dire fights for life—fights for the life of those that were dear; murder—struggles! Death was behind them, in the fire. Death was before them, in the passage. Some had fallen already under foot. God's mercy! if the way were blocked with dead.

The smoke was suffocating.

Fire is sometimes kind. It sends a chloroform of smoke, which makes insensible for the fire's great operation, the excision of the soul. Every now and then you see the blade of fire protruding from the haft of smoke. There was a noise of something falling on the stage. The fire had gnawed a rope, and a scene fell. It was the painting of a house on fire. The flames laughed as they eat the painted flames. It seemed a Moses' rod of fire consuming a magician's staff. But the flames had got a grander stage—they had broken through the roof. It seemed a butterfly bursting from its chrysalis. The flames leapt up. Now it seemed like a yellow crocus streaked with purple shadows bursting from the black earth.

But all the glory rose to heaven with a wail. There were many cries; some curses, some prayers; some cries to man for succour; some cries to God for help. But they were all blended in one great shout. The fire seemed to join in the cry, and then to burst into laughter of mockery. The streets round were lighted as if it were day, but there were long shadows as black as midnight lying through and beside the paths of light. The lamps were yellow in the bright red light of the fire. The streets were full of people. Still those who were within struggled to get out. It was anarchy that stood in the door-way. A demon watched the strife which

was holding people in the jaws of death. It was not the fire that was murdering; it was man. It was fear that kept the people in. It was terror that made them fight for life, and gain death.

When the first word "fire!" rang through the place, and the shout rose from the parched throats, Marie Erle had fainted.

She fell into Elton Asprey's arms. He lifted her; he bore her down the narrow stairs. He heard the noise of flames. He felt the hot breath from the jaws of the monster. He felt faint; the heat scorched him. But the will to live is strong. And he held by the little railing by the stairs. It steadied him. He reached the level of the stage. There he had man to struggle with.

All those who were behind the scenes were struggling to the long narrow passage which led to the stage door. They were struggling for the priority of being saved. There must be some order of precedence even out of the grave; there is into it! He saw how it would be. Men's passion for life would make a closed door in the passage, and many would perish. He could not wait there. It was not for himself; it was for Marie. She must be saved. Her cheek lay against his, and as he looked at her his lips brushed hers. It made him tremble. What was he to do? He could not stay there and die. He remembered a window at the back of the stage; there was a wall of loose bricks built up in the inside—could he tear that down? He could drop from the window to the ground. He ran to it, carrying Marie in his arms.

It was at this moment that the curtain was consumed. He looked back and saw the pale faces in the theatre; they were turned towards the stage to see the "Tragedy of Fire." He saw a body lying upon the stage. There before him was the wall. He laid Marie down gently. She might have been asleep, and he might have feared waking her. And then he scrambled to the top bricks and tore them away. The wall was not built with mortar; the tearing down was easy. It was soon gone. But the window was fastened; it would not move. He took up some of the bricks and broke away the framework. The cool air broke in. He looked out. It was a high window; but a little way to one side there was a roof. He took up Marie from where she lay, and stood upon the sill of the window. He sprang; his foot touched the slates of the roof, but he slipped. He tried to grasp at something as he fell. But his fingers only touched the flat, cold slates. He slipped down upon his knee. He tried to hold Marie above him; he slipped down until he was at the roof's edge, and then his foot caught in the rain-pipe, and he stopped.

It is something to avoid death when he is close on your track. Already the flames were at the window from which he had leapt. Fire was the new tenant, and it was surveying the premises. It had made many alterations already.

He heard some one cry to him from below. It was some one who was raising a ladder.

"Take care!" said the voice.

Elton Asprey was soon upon the ground with Marie Erle in his arms, and face to face with Godfrey St. Aubin.

It was he who had placed the ladder.

EYES.

"The bright black eye, the melting blue,
I cannot choose between the two ;
But that is dearest all the while,
Which wears for us the sweetest smile."

THERE is much truth in these last two lines. The eyes we love best are the *best* eyes, the most beautiful to us.

But all eyes are not alike, and all have not the same meaning. Black and brown eyes say different things to the blue or grey eyes. Each has a story of its own, and a way of telling it.

There are eyes which glow with passion, eyes that languish with love, eyes which sparkle with mirth, eyes that flash with indignation.

Some are calm and serene, others troubled and restless. Some penetrate right through you, some entreat, some command, and some are meaningless, and have a vacant stare till the mind stirs within, and illumines them.

The first thing which generally strikes us in looking at the eye is its size. Large eyes have always been admired, especially in women, and are considered essential to the highest types of beauty.

We read of "large, spirited eyes," and "eyes loving large," of little sparkling beady eyes to which the terms loving and spirited could never be applied.

The Arabs express their ideas of woman's beauty, by saying she has the eye of the gazelle, and the eye is ever the theme of their song. Homer repeats the epithet, "the ox-eyed Queen," whenever he alludes to Juno, and indeed beautiful eyes are not confined to the human race, but give likewise expression to the head of the horse, the dog, and many of the nobler animals.

The small eye of the elephant is an example, however, that the size of this organ is not always the token of more or less intelligence, though the pig is proverbially alluded to, and his tiny orbs brought into comparison with certain small human eyes in which greed is the conspicuous expression of the mean mind within.

The most beautiful eyes have a long rather than a wide opening. Eye-lids which are widely expanded so as to give a round form to

the eye, like those of the cat and owl, indicate ability to see much, with *little* light, and receive readily mental impressions from surrounding objects; on the contrary, eyelids which more closely cover over the eye, denote less facility of impression, but a clearer insight, more definite ideas, and greater steadiness and permanence of action.

Round-eyed people see much and live much in the senses, but think less. Narrow-eyed persons see less, but think more, and feel more intensely. Persons with prominent eyes are always found to have great command of language, and are eloquent speakers and fluent writers. But it may be observed that as a projecting eye most readily receives impressions from all surrounding objects, so it indicates quick and universal observation, *but* a lack of close scrutiny and perception of individual things.

Such eyes are everything in general, but nothing in particular.

Deeply-seated eyes on the contrary receive more definite, accurate, and deeper impressions, but are less readily impressed, and less discursive in their views.

Dr. Redfield says that the wrinkles observed in some faces running outwards and upwards from the eye, indicate *Probity*, or personal truthfulness. "Persons with this sign large," he remarks, "are always noted for keeping their promises, and for performing what they agree to do; they are perhaps slow to make promises especially if their organ of cautiousness be large, but when made you may trust them."

There has been a great deal said and written on the subject of the various coloured eyes.

Arranging all the various coloured eyes in two grand classes, light and *dark*, we would say that the dark indicate power, and the light *delicacy*.

Dark eyes are tropical, and as an American physiognomist has observed, "They may be sluggish, the forces they betoken may often be latent, but they are *there*, and may be called into action. Their fires may sleep, but they are like slumbering volcanoes. Such eyes generally accompany a dark complexion with much strength of character, a powerful but not a subtle intellect, or strong passion."

Light eyes, on the other hand, belong naturally to temperate regions, and they are temperate eyes. They may glow with love and genial warmth, but they never burn with a consuming fire like the torrid black eyes. The accompanying complexion is generally fair, and the hair light, and persons having them are mostly amiable in their dispositions, refined in their tastes, highly susceptible of improvement, and are mentally active and versatile.

The light-eyed races have attained a higher degree of civilization than the dark-eyed races.

When the complexion and hair are dark, and the eyes light, there is generally a combination of strength with delicacy.

Black eyes are of four kinds. First, the small, brilliant, hard black eyes, which look like a bead, and which one might crack like a cherry stone; secondly, the glowing cavernous black eyes, hiding smouldering fires; thirdly, the soft swimming sleepy black eye, and fourthly, the large well-set and finely-formed black eye, "solemn as the hush of midnight, still as the mountain lake, yet full of thought, intellect, passion and feeling, which can rise in a storm till the quiet surface glows again; an eye that has no need of words, that never smiles, but knows the warmth of tears; an eye that goes straight to the heart with a single glance and never more leaves it, an eye that does not entrance like the blue, but draws you steadily and surely on, and touches chords in your heart which have been untouched before, and can never wake for a lesser power again."

The first may be the eye of a vain beauty and belle; the second may be found in many an inmate of Bedlam; the third languishes in the harem of the Turk, and the fourth is so rare, it is hardly ever met with—it is very beautiful, and also the most dangerous of all.

Buffon says, that "there are no black eyes, but those supposed to be black are only yellow-brown, or deep orange; they appear to be black," he affirms, "because the yellow-brown shade is so contrasted with the white of the eye that it appears black."

Brown eyes are often confounded with hazel, but though hazel eyes are *brownish*, they deserve to form a separate class.—

"Thy brown eyes have a look like birds
Flying straightway to the light."

"The true brown eyes," says an anonymous writer, "have a softness and a beauty peculiarly their own. Some are eager, quick, and merry; they often go with light hair, and fresh fair complexions, and their laughing brightness, their frank glances, are as different from the cooler and calmer look of the hazel, as light from darkness. Others have a reddish glow, or rather an auburn light which gives them a peculiar charm, especially if the hair match, shade for shade; others of a more decided brown go with black hair and a dark complexion, pale or brilliant as the case may be; and others are large and soft, with a starry light within."

Hazel eyes, or light brown eyes, have a character of their own, different quite from the true brown. There are two kinds of hazel eyes, the dark hazel with a blue shade, and the light hazel, in which

green, yellow, and blue all mingle, and predominate according to light or emotion. Some periodical, in speaking of hazel-eyed women, says, that "A hazel eye inspires a platonic sentiment, and that a woman with these eyes never talks scandal, is unselfish, never talks too much or too little, is always agreeable and intellectual, and that the dark hazel eye is as noble in its significance as in its beauty."

Grey hazel, is the sign of shrewdness and talent; the blue hazel, amiable but feeble.

Another writer observes, that "hazel-eyed women are quick-tempered and fickle," but there is no opinion expressed relative to hazel-eyed men.

The following lines quite express the ideas of the writer of this article :—

" But the glorious eye of hazel tinge
With its drooping lid of softest fringe,
The flood-gates of the soul unhinge;
Graceful and tender, loving, kind,
The wide world o'er you will not find
Eyes that so firm the heart can bind:
Sing then of the lovely hazel eyes,
Born of twilight's deep'ning dyes,
Of purple that floats o'er summer skies."

Grey Eyes are of many varieties. We will pass over in silence the sharp, the shrewish, the spiteful, the cold and the wild grey eye; every one has seen them, perhaps too often. There are some that belong only to the gallows, there are others of which any honest brute would be thoroughly ashamed. But then again there are some beautiful enough to send a fellow wild, and those are the grey eyes I mean. There is the dark, sleepy, almond-shaped grey eye, with long black lashes; it goes with the rarest face on earth, the beauty with jet black hair, and a complexion neither dark nor fair.

Then there is the calm, clear, grey eye, the eye that reasons, when that only feels. It looks you quietly in the face, it views you kindly but dispassionately—passion rarely lights it, and love takes the steady fire of friendship when he strives to enter in. The owner of that eye is upright, conscientious, and religious; it is perhaps the eye for a Joan of Arc, a Florence Nightingale, but not for the fairy of a household hearth, *she* should wear another guise.

Lastly comes the mischievous grey eye, with its softness and its large pupil, which contracts and dilates with a word, a thought, or a flash of feeling; an eye that laughs, that has its sunshine, its twilight, its moonbeams, and its storms; a wonderful eye that

wins you, whether you will or not, and holds you even after it has cast you off. No matter whether the face be fair or not ; no matter if the features are irregular and the complexion varying, the eye holds you captive, and then laughs at your very chains. Mary Queen of Scots had grey eyes, and probably were these witching eyes.—

“ Let the blue eye tell of love,
And the black of beauty,
But the grey soars far above
In the realm of duty.
Ardour for the black proclaim,
Gentle sympathy for blue,
But the grey *may* be the same,
And the grey is ever true.
Sing then of the blue eyes, love,
Sing the hazel eye of beauty,
But the grey is crowned above
Radiant in the realm of duty.”

Blue Eyes.—The poets have praised blue eyes, more perhaps than any other kind. An Italian writer says, “ Eyes with the same witchery are those of Psyche which caught Love in his own wiles.”

And Wordsworth describes them—

“ Those eyes,
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky,
Whose azure depths their colour emulates,
Must needs be conversant with upward looks—
Prayer’s voiceless service.”

Blue Eyes which borrow their tints from the summer sky, what eyes they are ! how they dazzle and bewilder, how they melt and soften. The large light blue eye with the golden eye-lash, and the faintly traced brow, is the type of heavenly purity and peace ; the calm sad blue eye that thrills through one’s heart with a single glance, the widely opened one which flashes upon you with a glorious light, with a smile that makes your head whirl, and with a meaning that you never forget.

“ Black eyes most dazzle at a ball,
Blue eyes most please at evening fall ;
The black a conquest soonest gains,
The blue a conquest best retains.
The black bespeaks a loving heart,
Whose soft emotions soon depart ;
The blue a steadier flame betray,
Which burns and lives beyond a day.
The black the features best disclose,
In blue my feelings all repose ;
Then let each reign without control,
The black all mind, the blue all soul.”

And *Green Eyes*, what can be said of them? Some are doubtless like cats', or boiled gooseberries, and yet the majority are *very* handsome.

For myself I have a great predilection for green eyes; they are "the eyes of all eyes which my heart loves the best"—those wells of love and sincerity, "where light is ever playing, where love in depth of shadow holds his throne." Therefore I dare not give my unbiassed opinion on these eyes, the pictures of the soul, but will merely quote the opinions of others. Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds in his *Purgatorio*, and Lami in his *Annotazioni* says, "Erano i suoi vechi d'un turchino verdaccio, similo a qual del mare," and again Longfellow in his *Spanish Student* writes,

"And in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies."

The Spaniards with good reason consider the colour of the eye as beautiful, and so often celebrate it in song, as for example in the well-known Villancio.

"Ay ojos verdes,
Ay los mis ojos;
Ay hagan los cielos,
Que de me te acuerdas.
Fengo confianza,
De mis verdes ojos."

Bohl de Faber.

One author says, "Green eyes look as if floating in a lambent light, large, dreamy, pensive and yet really green." Zuluka's eyes ought to have been green, "Oh that eye was in itself a soul." They are not bewildering like the blue, nor dangerous like the black, neither affectionate as the brown, nor passionate as the grey, but they are the eyes of a visionary poet, whose soul has little to do with earth, and who loves better the land of memory and imagination. *Psyche must* have had green eyes.

Eyes speak all languages, they wait for no introduction, ask no leave of age, of rank, they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude and come again, and go through and through you in a moment.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantages that the dialect of the eye needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over—when the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practical observer relies on the language of the first.

Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality if there be no holiday in the eye.

How many furtive indications are avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips.

There are beseeching eyes, asserting eyes, provoking eyes, and eyes full of fate, some of good and some of bad omen.

Many eyes are beautiful from expression alone. Whatever of goodness there is in the heart, its soft halo appears in the eyes, and if the heart be selfish, hard and bad, the eye will tell its evil tales.

Some eyes vary extraordinarily, with the passing emotions of the hour. One has seen the cold dull eye grow liquid and bright under the impulse of some holy and tender sentiment; or the eye that has looked so meek, flash like lightning at the oppression of the weak and helpless. And many an eye that tells of solitary misanthropy, how it wakens up with a world of feeling when loving lips are found to say, "I entrust these treasures to you, they are my dearest, my most sacred; be tender of them, bear them safely to their journey's end;" and confidence and love thus manifested, the strong barrier is broken down, and the hard eye fills once more with tears.

A physiognomist has given the following opinion upon eyes:—

"Black-eyed women are apt to be passionate and jealous; blue-eyed, soul-full, trustful, affectionate, and confiding; grey-eyed, literary, philanthropical, resolute and cold; hazel-eyed, hasty in temper and inconstant in feelings."

And so to the end of time the contest will last, and the battle be fought as sung by the Italian poet.

"A contesa eran venuti,
Gli vecchi azzurri e gli occhi neri,
Occhi neri fieri e mute,
Occhi azzurri non sinceri,
Color bruno, color mesto,
A cangiar l'azzurro è presto.

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Il primato in questio in quelli
Non dipende dal colore;
Ma quegli occhi son più belli,
Che rispondano più al core."

AUTHOR AND ACTRESS.

AN UNSYMMETRICAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXV.

FROM LADY DARLINGTON THE ELDER.

WHERE on earth could I be ?

It was the quaintest, prettiest little room possible. It was furnished very simply, but it was bright and cheerful and cozy to a degree. So charming was the general effect, that it was some time before I noticed the ordinary, and almost rough character of the various details. Evidently an artist mind had been at work, making the most of trifles. The bed in which I lay was spread with the snowiest of linen and the whitest of counterpanes. The walls were hung with a light-coloured paper, bordered with convolvulus. The floor was neatly carpeted. Crisp muslin curtains looped up with ribbons were arranged on each side of a window hidden by a pink blind, and in front of which stood an ornamental table and a vase full of flowers. Whether they were real or artificial, I could not make out, for I was too far off; but the bright green leaves and gay blossoms rising out of a nest of soft moss looked deliciously cool and refreshing.

The whole room was eloquent of neatness, painstaking, and good taste. It was a model of order and cleanliness, and yet not at all prim. The furniture, as I have said, was of the simplest kind, but it was arranged to the best advantage; and though everything had its appointed place, and everything was bright and spotless, the room taken as a whole had a delightfully hospitable and "lived in" air. Books and pictures were not wanting. The oddest and fattest of little clocks ticked on the mantelpiece; a fire burnt cheerily in the small, highly-polished grate; the fluffiest of small rugs stretched itself luxuriously in front of the gleaming fender; and turn which way you would, there was always something to surprise and charm you. Here hung a wee picture in a curiously-fashioned frame, there a row of smartly-bound volumes on a miniature shelf; here stood a case of stuffed birds, or a diminutive table covered with knickknacks; there a statuette in a niche lined with crimson velvet. The apartment seemed

half-sleeping, half-sitting room. It was a veritable bower of smiles and sunshine. A canary bird had its cage near the window, and a sleek old mother cat with two impudent little kittens were curled up on the hearth-rug. Let the weather outside be what it might, that tiny snuggerly suggested nothing but sunshine, good-humour and content.

I tried to get up, but I could just turn my head and no more. I was surprised to find how weak I was. Had I been ill? had I met with an accident? I tried to recollect what had happened, but I could not control my ideas; I had lost all strength and energy. I looked at my hand; it was very white and very thin; I could see the veins distinctly. When I lifted my arm it felt oh, so heavy. I was half ashamed of what I thought my laziness, and yet I felt strangely happy and contented. I felt just as I used to when a very little girl. I could not think—I could only dream vaguely. I watched the canary bird for a few minutes, and it amused me very much. At last I dropped off again to sleep.

When I awoke it was evening, for the candles were lighted, and somebody was in the room. The fire was burning low, but the cat and the kittens were still curled up on the hearth-rug. I wanted to ask a question, for it suddenly struck me that I ought to find out at once where I was. I tried to speak, but I could only make a noise. This vexed me very much, and I burst into tears. I was as weak and querulous as a child.

By degrees my curiosity was satisfied. I discovered that I had fallen into the hands of very good Samaritans indeed. My nurse would not tell me much at first, for fear I should be troubled. The doctor, so I was informed, had ordered me to be kept as quiet as possible. I was not to be excited on any account. As I grew stronger I began to recollect things. Facts came floating back into my memory, bit by bit, like fragments from a wreck. I wanted to know where my husband was. I enquired eagerly. Nobody could tell me anything. I reflected that I had lost him all through my own stupidity, and I put my head under the bed-clothes, and wept bitterly. I imagined that I had been out walking the previous night, and that I had fainted from hunger and fatigue. I really believed that Harry had come to Little Cator Street, and that I had followed him out of doors and missed him. It was a long while before I learnt the truth. By-and-bye I found out that I had been ill for weeks, that my husband had never been near me, and that I had been the sport of my own imagination.

My nurse was the prettiest, and quaintest, and tiniest of women. The first time I saw her I fancied I must be dreaming.

She perplexed rather than surprised me. She was so small, and yet so perfectly proportioned. She made one think of a fairy. She had dark hair and dark brown eyes, and the sauciest little mouth and nose possible. She had wee hands and feet and teeth so small, so regular, and so brilliant that it is not a mere figure of speech to say that they were like pearls. She had the softest of voices and the most engaging of smiles, and her manner to me was tenderness itself. Without being credulous or weak, she was full of simplicity, faith, and good-nature. She was wonderfully deft, wonderfully active, wonderfully fertile in resources. She did so much in such a short time, and was yet never fussy. She moved about noiselessly, and put things in order as it were by a wave of her wand. She spoke with a slightly foreign accent. She told me she was a French woman. Whenever she mentioned her husband it was in the tone almost of reverence. I had heard a good deal about French hussies, faithless, sly, superstitious wretches, out of whom no wifely virtue could by any possibility come; but when I compared Eugenie with some of the model English women I had met at Cranbourne, it struck me that there might be a slight dash of prejudice in the wholesale condemnation we pass on foreigners.

Time passed, and I slowly recovered my strength. It was a great event my being allowed to get up and sit in an arm-chair by the fire. I know that when it was time for me to go back to bed, I felt quite fatigued with my exertions. A very little thinking, a very little moving about was sufficient to tire me. I did all that my nurse ordered, most obediently. I was very easily pleased, though perhaps rather fretful. I enjoyed my food, and was quite greedy, though I was not allowed to eat very much, and really, at times, I could hardly believe that I had ever been a woman and that I was not once more a little girl. Whenever I woke up I heard the clock ticking away industriously, and I could always reckon upon a chirp of welcome from the canary in the cage by the window. The sleek old mother cat that curled herself up at the foot of my chair treated me with much condescension, and the kittens, who teased the solemn old thing a good deal, were amusingly playful. We all three became great friends, and the fire which warmed us equally seemed to view our proceedings with much complacency. People who live by themselves say a fire is always a friend. It is certainly strange how the burning coals that take such odd shapes set one a thinking. As I used to sit in the stillness of evening watching the strange confusion of imaginary rocks, castles, and figures that appeared between the bars of the grate—all sorts of soothing and tender memories would occur to me. When we are getting well after an illness,

there is but little bitterness in our recollections. A soft haze lies over the past and the future. We think little of the disappointments and crosses of life, for we have been brought so near to God.

There are good people in the world, though their hearts are so weighted with sympathy and love, that they do not often rise to the surface. What claims had I on the noble-minded husband and wife who took such care of me in my trouble? I was a poor outcast of whom they knew nothing at all. Twice have I been rescued by strangers; whenever I hear people talking of Christianity as a dead letter, I think of the charity that saved me in spite of my own endeavours from disgrace and a miserable death.

In about a week I was allowed to come down stairs. I sat in the front parlour, which, like the room that I had left, was simply but tastefully furnished and cozy to a degree. The old cat and her kittens followed me, the former with an air of patronage and majesty, and took up their position on the hearth-rug in the most matter-of-fact way possible. The canary, too, was brought down to share my enjoyment, and the tea-things were laid out on the whitest of cloths, and the gleaming brass kettle sung the cheeriest of tunes on the hob. We spent a delightful evening, and when my dear little nurse's husband came home very tired and very wet, for it was stormy out of doors, and cunningly devised hot dishes were served up by a domestic big enough to be a grenadier, and who congratulated me on my recovery in the loudest of voices and with the broadest and heartiest of smiles, our enjoyment was at its height. By-and-by my protectress sat down in a little arm-chair by the fire and busied herself with needlework, while her husband opened the piano and played tender, graceful melodies by Mozart and Beethoven. Then, as my thoughts strayed away on the wings of the music, I was happy indeed, though I believe there were tears in my eyes. I longed so to see my husband, for though I had lost him for so long, I still had faith in him. I was sure that he would come back one of these days, and that we should be happily re-united. Periodically the huge servant, who seemed to look upon us as three little children, of whom she was the proprietress or guardian, came in under some shallow pretext, to see if everything were going satisfactorily, and smiled with an air of encouragement when she found that we were so pleasantly engaged.

We led a very simple, happy, peaceful life in the little house in North Street. We were not far from Hyde Park, but our district was not exactly aristocratic. It lay tucked away behind some rather pretentious terraces and squares. We had shops in

front of us, and two public-houses,—in convenient but humiliating proximity. We looked out from the top windows over a market-garden which provided fresh air and a pleasant prospect, and a thorough rookery which provided neither the one nor the other, but fever, slatternly women, and woe-begone urchins in abundance. Whenever a drunken man or an organ-grinder appeared, scores of delighted but ragged children would issue from the neighbouring slums. Other streets branched off from ours, and of these two were decidedly better than the third. Our principal opposite neighbours were, at the corner of the street a butcher of very lively and jocular turn, remarkably civil to everyone, and embarrassingly complimentary to lady customers; then a school-mistress, very neat and cheerful, but with an appearance of ill-health, who had in the “drawing-rooms” above her a newly-married couple who walked out arm-in-arm on Sundays, and to judge by the deserted air of their apartments with the vaguest possible notions of domestic comfort. Then followed an austere but well-to-do gentleman of no recognized profession, but supposed to own houses, who on Sunday mornings sat at the parlour window in his shirt-sleeves reading an enormous Bible; and a half-pay officer who, from his warlike propensities and strong objection to nuisances of any kind, real or imaginary, was the terror of the street and the talk of the neighbourhood. Next door to him resided three young gentlemen, said to be students of medicine, one of whom was fond of playing on the flute, and had the reputation of having just come into a large property. The last house of all was occupied by two young ladies with strikingly small waists and brilliant complexions, who rode out on horseback and patronized a remarkably shabby brougham. To the extreme right, on the other side of a crossing, stood a tavern, a baker’s, a grocer’s, and a house that was quite deserted and always to let.

Beyond this again came the market-garden which was bordered off by a brick wall, and terminated the thoroughfare. To the extreme left lay the rookery, of which I have already spoken, and a second tavern occupying the angle formed by two roads, or rather lanes of a defiantly reckless appearance. Our street, though not even entitled to call itself genteel, contained a fund of amusement and liveliness. On Saturday nights, when the organs came and played in front of the area railings, being quite satisfied and indeed ready to come again if you threw them out a halfpenny, and the gas flared at the butcher’s, and the costermongers shouted, and the working classes went out shopping, the scene, especially if set off by a stormy sunset, was animated, and almost picturesque.

The name of my hostess was Grey. Her husband had no private means but he was of a good family. He was an Englishman by birth and education, tall, well made, with a grave handsome face and light yellow hair. I do not think he was very strong, but he never complained of ill health, or for that matter of anything. He was always cheerful and good tempered, though never exactly in high spirits. He worked very hard. He went out early in the morning and came back sometimes between five and six in the evening, sometimes not till ten or eleven at night. He often seemed terribly tired, and in the stormy weather I quite pitied him. He would return wet through and as pale as a ghost, but with a smile on his face and the kindest of words on his lips. I am sure he and his wife loved each other dearly, though they were never demonstrative. It was a pleasure and yet a pain to me to see them meet. They said little, but there was a world of meaning in their eyes. Each seemed to live only for the other. I used to think of Harry and of the happiness that I had lost, perhaps for ever. There is something very touching in the sight of home to those who have no home. My husband had disappeared, my father had cast me off. I was all alone in the world.

When Lionel came back for tea we used to have the pleasantest evenings possible. Our tea was his dinner, but he generally managed to get some luncheon out of doors. He was very careless about his meals. Eugenie was always telling him so, and devised all sorts of simple dainties for him on his return. But she took care that he should have something substantial as well. She was a very clever little housekeeper. After tea her husband would read aloud, or play the piano, or tell us his adventures if anything had happened that he thought would entertain us, or discuss half seriously, half playfully, some pet theory as to matters musical or literary. His small wife owned frankly that she could not always quite understand him, but she listened to his expositions with none the less pleasure for that.

Still she was no slavish worshipper of her husband's doctrines; on the contrary, she criticized what she called "the poetry of the future" and scientific music with extraordinary boldness, and Mr. Grey would seem amused beyond measure at the confidence with which she would give battle to his favourite hobbies. My kind host was a bit of a dreamer, he read a great deal and thought deeply; Eugenie was practical and no doubt superficial, but shrewd, full of fun, and with a keen but goodnatured sense of the ludicrous.

Lionel Grey was a tutor. He had not received a University education, but he had been at one of the leading public schools, and I am inclined to believe from what I have heard people say

that he was an excellent scholar. On Sundays he played the organ at a neighbouring church, he had a fine voice which he used with skill, and on Tuesday and Friday evenings he took pupils for the pianoforte and singing. At one time, so his wife told me, he had painted portraits and given instruction in drawing. He made no secret of the straits to which he had been reduced by poverty. He was very clever, I am sure, though he pooh-poohed his own merit. He was by no means what the Americans would call "smart," for he was a perfect gentleman, but he had a diversity of natural gifts, and he was energetic and patient. He had a keen sense of honour, and he was incapable of meanness or of taking an unfair advantage of anyone. Still he knew the value of money, and he had acquired shrewdness by experience. He had confidence in his own resources, and as he owned himself he was not ashamed to undertake anything by which he could earn a few shillings in an honest way.

Eugenie did her fair share of work as the wife of an industrious man, for she was perpetually employed in household matters and had succeeded in securing two very eligible lodgers, who respectively occupied the drawing-room and the back second floor.

Of these the former was a rather eccentric but marvellously polite old gentleman, who was supposed to be a cashier at a bank in the city, and the latter a somewhat Bohemian young artist who wore long hair, tolerably dirty linen and a thread-bare coat smudged with paint. He had lofty aspirations and drew in the pre-Raphaelite style. He was particularly fond of a rather wooden-faced young lady in a flowing white robe and with a wealth of sun-coloured hair who played a prominent part in most of his unquestionably eccentric designs. He looked forward to wealth and fame in the future; for the present he starved, or rather he would have starved, but for the kindness of his little landlady. His one room was poorly and very uncomfortably furnished, and he seemed quite glad to be allowed sometimes to sit by the parlour fire. His merits as a lodger were that he was quiet, perfectly harmless, and punctual in his payments. Regularly of a Monday morning he would settle his not very enormous account, he explained his punctiliousness on this point by stating that he had been in debt once, and that his experiences during that period, of which however he was indisposed to give any definite account, were such that he had taken an oath—rather a rash one as it appeared to me—that he would "never owe anyone a sixpence again."

"We look upon ourselves as quite prosperous people now," Eugenie said to me one day, "I don't pretend that we have been martyrs, but we have certainly not got on without a struggle. I

suppose there are persons who would say that we married very improvidently. Lionel had a little money, I had none at all. But we loved each other, and we were not afraid of hard work, and had faith both in ourselves and in the good God who never deserts those who really trust in him and do their best. My father was a teacher of languages, a very old man. He was of noble birth, but he had lost all his property and was very, very poor. He was an *émigré*; he had a brother, a priest, who helped us much, but my papa was very proud, and in spite of his great age, worked hard and refused assistance from anyone. My uncle helped him without his knowledge, he helped him through me and through the people of the house where we lodged. He made me little presents, he was very kind, very stout, and with a red face, he was always laughing. He is dead now, he has been dead some years, he is in the bosom of the good God. He was of all men the most kind, he was not rich but very generous; he lived shabbily, and gave all his money to the poor.

"I have an aunt, an old lady who lives in a convent at Kensington. She has quite white hair, and is blind and deaf. She can hear nothing. She was my dear father's sister.

"My uncle was priest at a church in Soho. I am a Catholic, my husband is a Protestant, but we do not disagree.

"I met my little Lionel by accident. I was only fifteen then, I was crossing a road leading out of Regent Street. It was crowded with people moving in opposite directions and some of them running. I was knocked down and a cab nearly went over me. My husband, as he was to be, picked me up and asked if I were hurt. I was frightened and all over mud, and my right foot pained me very much. It was sprained. My darling took me home, though I was quite ashamed that he should see the poor place where I lived. He was rich then and noticed that we were very badly off, so he took lessons of my father to help us. He has wealthy relations, but they were offended with him, not about our marriage, but before we were betrothed, and he left them in anger.

"He had saved up a hundred pounds, and with this he began his career? he worked very hard and went about and saw all the people he knew, to ask if they would receive him as a tutor for their sons. He met with many strange adventures, but he succeeded better than he could have imagined; he is very brave. Nothing discourages him! He is always full of good spirits and very neat in his dress. People like that. When he goes out in the morning, he is *comme il faut*. He can show himself anywhere, he is always the gentleman; he has a fine air, like my father, he has the manners of the ancient *noblesse*, we have been married now three years. We are full of happiness. My little

boy—he is eighteen months—resembles his papa. Lionel loves me. God has blessed us and we have no regret. We are growing rich and have put money in the bank.

“My father died suddenly. One night he went to bed tired and sorrowful but without seeming to be ill. I think he had forebodings, for he took me in his arms and prayed to heaven to bless me, and kissed me with the greatest affection. When I came down stairs in the morning, I waited and waited, and at last full of anxiety, I went up on tip-toe, my heart beating, and knocked at his door. When we found him he was sleeping tranquilly, a smile on his face and his white hair spread over the pillow. He looked very happy, but he would never wake again. I felt sorrow, such as I cannot describe. When Lionel came for his lesson he learnt our misfortune. Then he saw my uncle, the priest, and the two together provided for me. I was placed at a *pensionnat*. I remained there two years. When the proper time came I married my husband. We were not rich, but we loved each other dearly. I tried very hard to be useful, for I knew that idleness was shameful and wicked. Every day I was eager for my husband’s return. He took much pains to teach me my duties; he is full of energy and goodness. But for him I should have starved, my poor father had no money at all.”

One morning Lionel Grey received a letter. To judge from the number of addresses, erasures and suggestions on the envelope, it must have been on a very long and eccentric journey indeed. After reading it he became thoughtful. He said, “My brother will have to fight over again the battles that I have fought. What he says is just what I should have said myself a few years ago. Matters at home do not seem to be mending.” This was the only occasion on which I ever heard him speak of his family. I knew from what Eugenie had said that he had a father and mother, and I heard also that for a long time past they had held no kind of communication with their son. I often used to wonder what was the cause of the disagreement between him and his relations. I did not like to ask questions, and neither my hostess nor her husband seemed inclined to speak of their own accord. Their marriage had certainly been a romantic one, and from a worldly point of view, I suppose it was improvident and disadvantageous. But evidently it was a secondary grievance only, the original *casus belli* lay still farther back in the past. I am by nature inquisitive; and though I had too much delicacy to say anything, I am ashamed to confess that I often occupied my spare moments in speculating as to the early history of Lionel Grey.

Thus I repaid by a species of ingratitude the generosity of my friends, but after all, my inquisitiveness was of a very feeble and

harmless kind, I had no real desire to pry into affairs that did not concern me.

One evening when Eugenie and I were sitting quite alone I wished her to describe at length the circumstances of our first meeting. I had guessed instinctively that she and her husband had found me wandering, half-crazed, about the streets, and that they had brought me home, but beyond this I knew nothing, and I had never as yet had the courage to allude to a day that for me was so fruitful in melancholy reminiscences.

"It was by the merest chance," said my little nurse, "that we met you. We had been to the Crystal Palace. It was Lionel's birthday, and we had determined to enjoy ourselves. We have not often a whole day to spend as we please, and we resolved to make the most of our opportunity. We walked from Victoria Station to North Street and had tea. After that, as it was a beautiful evening, we thought it a pity to remain in-doors and wandered out into the park. When it began to get dark we settled that as we were not yet tired we would walk a little way up Piccadilly. It was there that we met you. You were coming towards us from the direction of the Regent Circus, you were very oddly dressed, your manner was strange, you seemed to move mechanically, and your eyes were fixed on vacancy; something in your face attracted my attention. Though your clothes were poor, I could see that you were a lady. Several persons turned round to look at you. I pressed my husband's arm, and he said, 'We will watch her.' At this moment you made a sudden pause. I went up and spoke to you, but you said nothing. You made me think of a person walking in her sleep, and I half feared you must be out of your mind. I tried to take your hand, but you pushed me away. Then you staggered, and would have fallen had not Lionel caught you in his arms. A crowd began to collect as I beckoned to a cab that was passing, and we put you in and brought you home with us. The doctor that we sent for said you were very ill, and that if possible you ought not to be moved. I was frightened at that, I own, for I thought of my baby boy. But when he told me that there was nothing catching in your illness I was re-assured. We put you to bed, and you grew worse and worse. At one time we almost feared you would never recover. But we were mistaken. God has heard my prayers; you will soon be quite well and strong again. But you must do exactly as I tell you, for you are still weak, and I am determined not to let you go away until you are completely recovered."

I murmured some thanks, though I felt how inadequate were

words to express my gratitude, but Eugenie playfully laid her fingers on my mouth and went on with her story.

"Of course," she said, "we tried to find out who you were. We thought that you might have wandered from home and that your friends would be anxious to know what had become of you. I examined your linen. It was marked 'Lucy.' In the pocket of your dress was a letter marked 27, Little Cator Street, Holborn, and signed 'Kitty Austin.' I looked at the date and found that the note was a month old, so I guessed that the person who had written it had forgotten to post it. As the dress was much too large for you, and not such as a lady would wear, I concluded that you had borrowed it, and that Kitty Austin was the person to whom it belonged. I consulted with my husband, and he advised me, if possible, to return the clothes at once.' 'No doubt,' he said, 'the poor girl has been in great trouble, and that the woman who lent her these things is a stranger to her; she may be suspected of having stolen them. Probably they were given her at the house where she lodged last. I have some experience of landladies, and I know that a good many of them would raise a hue and cry after a crooked sixpence.'

"I made the dress up into a parcel and gave it to a boy, telling him to enquire if a Mrs. Austin lived at the address I had written on the card, and if so to leave the things there without asking any questions. Inside the parcel I put a strip of paper, on which I wrote, with Lucy's love? I thought to myself, if the people are good they will be pleased by even this small recognition of their kindness, if they are bad thanks will gall them the more for being quite undeserved. I said nothing else for fear harm should come of my doing so. I did not mention your illness, and I cautioned the boy against talking to anyone. From some words which you had let drop, I thought you were anxious not to be followed. In your delirium you imagined yourself talking to all sorts of people, and amongst others to a woman, who from what you said appeared to have been your landlady, and to have treated you harshly. It seemed likely enough that Mrs. Austin was the person you meant, and were that the case I knew that you would not wish her to find out what had become of you."

"And had you no suspicions?" I asked.

"I could see that you were a lady," returned my little nurse, "besides it would have been wrong to suspect you when you were so ill, and not able to defend yourself."

Then I told Eugenie my story.

In the evening I repeated it to her husband, and asked his advice.

When I came to the incident of the portrait he looked grave.

He said, "Let me think matters over," and he promised to give me an answer when he came back from business the next day.

While I was sitting at breakfast the following morning, the tall servant came in with a great bundle of newspapers. She told me that they had been given her by the gentleman who lodged in the drawing-rooms. "Mr. Mildmay's compliments," she said, "and he sent down these picture newspapers thinking they might amuse the young lady who is ill." When I examined the parcel I found that it was made up of magazines and two stitched volumes of the "Illustrated London News." A few copies of the "Times" and "Daily Telegraph" had crept in by mistake. Now like most people whose time is not of much value, I am very fond of desultory reading and looking at engravings, so directly breakfast was finished I seated myself in an arm-chair by the fire and prepared to enjoy myself thoroughly. Eugenie kissed me and left the room, saying that she was going out to make some purchases, and should be back in about an hour.

First I examined all the pictures, and after that I read all the musical criticisms to see what the world in general thought of the compositions which Mr. Grey praised so enthusiastically. I soon found that my kind host and the newspaper writers were sadly at variance.

My task ended, I felt rather tired.

I sat looking dreamily into the fire for a little while, and then half mechanically I took up a number of the "Daily Telegraph."

It is with a strange feeling that one opens an old newspaper. There is something very curious in comparing anticipations with realities, it seems so odd to find the stalest of news spoken of as the "latest intelligence," it is amusing and yet saddening to read the eager discussions that took place once upon a time, perhaps only a few months ago, about matters that interested everybody, and are now quite forgotten.

I had never been much of a reader, and until I came to live in North Street I had troubled myself very little about the affairs of the great world out of doors, home and my husband had been enough for me, but Lionel Grey took a great interest in politics as well as in literary and artistic matters, so I had become tolerably well versed in popular and unpopular theories of government, poetry, and music. Thus a newspaper was certain to interest me, as it was sure to contain at least a passing reference to some matters that had been discussed or explained in my presence.

Now when I get hold of a "Times" or a "Daily Telegraph," I have my own way of reading and enjoying it. I take the lighter parts first, and then travel on to the graver. I begin with the "Births, Deaths and Marriages." I am sure I don't know why,

as they concern me very little, being busied for the most part with the joys and griefs of perfect strangers; then I glance at the curious and mysterious advertisements which are a standing puzzle and amusement to everybody except the writers; thirdly, I skim the list of new novels, the theatrical and musical announcements and the police reports. I very seldom read a case through, but I look at the heading of the paragraph just to see what it is all about.

On the morning in question I was surprised to find that the paper which I had selected haphazard bore the date of the very day on which I had been driven out of doors and taken to Mrs. Austin's.

I was anxious to read the proceedings of the world at large, at a period which to me had been so eventful and miserable. It gives you a forcible idea of your own insignificance to find that whatever your troubles may have been, they did not affect society in the least. It is a powerful commentary on the saying that "you cannot do without the world, but that the world can do very well without you." It is rather humiliating to self-esteem to reflect that the truth of this proverb has been exemplified in the case of the greatest heroes, wits, and sages that the earth has ever seen.

The next paper that I took up was dated a few days later. It did not interest me so much, but still it had its charms. I reflected that while such and such things were happening, I was lying ill in bed, and this seemed to give events additional emphasis. In due course of time, I arrived at the police reports. I glanced at them carelessly. Then I passed on to the stray paragraphs, headed, "Strange occurrence," "How to secure a clear complexion," and "A fearful adventure." My attention was caught by one labelled "Painful suicide." I began to read it without interest, but I remembered that I might have come to some such miserable end myself, had it not been for the kindness and care of perfect strangers. A moment more, and I experienced a strange shock, much as if I had been struck in the chest by an unseen hand. I read on hurriedly, my heart beating fast, and a dark cloud seeming to descend over the printed words. I could imagine that they rose up from the crisp paper, and floated before me in mid-air. I was reading the account of my own supposed suicide. I let the paper drop, and sunk back in my chair almost lifeless. I could see nothing, as I was conscious of nothing but a horrible sense of suffocation, and it was some minutes before I could recover my composure sufficiently to be able to think. At last this idea occurred to me, "It was that woman whom I called my shadow, who haunted me in my dreams, whose melancholy face seemed a reflection of mine, who, with her sorrowful glance, appeared to reproach me for my disobedience to the father who loved me so dearly,

and for the idolatrous, unquestioning love that I bore for my husband, and could not control." I had met this woman again and again, in the Park, at the theatre, and elsewhere. Once I sat quite close to her. A stranger, seeing us together, would have believed that we were sisters. A person who had only a slight acquaintance with either of us might have mistaken the one for the other. And yet I did not even know this woman's name. But I knew this, that there were minute but decided points of difference between us, which revealed themselves when we were observed closely. The woman I called my shadow had a black "beauty spot," on her left cheek; she was troubled with a slight lameness of the right foot, her hair was a shade darker than mine, and she was an inch or two taller. Besides this, her voice was a contralto, mine a soprano. Who she was I could never find out. Sometimes she dressed shabbily, sometimes in a gaudy and expensive style. She wore much jewellery, and her manner, when in prosperity, was full of disdain. She was generally accompanied by a gentleman, but not always by the same gentleman. Once, shortly before my husband left me, I saw her in very poor clothes indeed. But, at that time, I myself was in trouble. This circumstance annoyed me in a way quite disproportionate to its real importance. Wherever I went, whatever my state of life might be, it seemed that my shadow or counterpart was to be similarly situated, and not far off. At times, in spite of all reason, I was inclined to believe that the woman who haunted me did not really exist, that trouble had turned my brain, that I had conjured up a phantom, and was the victim of my own morbid imagination. The next time I saw the mysterious lady she was very handsomely dressed indeed; I lost sight of her for a few weeks, and then, when I was in deep distress myself, I found her wretchedly clad, standing at the door of a newspaper office.

But, to return. As I recovered my composure, I began to meditate. What must I do? It was important that I should prove my identity without loss of time. I had half a mind to set off at once to Mrs. Austin's. Then I paused; I would do nothing without consulting Mr. Grey. He was clever, and from his frame of mind better able to arrive at a sound conclusion than I? I would wait till he came home, and as he advised so would I act. I was still very weak, and my excitement had quite unstrung me. I rose up and walked across the room, to calm the throbbing of my brain; but I could hardly drag myself along. I turned dizzy, and only saved myself from falling by clutching the back of a chair. I sat down again, and made a vain attempt to read. I travelled half way down a column of small print, and when I endeavoured to collect my ideas I found that the subject-matter had

quite slipped from my memory. I folded up the newspaper, and held it before my face as a screen to shade my eyes from the heat of the fire. Then I fell into a vague reverie. My ideas were quite unconnected, and I could not weave them into any definite shape. My thoughts strayed hither and thither, and at last, when I tried to rouse myself, I had a difficulty in recollecting where I was, and though I knew that something had annoyed me, I could not remember without a painful effort what that something was. I was determined to conquer my stupidity, so I unfolded the newspaper and made a resolute attempt to read. But the words were in a cloud, and try as I would I could not attach any clear meaning to the sentences. Then my eye roved down the columns at random. Suddenly it seemed to encounter an impediment, and to be brought to a dead stop with a jerk. There is a mysterious property in certain words and in certain glances. You look at a person whose back is towards you, and presently he turns. You are gazing vacantly at a printed page, and one word out of a million arrests your attention. It appears, and it is gone. You saw it quite plainly, and yet you search for it and cannot find it. The word that had again set my heart beating was "Darlington." I tried to recollect where I had heard it before. I remembered at length that it was the name of the gentleman who on that stormy night had found me in the street and taken me to Mrs. Austin's. I had heard him say to the landlady, "My name is Richard Darlington, I live at such and such a place, here is my card." And I recollected, too, of a sudden the circumstance of the photograph dropping out of the book, and of my crying out in indignant reply to my good friend's assurance, "No, no, that is not your brother, that is my husband." These two facts connected themselves together, and I searched all over the first page of the *Times* for the word "Darlington." At last I found it. It occurred in the following paragraph, "On the 5th inst., at the Parish Church, Cragstock, Harry, elder son of Sir Francis Darlington, Bart., to Ella Rosalind, daughter of Thomas Whatley Cheston, of Gateshead."

When Eugenie returned, she spoke to me, and I seemed, so she said, not to hear her. My eyes were fixed on vacancy, and my hands were cold as ice.

* * * * *

After the lapse of some hours I began to think. There was no mistaking my husband's portrait. I was sure that I had not been deceived. The face and the dress and the attitude were alike Harry's. And Richard Darlington was his brother; I had arrived at that conclusion long ago. Well, I could see now why my husband had left me. Even the lingering hope that he had not mar-

ried again until he had heard of my supposed death vanished when I looked at the date given in the newspaper. The "5th inst." was the very day on which I had been driven out into the streets to die of cold and hunger.

When Lionel came home, I said, "Please do not say anything on the subject about which I spoke to you last night. I have a particular reason for making this request. I will explain everything by and bye."

He looked surprised beyond measure, but neither he nor his wife pressed me with a single question, or exhibited the slightest trace of curiosity.

I had my way ; I ate my heart in silence.

* * * * *

I began to fret myself ill again. I wished that I could die. I refused to eat. I grew weaker and weaker, and believed that I had not long to live. I imagined that it was impossible for me ever to be happy again. I felt much as a poor faithful heathen may feel when he suddenly discovers that the deity whom he has trusted and served and loved for years is a sham.

I was cut to the heart to find that my husband had deceived me, that he had never really cared for me, that I had totally mistaken his character ; but, in spite of what he had done, my love was not yet quite extinct. I had no thought of revenge. I was simply grieved beyond expression. I said to myself, "I am no longer wanted in the world. I am pursued by a curse. My father has cast me off, my husband hates me. Let me die and be forgotten."

I imagined that my wish would be fulfilled.

I endeavoured to banish all worldly thoughts. I resolved that the past should be as if it had never existed. With Heaven before my eyes, I had no room in my heart for vindictive feelings. For weeks past I had been hovering on the brink of another world. I had just emerged from a long and dangerous illness. The shadows were again fast closing around me. A gulf seemed to separate me from people in general. They were travelling in one direction, I in another. The worst that they had done or thought could not matter to me now. My most earnest desire was to die at peace with all men. I had sinned, and had met my punishment. I had no wish to do anyone any harm. I wished only to be gone. Harry had injured me, one of the last acts of my life should not be to injure him in return. No, I should be dead in a few days, and then it would matter little what I had suffered at the hands even of my husband. I had no child, I had myself only to think of. Harry had treated me cruelly, but though he had ceased to love me, I had not yet lost all feeling for him. Besides, the

woman who imagined herself his wife—had not she, poor thing, some claim on my forbearance? Let me endure my sorrow in patience for a little while, and not embitter my last hours by destroying the happiness of an unfortunate creature who had been grossly deceived, and who had never done me any harm.

But I did not die. Death, like her sister Fortune, is a coquette. Eugenie watched me tenderly, and I could not resist her entreaties to try and get better. She coaxed me to eat, and duty whispered to me that I had no right to disregard the evident wishes of those who had been so kind to me. So I found out what other and better people have found out before me, that great though your trouble be, it is not so easy to die. By degrees, in spite of myself, and I own much to my mortification, I grew stronger, but it was a consolation to me to believe that though I might revive for the time, death was still near at hand. I might seem better for the moment, but I should fade away in a few months, or at most in a couple of years.

But in this too I was deceived. Days passed and weeks passed, and the sting of my sorrow was deadened. I nursed my grief and felt very miserable, but I was obliged to admit that on the whole the pain of my wound was abating. I still, however, endured intervals of acute agony, and I would not believe for a moment that I could ever really recover my peace of mind. Yet that the idea of future happiness should suggest itself, however remotely, shewed that future happiness was possible. But I refused to have faith in God's mercy, or, as I phrased it at the time, I was content to suffer. I should drag on for a little while with what patience I could muster, and then I should die and be at peace.

In the meantime I was clearly under an obligation to turn the few months of existence that still remained for me to good account. Besides, I was ashamed to live any longer on the charity of my friends. I would try and be useful. It was my duty to shift for myself. I must work and earn money, pleasantly or unpleasantly, like other people. I stated my resolution to Eugenie. She said, "I shall not allow you to leave us, I will speak to Lionel, and we will try to get you some employment." She insisted that I should remain in the house. When I refused to keep the room in which she had originally placed me, saying that it was too good for me, and that if she did not want it herself it might be let to advantage, she said, "As you are so obstinate I suppose you must have your own way; but there is a room on the third floor which will suit you to perfection."

She went on to explain that it was little better than an attic, but it was comfortably furnished; and as I was so determined to be independent, she should let me pay a rent of four shillings a

week. She added that if I had no money as yet she would trust me until I had earned some.

"There is no need for you," she said, "to be so down-hearted, you are very clever and sure to get on, and everything will come right by-and-bye."

I kissed my dear little nurse, and though inclined to be perverse and to play the martyr, my eyes filled with very sincere tears of gratitude. I determined that I would do my best to please my kind hostess in every way. I felt it a part of my duty to show, by every small means in my power, a sense of that goodness which had watched over me so devotedly for months past.

Thanks to Mr. Grey, I was able to obtain tolerably remunerative employment. I was a good musician, and by dint of recommending me wherever he went, he found me pupils. I was patient, and I had the gift of making my lessons intelligible and pleasant. I prospered beyond my most sanguine expectations, and began to grow really quite rich. I moved from the attic into the front second floor. I had the use of the piano in the parlour. I had my name on a brass plate fixed to the front door. Old pupils sent me new pupils. I began to take quite an interest in my work. I gradually recovered my cheerfulness. I had but little time left for indulging morbid fancies.

At length I began to reflect. My married life lay sufficiently far back in the distance for me to see it as it had really been. In sober truth my matrimonial experience had not been all honey and sunshine. Harry had soon got tired of me. I was infatuated and had humoured him in every way, but he had taken no pains to conceal how weary he was of my society. He had been absolutely rude at times, not deigning to answer my questions, roughly repulsing my caresses, and stinting me not in money merely, but in food and clothing. I was by nature affectionate, and I had clung to my husband the more, because for his sake I had deserted the father and the home that I loved so dearly. While my illusion lasted I was determined to see in him nothing but perfection. I put the best possible construction on all his actions, and refused obstinately to be disenchanted or to see the plain ugly truth. Whenever anything went wrong I was only too anxious to believe that all the fault lay on my side. I used to blame my own conduct in the most absurd manner. I was always doing penance for imaginary sins. I was for ever trying to make myself more attractive in manner or appearance. Whenever my husband was in an ill-humour and left the house with a curse, or sneered at me brutally, I tried to find a justification for his conduct in something that I had said or done to annoy him. But the time had at length come when I could see him in his true light as a faithless,

selfish man of pleasure, who had never really cared for me, who had used me as a plaything and then thrown me away. Well, let bygones be bygones. My folly had met the reward it deserved. It was too late now to talk of retaliation. Life with such a companion would have been one long misery, so many wasted years. It was as well that we were apart. Let him go his road, I would keep to mine. True he had caused me much sorrow, but in spite of myself he had opened my eyes to my own folly. Thanks to his baseness I had recovered my reason. I was no longer degraded by a misplaced affection. I had learnt to be useful. I had an honourable career before me, and vile though his conduct had been, I could afford to forget him.

I began to dress more becomingly. I took pains to increase my connexion. I put money in the bank, and ate with an appetite.

* * * * *

I have told you that an old gentleman named Mildmay, and supposed to be a bank clerk, lodged in our drawing-room.

As he is about to play rather a prominent part in my story, I will sketch his appearance.

He was rather stately in manner, and dressed in the old-fashioned style. He wore a swallow-tailed coat, and a high collar; he had the whitest of shirt fronts, and the brightest of washing neckties. He had a fine face, and a very upright carriage. He walked with an air of distinction. As a young man he must have been handsome.

Whenever we met, indoors or out-of-doors, he bowed to me with extraordinary politeness.

Eugenie said, in her laughing way, that she was sure I had made a conquest, that the old gentleman was evidently quite smitten. For several months, however, the only words that we exchanged were "Good morning" and "Good evening." Of course I ridiculed the notion of his being in love, but Eugenie declared quite seriously that she could see his passion in his eyes. "Besides," she continued, "have you not noticed what pains he takes to make himself smart? He always wears a flower in his buttonhole now."

In the course of a few weeks I had a surprise. It seemed that my little nurse had been right after all—the old gentleman made me an offer of marriage; his note abounded in courtly phrases, it was couched in the language of a Sir Charles Grandison, yet strangely enough, as you may think, it was full of self-depreciation. It had a kind of pathos, a peculiar *naïveté* that amused and touched me at the same time. The writer confessed that he was old and unattractive, but he urged with plaintive anxiety that his

heart was still young, that he could offer me a comfortable home, that in all probability he should not live very much longer, and that on his death I should find myself almost rich.

I wrote back and explained how impossible it was that I could accept his offer, for which, however, I thanked him very sincerely. After that the old gentleman seemed to grow melancholy. He no longer wore a flower in his button-hole, but whenever we met he bowed as politely as ever. But his face had a sad and almost reproachful expression which made me feel quite unhappy; he had really been in love.

One day he went on a visit to some friends in the country. In rather more than a week we received a note to say that he was very ill indeed. A few hours passed, and we got another to say that he was dead. We were very sorry; he was a good man, and I felt for Eugenie and her husband, for they had lost an excellent lodger. By-and-bye came a third letter. It was from a lawyer; he stated that Mr. Mildmay had left me nearly the whole of his property. On a sudden I found myself a rich woman. We had been mistaken in imagining that our lodger was a bank clerk; he had been on the Stock Exchange, but he was of retired habits, and, though living quite without pretence, the owner of a large fortune.

After a time we broke up the establishment in North Street, and removed into more commodious and eligible quarters. Having nothing better to do I still continued to give music lessons, though I had money enough and to spare. Having abundant means, I was able to do some good. I tried to treat others as others had treated me. It is the greatest luxury in the world to relieve distress. I say so in all sincerity. I soon found that the surest source of happiness is constant occupation. But it is impossible to be idle in a house where every one else is industrious. The energies of my host and hostess never flag.

Lionel Grey is stronger than he used to be, and he has no lack of pupils. Instead of his going to them they come to him; he has, I understand, made himself a great reputation as a "crammer;" he is wonderfully clever at baffling the examiners. He has performed some feats little short of miracles, and thanks to his ingenuity and perseverance, many a very stupid fellow indeed has found himself figuring honourably on the list of successful candidates for the Civil Service. But he has pupils with whom he "reads," in the strict sense of the word, who are really a credit to him, and whom he does not "cram" at all: he has edited some re-issues of the classics, and he has written a work on "Metaphysical Music," which has attracted some attention; he seems very happy, and his wife is as charming as ever. On the whole we

spend a very enjoyable existence, and though we work hard, and our aims are not particularly lofty, we sit down to tea in the evening with a good appetite, and a conviction that our day has not been wholly wasted.

I have made a will, and should I die before Eugenie, my little nurse will find herself a rich woman. She and her husband are the only persons who have any claim upon me. My father is dead, I have no child, and I have done my best to forget that such a person as Harry Graysford, or rather Darlington, ever existed.

Good comes out of evil. My life has been chequered, but for some years I have led a calm, uneventful existence that to me is the perfection of happiness. If I have learnt nothing else, I have learnt this, that we were not sent into the world merely to enjoy ourselves, or to follow the lead of our own blind passions, that we are to think of duty first and pleasure afterwards, a very trite lesson, but one which it has taken humanity a good many centuries to learn, and which it has not got perfect yet.

I thank God that instead of yielding to despair I listened to the voice of conscience and duty. There is one thing, however, which I have not yet forgiven myself—that act of disobedience to my father; it was that which caused all my misery, it was that which led to the ruin of the home I loved, and but for the charity of strangers it might have entailed upon me a violent and disgraceful death.

* * * * *

I have just seen a person who insisted on calling me Lucy Clements; he wishes to employ me as an instrument in extorting money from the man who is still legally my husband; he evidently considers himself quite sure of my support. I shall be curious to see the form that his plot will take. It is possible that by holding the threads of it I may be able to do a service to some one. My husband has no claim on my kind offices, but I shall not allow his wife to be made the victim of a conspiracy; however much I may have been wronged, and however much Harry Darlington may deserve punishment I do not see why a total stranger should be allowed to trade on my misfortunes—for the present, however, I shall not interfere. It is as well, perhaps, that my husband should be reminded of the sword that still hangs over him. I am not revengeful, but for his own sake it is desirable that he should be taught that punishment may overtake a man for his sins, even after the lapse of years. On the whole I am content to pass for the unscrupulous adventuress that my new acquaintance believes me. I have sufficient coolness to be able to play the character fairly, and by gaining his confidence I may be able to act, when the time comes, with additional effect. It would really be very

curious if my husband and I were to meet once more after so long an interval. It would be additionally curious if we were to meet on friendly terms, and if I were to perform some act, which to a stranger might seem like a Quixotic attempt to return good for evil. It is singular how our feelings change; I can hardly believe now that I was ever foolish enough to love such a man as I take Harry Darlington to be, and though at one time his behaviour cut me to the heart, I bear him no grudge, indeed I am rather inclined to thank him for having left me. The stranger who met me this afternoon was right in what he said. My character, solidified, or perhaps hardened by contact with the world, certainly bears very little resemblance now to that of the silly, credulous, headstrong, little farmer's daughter he knew at Cranbourne.

SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL.

THERE are some names which deserve, but never obtain, a place in the records of the history of our country. One of such names is that of Sir William Pepperell, the American loyalist, who is mentioned in the pages of Smollett as the capturer of Louisburg, but for whose biography, though it is well worth more than a chance perusal, one may look in vain to the existing biographical dictionaries, at all events on this side of the Atlantic. For the leading facts in our present sketch we are indebted to "The Life of Sir W. Pepperell," by Usher Parsons, an American gentleman, published in America a few years since, its contents being taken from materials formerly in the possession of the Pepperell and Sparhawk families. It is not every day that an English civilian, by his own energy and ability, lays siege to and captures a town which is the key to a large and important district, and finds himself gazetted a field officer in the English army without having gone through the inferior grades of promotion; and it is a simple matter of fact that no other native of New England, during its connection as a colony with the mother country, was ever honoured by an hereditary title.

The rule of the Established Church in England under the Stuarts was in many ways severe; and not often families crossed the broad Atlantic in order to enjoy that liberty of conscience and of worship which as honest nonconformists they found refused to them at home. The same cause which drove the Hampdens to Barbadoes, forced the Pepperells to leave their homes in Devonshire and Cornwall, and to settle themselves in the State of Massachusetts. His biographer tells us that William Pepperell the elder was born at Tavistock, and settled close to Kittery Point in the last-named state, on a property which he gained by marriage with Miss Margery Bray. Both father-in-law and son-in-law were boat and ship builders, and owned a few fishing vessels of their own. They both grew rich; and it is said that in the half century previous to the accession of George III. the largest fortune then known in New

England was made by the successful "venturer," trader, and ship-builder. Mr. Pepperell built many vessels for the West India trade, and sent them southward with cargoes to exchange for merchandise for the English and other European markets; he also did a large amount of business in the fisheries nearer home. It is said that he often had more than a hundred small vessels at once on "the Grand Banks" nearly all owned by himself.

The elder Pepperell, however, though his chief concern lay with the sea and craft both small and large, was early trained to the use of fire-arms, and became lieutenant-colonel of the local militia. He was a Puritan of the stern old religious school, who "put his trust in God," "kept his powder dry," and "trained up his children in the way they should go," as members of an "independent church." He was a "respectable" citizen and something more, and was a severe and "stern justice of the peace"—as is shown by his "trial docket," which is still preserved, and in which the "whipping-post" figures frequently.

The elder William Pepperell lived to see his sons and daughters all prospering in life, and was able at his death in 1735 to leave to each of them a comfortable maintenance, without forgetting his "Church" and other charities on both sides of the Atlantic.

His younger son William is the person with whose career we are more immediately concerned. He was born at Kittery, June 27, 1696, and was brought up at the village school, where he learnt to read and write; but his knowledge of orthography and grammar as a boy was not equal to his knowledge of business, of land-surveying, geography and navigation, which he picked up by acting as a clerk in his father's office or "store." His education was specially practical: and as a child he saw something of warfare against the neighbouring Indian tribes, within a mile or two from his father's residence. He learned his drill and something too of the art of war by accompanying his father when he reviewed his men: and at sixteen "he bore arms in patrol duty, and in keeping ward and watch." His elder brother dying, he became, as his father grew old, more and more useful in the management of his business both ashore and afloat. "Associating daily with lumber-men, ship-builders, provision merchants, and the hardy sons of Neptune, he soon became familiar with the rough and rugged aspects of human life, and imbibed its hardier influences both in body and mind. He now extended his sphere of business, and for some years he and his father were the largest merchants in New England. 'Their lumber and ship timber floated down the river in gondolas from the head of tide-waters; fish from the Grand Banks and the Shoals poured into their warehouses, and cargoes were sent to the West Indies, to Portugal

to the Mediterranean and England, and each charged at a profit. Often his vessels and cargoes were sold together, which promoted the extension of ship-building, one of the chief sources of their wealth. The timber and carpenters' work were paid for in merchandise and provisions. Naval stores and other goods were procured from the Carolines in exchange for fish and West Indian and European goods; and cordage, iron, hemp, and fishing tackle from England for vessels and cargoes sold there. Their bankers in London and Plymouth received the proceeds of cargoes and vessels sold in the Mediterranean, England, France and Portugal, and answered the bills of exchange drawn on them in favour of Boston merchants, to whom they were sold at a great advance, and paid for in such goods as were needed to complete Pepperell's assortment, and in provincial money. This money was expended in real estate, bought at low prices, and which rapidly increased in value. It was by such transactions that the princely fortune of the Pepperells was amassed. The family also made a great addition to their wealth by the purchase of a large tract of land along the Saco river, on which large factories were afterwards erected, while a great part of the town of Saco and Scarboro' was included in it.

When young Pepperell came of age he acted as an out-door partner, and contracted for the building of vessels on Pasataqua and Saco Rivers; an employment which was favoured by the home government to the annoyance of ship-carpenters on the Thames, whose workmen emigrated in large numbers to New England. Young Pepperell was brought into contact with public men in Boston through the agency which he conducted for transacting the pecuniary affairs of the province with the mother country; then he was introduced into the best society, and gained advancement both in military and political life. On coming of age he received a commission as justice of the peace, and captain of a company of cavalry, and he was soon advanced to be a major and lieutenant-colonel, while at the age of thirty he was made colonel and obtained the command of the militia of Maine. It was about the same time, 1726, that he was elected representative of Kittery, and in the following year he was nominated to the board of councillors, to which he was re-elected each of thirty-two years during which he lived, while for eighteen of those years he was president of the board. In 1723 he was married to Mary Hirst, who was a relation of a wealthy merchant, and of one of the judges of the Supreme Court. Seven years later he was appointed by Governor Belcher Chief Justice, and he held the office up to the time of his death. He had given some experience in legal matters in his early days when he acted as clerk of the Court, while his father was an associate judge, but he pursued his

studies as far as time permitted; and he appears to have faithfully performed his duty in the various offices he held, while his kindly disposition and popular manners naturally gave him great influence. His father died in 1734, and from that time he appears to have entertained strong religious impressions.

The entire management of the affairs of the firm devolved upon the subject of our memoir on his father's death; and yet with this and all his other various duties, he did not forget to see to the defence of his own neighbourhood, which was especially exposed to the inroads of the enemy. He planned with the officers a better organization of the militia under his command, and a more military spirit was diffused among the ranks, while the Yorkshire regiment which he commanded was divided into two regiments.

Of the four children of William Pepperell, two died in infancy, while the son Andrew had to graduate at Harvard College with distinguished honours, and became a partner with his father in 1744. He was much esteemed by the society of Boston; and the daughter Elizabeth, whose winning manners and high accomplishments attracted great attention, was married in 1742 to Nathaniel Sparhawk, a partner in a commercial house in Boston.

In 1744, the name of William Pepperell begins to be connected with scenes different from those of commerce and civil life, and in which he gained a renown for his name in the pages of history.

War had already for some years been waged between England and Spain, in which many of the sons of New England had been engaged, and the reverses encountered by Spain were the cause of France taking up her cause as an ally. In October, 1743, the news that war was declared between England and France arrived at Boston, and all commanders on the coast received orders to hold themselves in readiness for hostilities.

Newfoundland and Cape Breton commanded the mouth of the St. Lawrence, a great channel of trade both for English and French Canadians; the possession of Cape Breton, on which was situated Louisburg, was a great source of contention, and was possessed alternately by either nation according as they were successful in war elsewhere. Cape Breton had been retained by France at the treaty of Utrecht, while Nova Scotia proper was ceded to Great Britain. The French Government at once went to great expense in fortifying its possession, and they built a walled town on a promontory at the south-east part of the Island, naming it in honour of their king, Louisburg. It was two miles and a half in circumference, fortified in every accessible part, with

a rampart of stone from thirty to thirty-six feet high, and a ditch eighty feet wide. On a small island at the entrance of the harbour, and at the end of the harbour were batteries of about thirty cannon each, while on an eminence opposite to the island-battery stood the lighthouse.

The English forts on Causo Island and Port Royal, in the bay of Fundy, were attacked by order of the commander of Louisburg immediately on his hearing that war was declared: the first-named garrison was forced to submit, as there was no expectation of the assault; but the latter garrison was reinforced and able to repel the assault. The French were assisted in these expeditions by the Indians of Nova Scotia, and a tribe which was appealed to by Colonel Pepperell for its contingent of warriors refused to fight against their brethren of St. John's and New Brunswick. The colonies became aware of their danger, and preparations for war were made in the autumn of 1744, when it was thought that safety to trade and navigation, and possibly even the existence of the colonies, demanded the capture of Louisburg from the French. Governor Shirley hoped the town might be taken by surprise early in the spring before any reinforcement arrived from France.

Warren, the commodore on the West India station, was summoned to proceed to New England in the spring, and aid the governor in the protection of the fisheries. The general Court was at first opposed to the expedition, when it was proposed early in January, 1745, but towards the end of that month it was resolved upon by a majority of only one vote, several members who were opposed to the project being absent. However, the matter was then taken up with great enthusiasm on all sides, and a successful issue was confidently expected. Many fishermen were ready to enlist as soldiers; the preceding harvest had been abundant, the rivers were open on account of the mildness of the winter; and by some happy incident, the English naval force which guarded the shores and islands of America was drawn to Louisburg, while the expected arrival of men and supplies for the French was prevented, and the British squadron was enabled to blockade the port. Fourteen armed vessels were provided by the provinces with over two hundred guns, and about four thousand troops. Colonel William Pepperell was chosen commander of the expedition, and though at first he was naturally inclined to hesitate as to the acceptance of such a post, he was persuaded to do so by the governor and other friends, for though he was a merchant, he had a strong military spirit, and was just the man to command a militia made up of farmers, fishermen and mechanics. It was

no doubt owing to his popularity that the enlistment of men was rapid and large in numbers. He himself was most energetic in forwarding the preparations, and contributed towards the expense five thousand pounds out of his own private fortune. A day of fasting and prayer was observed throughout the province, to implore a blessing on the undertaking, and about the middle of March, some of the armed vessels sailed in order to cruise before Louisburg, and prevent the entrance of the enemy's ships. The general rendezvous of the troops was at Causo, and on the 22nd of April, the squadron of Commodore Warren approached. On the 29th the army embarked and sailed for Cabarees Bay, which they reached on the following morning. The garrison of Louisburg were unaware of their approach, and when the fleet was seen close at hand they seemed to be almost paralyzed with confusion and alarm. Detachments were speedily landed under cover of two armed vessels at White Point and another part, and the two companies who came out to oppose the landing were soon repulsed; about six men were killed, and some others, who were wounded, including their captain, were captured. By the third morning the whole force had landed with provisions, and the siege was commenced as soon as possible. On the first of May a reconnoitring party, under Colonel Vaughan, set fire to some warehouses and buildings on the north-east part of the harbour, near Green Hill, and the enemy, supposing that the whole army was approaching in that direction, spiked the cannon in the grand battery, and fled in boats to the town. This battery was occupied by Colonel Vaughan on the following day, and was of great service afterwards in reducing the town. The first battery was erected by General Pepperell at one thousand four hundred and fifty yards from the north-west bastion, on Green Hill, and others were gradually erected nearer the town, but it required fourteen days and nights to drag all the cannon and munitions of war from the landing-place through the morass to the batteries. On the 7th of May a demand for the submission of the fortress to the British army was met with a refusal, and from that time the firing was carried on with great vigour. By the 18th a new battery was opened within two hundred and fifty yards of the west gate, and even conversation was carried on between the two forces. Several French vessels were captured on their approach to the harbour, and the "Vigilant," a sixty-four gun ship, with six hundred men and military stores, was taken by Warren. Towards the end of the month an attack was made by about four hundred men at Warren's request on the island battery, but this was repulsed with a loss on the English side of sixty killed and one hundred and

twelve prisoners, including the wounded ; the only serious reverse sustained during the siege.

Councils were held at different periods, and it was at last agreed to make a general attack upon the town with the assistance of the fleet ; but before making the final attempt, on the 15th of June, a flag was sent to Pepperell by Governor Duchambon, who saw that surrender was almost inevitable, asking time to consider terms of capitulation. These was settled on the following day, when possession was taken of the town. The news of the capitulation was received with great joy in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and illuminations and other festivities were very general there, and in London, while a day of thanksgiving was kept in most of the New England colonies.

Pepperell was overwhelmed with congratulations from numerous towns, and a patent was sent from Hanover, where the king was at that time, creating him a baronet of Great Britain.

The Commodore was raised to the rank of Admiral, and in the following year he was made Governor of Louisburg. A major-general's commission was given to Pepperell to raise and command a regiment in the British line, while Governor Shirley was rewarded with a colonel's commission. Sir William, who was much worn by the campaign, was detained at Louisburg up to the following spring, together with the provincial army, which was greatly reduced during its stay, by sickness.

Pepperell and Warren arrived in Boston at the beginning of June, 1746, and were received with a salute by the ships of war and town batteries. On landing they were met by the Council and the House of Representatives, and escorted to the council chamber, the population generally joining in the welcome. They were congratulated by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Sir William was re-elected president of the council. On the 4th of July, Sir William set out for his seat at Kittery, and his journey there was like one triumphal march. He had well earned his receptions, for this expedition had brought out the noble points of his character, and his patriotism, prudence, self-devotion, and forbearance were put to the test, while "his reliance on Divine Providence was most evident."

Sir William came to England in the autumn of 1749 ; he was presented at Court, and received a cordial reception from King George II. The Prince of Wales, Lord Halifax, and other noblemen also showed him great civilities. The Lord Mayor also waited on him, and by his means a service of plate was presented to him as a token of respect for his distinguished services. He was also a general object of interest to the people at large, who knew him as the captor of Louisburg. He returned home at the close of

the following summer, and for some time his time was passed in the ordinary civil and domestic duties of his position. His only son Andrew died the following March, before the completion of his twenty-sixth year, and the loss was deeply felt by his parents.

It was not long before hostilities again broke out, and from 1755 to 1759, there were several expeditions against Canada. At first, owing to a want of good counsel, the result was unfavourable to the British arms, but the advice or opinion of Sir William, who had the raising of a regiment entrusted to him, were not called for. At the close of 1756 nothing was gained; Oswego was lost, and the country impoverished.

In 1757, on the death of the Governor, Sir William was for some time *de facto* governor, and he was appointed commander of Castle William, in Boston harbour, and of the military forces of Massachusetts, with the rank of lieutenant-general. In the following year, when William Pitt took the management of the war, a brighter prospect was in store; large bodies of men were raised in the colonies, and strong reinforcements were sent from England. In July, Louisburg was again captured from the French, to whom it had been previously restored; and, in September, 1759, Quebec was captured under Wolfe; while, in 1760, the French power was broken by the capitulation of Montreal, and the Canadas were ceded by treaty to Great Britain. In February, 1759, Sir William had been created a lieutenant-general in the royal army, an honour never before conferred on a native of America, but his health at this time had failed so much as to prevent his taking the field again, and on the 6th of July in that year he died at his home after much suffering. Every honour was paid to him, and his funeral was attended by an immense assemblage.

His character is to a great extent seen by this short memoir of his life. "It was," it has been observed, "his practical knowledge, stimulated by aspirations for honourable fame and distinction, and sanctioned by an enlightened conscience and Christian principles that crowned his career with unparalleled success, and distinguished him from men of more education and equal purity of intention." His judgment was sound, and he formed his plans with due caution. He was very exact in all his engagements, and was forbearing and forgiving to others. His manners were popular, and he took great pleasure in all the refined enjoyments of society, while he retained his cheerfulness and equanimity in danger, and inspired confidence in all around him. He was very fond of his library, to which he was continually making additions.

So lived and so died the hero of Louisburg,—Sir William Pepperell, the only native of America who down to his day had been raised to an hereditary English title. As he left no son, the

baronetcy conferred on him died at his death. His daughter, however, married Mr. William Sparhawk, who took his name, and being staunch in his allegiance to the English crown, when the American colonies revolted in 1776, he suffered the forfeiture of his extensive lands and of the fleet of merchant vessels which he owned. Faithful to his king, he came over to England with his family,* settled in London, and had renewed to him the baronetcy which his father-in-law had held; and with it he had conferred on him and on his two next successors in the title a handsome pension, we believe, of two thousand pounds a year; but his only son died before him, and an ungrateful country omitted to continue that pension to his three daughters,—Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Congreve of Aldermaston, and Lady Palmer of Wanlip, whose children are coheirs and coheiresses of the honoured name of Pepperell,—but without any of the material advantages which might have been expected to belong to that inheritance.

* He came over in the same ship with the late Mr. J. S. Copley, R.A., and his son, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst, who, when ninety years of age, well remembered the fact of having had Sir W. Pepperell's children as his playmates on the voyage.

M O L I È R E .

THE calamities of authors is a well-worn theme, yet when we consider the life of anyone, we are obliged to dip into the old tragedy, to rescue from oblivion what remains of comedy. The word author has become almost synonymous with sorrow of some kind, domestic or otherwise. Where shall we find one more unfortunate in family matters than Molière, whose life was embittered by the failings of the wife, who ought to have been his most faithful friend? His life is embodied in his writings, and we can glean from them his most sincere thoughts, for wherever there is a touch of true pathos we may be sure it is an outburst from the very depths of his soul. His life is open to criticism; it is true; but when we consider the licentiousness of the period, the example of the king, his patron, and his associates around him, we wonder he escaped so well. In comedy he may be called France's Shakespeare, as he has been, and justly, named, the Aristophanes of his country. Our farce adapters ought to be extremely thankful to him, for how many farces and burlesques brought on the English stage are really Molière in a new aspect.

The date of his birth was for years a bone of contention. Some supposed he was born in 1620, in a house at Paris, situate under *les piliers des halles*, son of Anne Boutet or Boudet, but we really know now, thanks to the indefatigable zeal of a French admirer, who found his *extrait de baptême*, that he was the son of one Poquelin and Marie Cresse, a respectable pair who did not exactly belong to the class of bourgeoisie, but were a little higher than the class of artizan, inasmuch as the said Poquelin was a valet de chambre tapissier to the king, and had connections who had filled the post of consul. As the elder Poquelin's post was hereditary, the young Jean, baptised on the 15th of January, 1622, seemed to have a fair chance of being well provided for all his days. So no doubt the birth of this child was considered a happy occasion in the house in the Rue St. Honoré, at the corner of the Rue des Vieilles Etuves. According to the French custom, when Jean came to years of discretion, he chose his patron out of the list of the saints in the calendar, Jean Baptiste, and ever after he signed his name, Jean Baptiste Poquelin.

We find Jean up to his fourteenth year studying the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic: the casting up of accounts probably entered into the head of paterfamilias as quite sufficient for Jean to carry on the business after him. Doubtless, the bills of the royal household showed the Poquelins to be deft hands at making figures. But Jean evidently did not consider his education finished, for by dint of earnest supplication, he overcame his father's scruples, and entered the collège de Clermont, under the supervision of the Jesuits. During the five years with the Jesuits, he became intimate with fellow pupils, who in after years filled important places, and who no doubt made the susceptible Jean believe that his vocation was not as a *tapissier*. In conjunction with Bernier, who became a celebrated traveller, Cyrano de Bergerac, who was afterward considered a pleasant author of comedies, though now little known, he shared the lessons which Pierre Gassendi, an illustrious commentator of Epicurus, bestowed on his pupil, Chapelle, a star in his day, but since a forgotten poet. A fellow pupil was the prince de Conti, famous afterward as the generalissimo of the army of the Fronde, abbé of St. Germain des Prés, and eventually husband to Cardinal Mazarin's niece.

So in 1642, the bookworm Jean had to leave the college, dear to him with its happy memories, and succeed his father, who was become infirm. It seemed a hard blow to the younger Poquelin, who had endeavoured to creep out of the unpleasant functions, which were certainly, from his bringing up, not palatable to him. But as his father had been elated with securing the reversion of his post for his son, Jean, with as good a grace as possible, submitted to the obnoxious calling. Many then, and even now, would have considered Jean a simpleton, for these posts were secured by money influence, and when once procured by a family, seldom left it, and became hereditary. The principal part of Jean's business was to make his majesty's bed in the morning and uncover it in the evening. The highest *bourgeoisie* sought for the post of the *premiers valets-de-chambre*, who were placed above the simple *valets-de-chambre* and served quarterly. But the *valets-de-chambre* were superior to the *valets-de-serdeau*, the *garçons de la chambre*, *la garde robe*, the lower officers of the *écuries*, and *la bouche*, in fine, to all the livery servants. Jean supped with his equals at the table of the *contrôleur de la bouche*. It was not the first time a genius honoured the table with his presence, for Clement Marot supped at the same table in an earlier epoch, in the time of Francis I. Jean Poquelin commenced by attending Louis XIII. to Narbonne, the journey rendered noteworthy by the supplications of Cinq Mars and de Thou, and the death soon afterwards

of Richelieu, followed the next year by that of the king, who died of the same disease.

It is said that Jean Poquelin passed the next four years as an *avocat*, we might as well suppose as a *medecin*, for he seems equally at home in either of the professions. His knowledge of life was almost as varied as our own Shakespear, if not so rich. But this four years is a blank, and the idea of his practising at Orleans is simply a conjecture. Probably at Paris he met, on his return, with a party of congenial spirits, and founded a venture under the title of L'illustre Théâtre. No doubt the acclamations of the audience which patronised them, and the particular favour shown, induced him to become a thorough comedian. To save the stain of disgrace to his family (for acting in those days was barely tolerated) or to be like the rest of his comrades, he adopted a nom de théâtre, and henceforth he will be noticed as Jean Poquelin Molière. No new name, for early in the century, François de Molière, Sieur d'Essertine, published a couple of romances "La Semaine amoureuse" and "Polyène," and a professional dancer and musician also had the same name in Jean Poquelin Molière's lifetime.

What with the Fronde troubles and the amalgamation of l'illustre Théâtre with the *troupe du Marais* at the *Hotel de Bourgogne*, the party came to grief, so Molière with a company went seeking better luck in the provinces, and what became of him for some time is scarcely known. Only we glean that a few of his old companions were with him,—Gros René, as his friends named him, and for whom Molière wrote the rôle of the same name in "Le Depit amoureux," the two Bédjarts, whose sister Madeleine was Molière's mistress. They lived like true Bohemians, share and share alike, and suited the capricious humours of their audiences, by playing either tragedy, comedy, or farce. A life which suited the exuberant spirit of Molière, and induced him to try his hand at the composition of *canevas* in the Italian manner. "La Thebaïde," of which only a fragment is preserved, was a tragedy composed on this starring tour. We know that two years after leaving Paris 1648, he was at Nantes, then at Bourdeaux playing "La Thebaïde," Vienne, and at Lyons. To Lyons belongs the honour of witnessing his first real comedy. It was first acted and printed in the year 1653. It is said that "l'Inavvertito," a comedy of Nicolas Barbieri, was the model which Molière followed in his comedy. He seems to have a passion for the name of Sganarelle, it appears so often in his plays; we understand it was used afterwards instead of Mascarille, which rôle Molière himself played masked, hence the name *maschera* a mask. "L'Etourdi," a piece which may yet be represented with good effect, had its scene laid at Messina, and the

audience of its time could scarcely fail to appreciate it, coming as it did, in the words of my French authority, after the dumb-show ribaldry of Scarron, the extravaganza of Eyrano de Bergerac, and the complication and untruthfulness of Rotrou. Twelve years before, Corneille at Paris produced "*Le Menteur*," it was the resource beforetime of the theatre. We must give Lyons the credit also of not being chary in bestowing on Molière well-merited praise, both as actor and author. The *troupe*, there, before Molière arrived, gave way to him, the greater part taking engagements with him. And the eccentric d'Assoucy met the new-found genius at Lyons. D'Assoucy had all his life been endeavouring to gain the title of *empereur de burlesque*. He was full of a quaint conceit, and a certain kind of talent, but with an *abandon* that rendered his life rather foolish and unfortunate. He travelled with two little *enfants de musique*, a kind of *improvisatore* with his lute and theorbe. But an extract or two from his *Memoirs* will show perhaps a little of his nature, and throw some light on the friendship which subsisted between him and Molière.

"I found at Lyons my poetry in all the *convents de religieuses*, but what charmed me most was my *rencontre* with Molière and MM. les Béjart. As comedy has charms, I could not leave suddenly these charming friends. I shall stay at Lyons three months among plays, comedies, and festivals. . . . Having heard say that at Avignon there was an excellent treble voice, I embarked with Molière on the Rhone, which leads to Avignon, where, arriving with forty pistoles, the first thing I did was to visit the academy, that is to say, the tennis-court, and the forty pistoles departed there. But as a man is never poor when he has friends, having Molière for appraiser, and all the house Béjart for friends, in spite of the devil and fortune, I found myself richer and more contented than ever, for these generous persons, not satisfied with treating me as a friend, wished to treat me as a relation. Being commanded to go before the *états* they took me with them to Pézenas, where I am not able to say how many favours I received from the whole company. Molière and his troupe were commanded by the *états* to play before the nobility of Languedoc and the Prince de Conti, who presided over them. Molière owed this honour to the benevolence of the prince, his former fellow disciple at the Jesuit college, and to the glorious success which he obtained at Lyons. His troupe from that time was cited as the best troupe in the provinces. Its evil days were past, money came with reputation, and every evening when the comedy was over and faces washed, we gathered together at table round Madeleine Béjart to drink and sing and lead a joyous life."

They seem almost treasures, such memoirs as these, when they

refer to the lives of such persons as Molière. If d'Assoucy's memoirs had no allusion to his friend, probably they with their author would have been consigned to oblivion. To return to him again. "It is said the best brother is tired at the month's end of keeping his brother; but they were more generous than any brother I could have, they did not become tired of seeing me at their table the whole winter, and I can say—

“ ‘ Qu'en cette douce compagnie,
Que je repaissais d'harmonie,
Au milieu de sept ou huit plats,
Exempt de soins et d'embarras,
Je passais doucement la vie,
Jamais plus gueux ne fut plus gras;
Et quoi qu'on chante de quoi qu'on dis
De ces beaux messieurs des états,
Qui tous le jours ont six ducats,
La musique et la comédie;
A cette table bien garnie,
Parmi les plus friands muscats,
C'est moi qui soufflais la rôtie
Et qui buvais plus d'hypocras.’ ”

“ In fact, whatever I was amongst them, I could well say what I was myself. I never saw so much good goodwill, freedom, or honesty, as amongst these men, well worthy of being in reality in the world, the princes whom they represented every day in the theatre. . . . Six good months in this Cockaigne,” and the chatty d'Assoucy followed his friend to Narbonne.

“ Le Depit Amoureux ” was composed and acted at Beziers in 1654, during the session of the *states états*. It was afterward acted at Paris, December 1658. Molière's model was a piece by Nicolas Secchi, “ L'Interesse.” Passages, and more particularly one scene of this play, may be found equal to any he ever after produced. On Sarrassin's death, the post of secretary of commands became vacant, and the old fellow-pupil of Molière's, the Prince de Conti, offered him it. A younger son, he was possessed of little patrimony, and Molière, prudent here, did not venture with this brother of the Prince de Conti. And it was almost a pity too, that this want of pecuniary recompense should stand between Molière and his noble friend, for though dissatisfied with his position, his was a wit of the first water. But the refusal created no difference between the two, for an introduction to his brother, the great Condé, was eventually the means of bringing Molière before the Court. The idea also of his leaving his profession at the proffer even of a prince, seemed utterly foreign to his bias, for in choosing it, he had run counter to his friends' wishes, and for his friends' sake, and their suggestions, that the opprobrium of an

actor's life was but mortal, seemed almost to render his still following it a duty. Likewise his *penchant* led him to write rôles and *pieces* for his comrades and himself to represent, after he had thoroughly mastered the technicalities of the actor's art, and this was a pleasure that no prosaic secretary's work could fill up. But tragic acting was not his *forte*, although, like many others who have congratulated themselves with the idea of being tragical, Molière had a certain weakness for tragic acting. He got up everything, even in the petty details of his comedies, with studious care and zeal, hence the sublimity of the art which peeps out and shows the master in his productions. So seldom is it that we behold a writer of comedies, a natural mimic; generally speaking, we look for one in whom all comicality seems to have vanished, but when the author and the mimic are united, we cannot be surprised at seeing the gait, demeanour, costume, and pronunciation of his surrounding acquaintances imitated to the life. It seemed natural to him almost to depict what he saw. Very likely his characters recognised themselves, with what feelings we dare not attempt to describe; or very likely, they applauded as perfect and real the impersonations they did not recognise. Burns' lament of seeing ourselves as others see us, might have been applicable to them. The joyous face has more roguery in it than one would fancy at first, but a careful study of the eyes will enable you to form an idea what a twinkle would denote, and a shake of the head speaks volumes, and no doubt the careful handling of a word might excite or depress to an inordinate extent. A friend of his, according to the story, the Carthusian Rohaulf, lent him his hat to complete a picture he had studied. A contemporary thus describes him:—"Il était comédien depuis les pied jusqu'à la tête."

At the closing of the *états*, he departed with his troupe into Languedoc, visiting Montpellier, and Pezenas, returning to Avignon, and from thence he went, passing the carnival of 1658 at Grenoble. A barber's shop at Pezenas, during his stay there, supplied him with originals. It was his custom to visit it as a lazy ne'er-do-well. The French writer to whom I am greatly indebted, says Boileau would have named him a contemplator, and whose pieces would, if well read, following the expression of La Harpe, hold the place of experience. Molière had a critic near him, for of those characters he penned from experience, he submitted to the notice of his servant Laforêt, who culled without mercy the pieces she did not relish. As the Comédie Française still preserves with great love the chair of Le Malade Imaginaire, in which he sat only a few hours before his death, so Pezenas guards this old easy chair in which he sat in the barber's shop.

Mignard, just returned from Rome, with his well-earned

laurels, met Molière at Avignon. This was in 1657, the second visit to the town of the comedian. Molière and Mignard became fast friends, and whilst Molière was writing "*La Gloire du Val de Grace*," Mignard took the opportunity of painting several portraits of him. The two friends separated for a time, Mignard going to Lyons, and Molière to Grenoble and Rouen, but they soon met together in Paris at the court. It was always Molière's ambition to present his troupe, and play before the Court, and his friend and patron used his best influence to forward his views. The Prince de Conti presented him to the queen-mother and Monsieur, and for this object of introduction Molière made many secret journeys to Paris. Louis XIV.'s consent was gained, and Corneille's "*Nicomède*" was selected for representation. They played in a little theatre fitted up in the Salle des Gardes of the old Louvre, and the Bourgogne company's chagrin was complete. Gaining confidence with the king's signification of approval, Molière came on the boards, and begged the king's permission for the representation of a little *divertissement* which had pleased his provincial friends. With the king's assent, he gave "*Le Depit Amoureux*." Of five of these farces, two only have been preserved, "*Le Medecin volant*," and "*La Jalousie de Barbouille*," the other two were "*Les trois Docteurs rivaux*," and "*Le Maître d'Ecole*." This little farce so delighted the king, that he gave Molière's troupe permission to play alternately with the Italian troupe in the *Théâtre du petit Bourbon*. This lucky hit happened on the 21th of October, 1658. The Bourgogne company had not considered it worth their while, since the deaths of Gros Guillaume, Gauthier Garguille, and Turlupin, to stoop to such low comedy as farces. Molière, taking advantage of the occasion, produced his, and brought forward for his new theatre, "*L'Etodur*" and "*Le Depit Amoureux*."

And now, after such labour and energy, Molière felt at rest; he had gained the king's favour, and with it that of the courtiers. Assured of the king's confidence, he determined to attack in his comedies the abuses of the times, so from this time we find a rich satirical vein flowing evenly in his plays. He produced as his first in this new study, in 1659, "*Les Precieuses Ridicules*," which attacked a clique of wits, who had degenerated from a happy influence in correcting the tone and taste of French literature, to a base and insignificant tone of pedantry and affectation. Their manner had become so weak that it seemed palpable they would soon run into an opposite extreme. The preface to it is a glorious *morceau* of impudence, but not offensive to good taste, the impudence which true wit can only give. He gave, then, the true standard of a comic author, firmness of judgment and energy of

character. The play was written for the age, be it remembered, it may seem rather nonsensical, but it struck at a root of abuse, and Corneille saw something in it worthy of his approval. It took rank as his third comedy, and was first composed under the auspices of the king, and was acted the first time on the 18th November. It took the public taste, for on that night, an old man shouted out of the playhouse pit, "Courage, Molière, voilà la bonne comédie." It was so encouraging to him, it led to the commencement of "Le Tartuffe." The learned Giles Menage, an oracle almost of his time, made a memorandum of it, which is worth quotation: "On going out from the piece, taking M. Chapelain* by the hand, 'Monsieur,' said I, 'we have relished—you and I—the follies which are here criticized so finely, and with so much good sense: but, believe me, to avail myself of what St. Remy said to Clovis, "It is necessary to burn what we have adored and adore what we have burned." The time has come, as I have predicted, for us to return from a forced and bombastic style.'"

Next on the list comes "Sganarelle ou le Cocu imaginaire," a farce really, but which bears the impress of a masterly hand. It was written by royal command, and acted at Paris, May 28th, 1660. Neufvillennaine published it with notes, and dedicated it to its author, after he had learnt it by heart with hearing it represented. The model of the play is an Italian canova, "Il Ritoalto," or "Arlechino cornuto per opinione." A year later "Don Garcie de Navarre" appeared at the Palais Royal, the 4th of February, 1661. The scene is laid at Astorga, in Leon, Spain. He has here imitated Cicognini, "Le Gelosie fortunate del principe Rodrigo." "L'Ecole des maris," represented the 24th June, is a comedy dedicated to the Duc d'Orléans, and has something in it akin to Terence's "Adelphes." A comedy of men and manner, with nature predominant, both laughter and reflection originate from the *personæ*, which the comic poet uses as a kind of screen. "Les Facheux" is another "Les précieuses Ridicules," but the satire if anything is more hardy, lively, and animated, with its *tout ensemble* more perfect and pleasing. To satisfy a clamorous public and the court, twice a day seemed scarcely sufficient for its representation. The king at his elbow, Molière boldly painted the peculiarities of any individual who came under his notice, and if one person could not see a counterpart of himself, he could recognise his neighbour. The felicitous comedian might well have reason to say, "Je prends mon bien, où je le trouve."

In 1662, the comedian took one of the most charming actresses

* A French poet, famed in his day for a poem entitled "La Puselle", it went through six editions in a year and a half, but was afterwards allowed to sink into oblivion. He died rich from the fruits of his labours, 1674, *etat*. 79.

of his troupe as his wife. According to Grimarest this young person believed herself to be allied to a ducal house in marrying Molière, as if his merits as author and comedian were not sufficient; to say nothing of the idolatrous love which he lavishly showered upon her, and the fortune and glory which accompanied him, and of which she ought to have been so proud. And yet Armande Béjart could so far forget herself as to render this loving husband jealous; he whose voice, when he spoke to her, was strung with a melody of expression reserved only for her. To think that she should be wanting in those very attributes which alone could satisfy such a reader of character! No wonder that his creations, where jealousy reigns supreme, are so sublime in their truthfulness. Really it was the anguish he experienced which he delineated. And the wife, who should have soothed the heart and brain of this hard-working genius, embittered his life while he lived, and desecrated his name afterward by taking as her second husband an obscure comedian, Guérin d'Estriche. Surely Molière's excess in age could have been no excuse, for see how he paints her in "*Le Bourgeoise Gentilhomme*:" "She has the smallest eyes, but they are full of fire, the most brilliant and piercing in the world, the most touching one can see. She has a large mouth, but graces can be seen there, which are not perceived in other mouths. Her size is not great, but she is easy in her manners, and carries herself well. She affects a nonchalance in her talking and in her deportment, but it has grace for all that; and her words have an inexpressible charm in insinuating themselves into all hearts. Then her wit is the finest and the most delicate; her conversation is charming, and if she is as capricious as any woman in the world, all fit well on the beautiful—we suffer anything from the beautiful."

Even calumny stepped in with its tale concerning the marriage, for some did not hesitate to say Molière had married his daughter. This, no doubt, was promulgated by the knowledge that when Molière went starring in the provinces, it was with the Béjarts and Madeleine, their sister, for whom Molière had a great affection, and the fact that Armande was her younger sister, is proved by the marriage register, a copy of which hereafter, and Louis the Fourteenth's treatment of the report when the report reached him. If the king had thought the report true, he certainly would not have stood with Henriette d'Angleterre as sponsor for the first child born to Molière. And the marriage certificate give particulars which combat any such notions; voilà :—

"Jean Baptiste Poquelin (Molière), fils de Jean Poquelin et de feu Marie Cressé d'une part, et Armande Grésunde Béjart, fille de feu Joseph Béjart et de Maria Hervé, d'autre part, tous

deux de cette paroisse, vis-à-vis le Palais Royal, fiancés et mariés tout ensemble, par permission de M. de Comtes, doyen de Notre Dame et grand vicaire de Monseigneur le Cardinal de Retz, archeveque de Paris, en presence du dit Jean Poquelin, père du marié, et de André Boudet, beau-frère du marié ; de la dite Marie Hervé, mère de la mariée, Louis Béjart et Madeleine Béjart, frère et sœur de la dite mariée."

The document bears date February 20, 1662, and the marriage was celebrated in the parish of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

Of the three children of this unfortunate marriage, not one of them perpetuated his name. The godson of King Louis died early, another child died at the age of two months, and the daughter who did reach maturity married Montalant, the organist of St. André des Arcs, but died without issue at Argenteuil some time after her father. Madeleine Bejart and an old flame of hers stood as sponsor for Molière's daughter.

The Théâtre du Petit Bourbon had to be demolished to make way for the finishing of the Louvre colonnade. But the king graciously accorded them the hall in the Palais Royal, which was erected for the representation of "Mirame." Richelieu built it for the express purpose, and the expense of its erection was very heavy, so the troupe under Molière seemed to be in a better way than ever. The troupe continued there until Molière's death, and all his pieces, commencing from "Don Garcie de Navarre," were acted there. From thence, after his death, they removed to a theatre in the Rue Guenegaud, and Lulli becoming more the rage, eventually ousted them, and converted it into L'Academie Royal de Musique.

Henriette d'Angleterre, the first wife of the Duc d'Orleans, had his next play dedicated to her. It was played the first time December 26th, 1662, and printed early in the following year. "L'Ecole des Femmes" has in it Molière himself *tout entier*. He showed himself as Arnolphe, the victim of jealous and misplaced affection, for after bringing up a girl to love and honour him, he finds her love bestowed on another and beloved again. Persuasion and threats are used, but prove of no avail ; pathetic and ridiculous by turns, to the child-woman, whom he loves with the despotic love of age, this old man's despair is so truthfully terrible that the surviving of youthful love in his breast renders his *rôle* tragical, in spite of the comic details which relieve it here and there. But this successful play was the butt of all the critics ; discrepancies were brought to light with a savage spitefulness. He coolly retorted by "La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," dedicated to Anne d'Autriche, the queen-mother, performed the 1st June,

1663, and printed two months later. Here he acted, or rather performed himself, and another step in "*L'Impromptu de Versailles*," led him to act with his whole troupe, under their own names. All his troupe, but Du Parc and Du Brie, were in this piece. It was composed at Versailles, October, 1663, and represented in Paris the next month.

"*Le Mariage Forcé*," and "*La Princess d'Elide*," a farce and a ballet, do not exhibit so strongly the full maturity of his talent; if anything they are retrogressive. "*Le Mariage Forcé*" is best known to English readers, but for all that an English reader should not judge Molière by this play. The two were written to please his faithful patrons, the king and the people. But, in "*Don Juan ou le Festin de Pierre*," he recovers himself, and fully atones for any backslidings the former may contain. "*Le Mariage Forcé*" was played at the Louvre, under the title of "*Ballet du Roi*," on the 29th January, 1664, and on the boards of the Palais Royal, in one act, but underwent some changes on the 15th February. Readers of Rabelais will see some resemblance to that author's marriage of Panurge. It was printed in 1668. "*La Princess d'Elide*" is an imitation of a Spanish piece, entitled "*El desdèn con el desdèn*," by Agostino Moreto. It was played at Versailles, May 8th, 1664. "*Don Juan*" is his first comedy of character, and though it has not the perfection of "*Le Misanthrope*," or "*Tartuffe*," it still may be considered a fearful comedy. Many of its passages were expunged, on account of the severe censure of its auditors, so that really no edition appeared like the original until 1819, which edition was printed from one preserved in the Bibliothèque du Roi, and brought to light by M. Auger. It is founded on another Spanish piece—"El Burlados de Sevilla," by Gabriel Tellez, under the pseudonym of "*Torso de Molina*." Corneille translated Molière's comedy into verse, and it appeared in that form several times.

Molière's ideal was the worst of libertines; perhaps the suggestion that Byron founded, or in some way took a hint from this play, may not be altogether groundless. A wretch of the deepest dye was Molière's ideal—a blasphemous perjurer, marrying a nun and leaving her for other amours; corrupting other women, and slaying their natural protectors; despising parental authority, insulting the dead body of his friend, and dying a wretch without hope, unrepentant, and as he had lived, without fear. A category of vices that would comprise all the vices.

His next effort was a take-off on the four court physicians, Daquin, Desfongerais, Guenault and Esprit. It might be termed a miracle of quick practice, for "*L'Amour Medecin*" was written,

learnt and played in five days, and appeared consecutively at Versailles on the 15th September, and at Paris on the 22nd. The following year he wrote "*Le Misanthorpe*," an exceedingly clever piece, almost as good as "*Tartuffe*," in fine, there are passages, which almost excel his acknowledged masterpiece. There is a touch of *Don Juan*, only with an opposite character, an honest man. There is some variation in the critic's judgment regarding the real honest man, but *Alceste* is honest, if ridiculous, and *Philinte* is honest with a matter-of-fact character. Again "*Le Misanthorpe*" was Molière miserable, for all Fenelon's friend, the Duc de Montausier, thought, when he believed he himself was Molière's model.

A little pamphlet which went through many editions in its time, and entitled "*La fameuse Comedienne, ou Histoire de la Guerria, auparavant femme de Molière*," has left us some idea of the poignant feelings which beset him in regard to his wife's conduct. Chapelle, his faithful friend, was his confidant, and Armande at that time was behaving her very worst. Let us then proceed to these reminiscences, in a translation as near as possible to the original.

"Chapelle rallied his friend on an abandonment to a sorrow for a woman unworthy of him. 'I see well,' replied Molière, 'you have not as yet loved anything, and you have taken the figure of love for love itself. You say I have a perfect knowledge of the heart of man, and I agree that I have studied it, as well as I could, to learn its weak parts; but if my science has taught me one could flee peril, my experience has taught me only too well to see it is impossible to avoid it. I judge of it every day by myself. Born with the last dispositions to tenderness, I believed my efforts would be able to inspire her, by habit, with some sentiments which time could not destroy. I have forgotten nothing to attain that object. As she was very young when I married her (seventeen), I did not perceive her wicked inclinations, and I believed myself a little less unfortunate than the greater part of those who make similar engagements. And as marriage lessens not my earnestness, but I find in her so much indifference, that I begin to see all my precautions have been useless, and what she feels for me is far different to what would have made me happy. I attributed only to myself this reproach on a delicacy which seems ridiculous in a husband, and I attributed to her humour what was really her little tenderness for me, but I had only too many means of perceiving my mistake, and the foolish passion which she had a little later for the "*Comte de Guiche*" made too much noise to leave me in this apparent tranquillity. I spared nothing in the first knowledge I had of it, to overcome in me the impossibility I found in changing her. I made use of

all my strength of spirit, I called to my help all that could contribute to my consolation. I considered her a person whose merit is innocence, and who accordingly loses it by her infidelity. I made from that time the resolution of living with her as an honest man should, who had a coquettish wife, and who is well persuaded, whatever anyone may say, that his reputation depends not on the bad character of his wife; but I had the mortification of seeing a person without beauty, who owed the little wit he had to the education I had given him, destroy in a moment all my philosophy, her presence made me forget my resolution, and the first words she gave me for her defence, left me so convinced my complaints were ill-founded, I asked her pardon for being so credulous. Nevertheless, my kindnesses have not changed her. I have now determined to live with her as if she were not my wife; but if you knew what I suffer you would pity me. My passion has got to such a pitch, that it enters even with compassion into her interests; and when I consider how impossible it is for me to subdue what I feel for her, I say to myself, probably she has a like difficulty in destroying the *penchant* she has of being a coquette. I find myself more in the position of complaining to than blaming her. You tell me, doubtless, one must be very fond to love in this manner, but for me, I believe there is a kind of love, and men who have not felt the like delicacy, have never truly loved. Everything in the world has some connection with her in my heart, my idea of her is so fully occupied, I can do nothing in her absence to divert me. When I see her, an emotion and some transports, which can be felt but not expressed, deprive me of the usage of reflection. I have no longer eyes for her defects, they rest only on her amiable qualities. Is not that the last degree of folly? And do you admire me when all the reason I have only shows me my knowledge of my feebleness without the power of triumphing over it?"

[To be continued.]

ABOUT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

MOTIONLESS, their folds scarce holding together,—drooping as if in sorrow for the fallen brave, the hues fast changing and the sparkle gone,—thus find we the worn-out standards of the British army. Viewed in the hush of a great cathedral, a pair of these old colours, fixed against the wall, arouse many reflections. On all sides of one are the sculptured monuments of the dead ; but none of them, to my mind, are half so suggestive as those two ancient, faded pieces of silk. Think of the many brave lives of which those colours form the only memorial, and you will agree with me that they are more glorious than granite, more mournful than marble. Think of the dangers through which they have been reverentially guarded. Think of the tempests of fire which have raged around them, the charging cheer, the steel, the blood, the victory ! The thought of all this will surely quicken the slowest pulse and warm the coldest heart.

“ See what a rent the envious Casca made,” cried Marc Antony holding up the slain emperor’s mantle, “ through here the well-beloved Brutus stabbed — Ah now you weep ! What, weep you when you but see our Cæsar’s venture wounded ? Here is *himself* ! marred as you see by traitors !”

In like manner I might ask how, if we are affected at the sight of old colours, we ought to regard the *men* who have followed and fought under them !

Unfortunately, the Roman orator proceeds to say : “ Good friends, dear friends, let me not stir you up to such a sudden flood of mutiny.” As the last word, however, is totally inadmissible in a military paper like this, I am compelled reluctantly to relinquish the simile.

But that is no reason why we should not go to Chelsea together.

Here, I am about to make a humiliating confession ; which is, that though a resident in London all my life, I had never yet paid a visit to Chelsea Hospital. The other afternoon, therefore, I suddenly resolved to repair the omission, without delay.

Approaching the Hospital from Pimlico and entering the grounds by a side entrance, the usual aspects of a Royal Park presented themselves to me. Gravelled paths, lawns, railings, trees. There was also a park constable, with a gilt band round his hat, engaged in amicable converse with several "young persons" in charge of the rising generation. Then I came upon a handsome avenue, lined with seats and trees. On the first of these seats was an extremely pretty, elegantly attired young lady, with hair most artistically arranged. She was intensely engaged in the perusal of what looked like the latest published number of the *St. James' Magazine*. Seated further on were other readers, of both sexes; so that the whole place had to me a congenial literary aspect; giving one the idea that one was going to a Temple of Minerva instead of Mars. At the extreme end of this avenue, where were high gates, I met a veritable veteran, wearing a medal indicating that he had served with the Great Captain of former days. Respectfully requesting information from this person, I was directed to the "sairjeant" at the gates. The "sairjeant," also grey haired, but highly sagacious, directed me in turn to the chief entrance,—there to ring the bell. But, when I got there, I was so overpowered at the still loftier gates, and more especially at the great closed doors, that I am not ashamed to say my heart failed me and I walked past. The idea of a humble dead and alive writer requiring those immense doors to be thrown open for his especial behoof, appeared to me too preposterous to be entertained.

Subsequently, having had a long walk, I entered a respectable house of entertainment, with the object of procuring refreshment, supplemented by a cigar, as a solace under my temporary disappointment. While engaged in the discussion of this,—à moi, as Victor Hugo would say, entered a laundress, I fear ever so slightly inebriated, who insisted upon giving me (entirely unsolicited) a complete history of her life and adventures. Altogether, what with the laundress and the attendant circumstances, my first experiences of Chelsea were unsatisfactory.

Nevertheless, as I am one of those people who are not eventually balked in anything they have set their minds upon, I am enabled to place some information on the subject before you.

In the first instance, I made what is termed in professional circles at Woolwich, "approaches;"—I took the circuit of the hospital. The result of the inspection made it apparent to me that a more well-proportioned building is scarcely to be found. Whether I looked at the majestic north front, with its high central portico, or whether I went to the rear to survey the snuggeries of the pensioners, the impression was equally favourable. Those two cosy side quadrangles, together with the three sides of a square between

them, opening to the river, leave—as the penny-a-liners say—nothing to be desired. To be sure some people might wish such a handsome structure were of a less plebeian material than brick, and certainly there is not much else about it; for looking at his quoins, cornices, and other piecings out, Sir Christopher Wren seems to have tried to make a very little stone go a very long way; still, for my part, I prefer Chelsea Hospital as it is. I consider it in every way compact, picturesque, and becomingly isolated. If we had made it the mausoleum of the Great Duke, of course it would have seemed mean after the Hotel des Invalides. But, for its actual purpose, nothing could have been more venerable, more appropriate, more substantial.

In the debate on the Army Regulation Bill, it was stated by a distinguished speaker in the House of Commons that the purchase system was two hundred years old, in fact coeval with the existence of the British army itself—as an army. This suggests interesting data. I am alluding to that period, soon after the Restoration, when the remains of the scattered cohorts who had battled for the Crown during the civil wars (university students excepted) were collected and formed into regiments. The penniless gentlemen who had shed their blood for the King were consoled by being ranged into those *corps d'élite* which we now call the Life Guards and the Blues; while the commoner men were banded as rapidly as circumstance (and finances) would permit, the earliest embodied coming in for the highest titles and privileges. But if the profession were to be rendered permanently attractive, it was imperative that some prospective inducement should be had recourse to in order to keep up the supply of men. That inducement took the form of pensions for wounds and long service, as well as an asylum for those combatants more thoroughly deserving. Owing to this and other influences, which I will allude to presently, we find His Majesty Charles II. laying the foundation stone of the present structure in the year 1682. They did not “run up” buildings so quickly in those days as at present; so it may be presumed that a considerable time elapsed before the new hospital was ready for the old soldiers. For all practical purposes, however, the institution may be regarded as old as the force it is intended to benefit. As regards endowment, it is satisfactory to know that the King was backed by the nation at the time; a provision which subsequent legislation has not tended to diminish; if I except one or two unimportant items, cut down in the recent rage for economy.

The other influences just alluded to were of a more delicate nature. If womanly intercession had such a large share in the construction of that *other* hospital lower down the river, on the

opposite bank, the same potent power is said to have built the Royal Hospital of Chelsea. Though it may seem almost profanity to speak in the same breath of a queen and a mistress, the tradition nevertheless goes that Nell Gwynne had as equal a share in Chelsea as Queen Mary had in Greenwich. I am bound to say, though, that Sir Stephen Fox has been alleged by competent authorities to have been the originator of the whole affair; but, as the subject is somewhat shrouded in mystery, I prefer doing nothing more than alluding to it *en passant*.

It would be interesting to know who were the first occupants of the Hospital. Probably aged troopers who had faced death in the fields of Naseby or Marston Moor, men who had followed Rupert's flashing, uplifted sword, through and through the Parliamentary ranks,—only, at last, to recoil before the heavy horse of Cromwell; musketeers from Edgehill; swordsmen from Worcester; broken-down veterans from many a forgotten siege or skirmish of those sanguinary days. Here, they came to rest their old bones and die in peace. Afterwards, when Charles II. was dead, and James II. had run away, and William of Orange reigned in their stead, the supply of disabled fighters was, no doubt, kept up from a variety of sources. Not to speak of foreign complications, there were the troubles in Scotland—Bonny Dundee and all the rest of it—when the adherents of the dethroned dynasty struggled vainly for its restoration. All this sent many a limping detachment for food and shelter to Chelsea. What shall we say, then, to the list of battles, the chief of which was Blenheim; times when our officers fought in wigs, like lawyers, but fought none the worse for it? The rank and file were plastered and powdered and tied up, till they could scarcely shut their eyes. All these things were according to the Prussian idea. (We are taking the Prussians for models again. Let us hope that we shall succeed as well as before.) The remaining unfortunate differences with our Scottish brethren, as to who was the best man to rule over us, prevented Chelsea from becoming quite a desert. Transatlantic wars followed. Then British bayonets were levelled at Oriental despotisms in the far off plains of Hindostan.

"This," as Rosalind says in "*As You Like It*," "brings us to new matter—new names, new deeds, new victories." The work accomplished in that distant quarter, a certain little man in a grey great coat kept our hands full, and the wards of the hospital full also, till the crowning triumph of 1815.

Next, after an interval, the thunders of the god of war rolled eastward again, when the Sikh campaigns helped to raise the edifice, which was to be crowned so gloriously and so terribly in the Great Mutiny. Neither the wounded from this last struggle,

nor the maimed heroes of the Crimea, are numerous represented at Chelsea; the majority of them being able to supplement their out-pension by some sort of livelihood—commissionaires for example.

Among the present occupants of the hospital there are, I believe, more of Wellington's veterans than is generally supposed. Their existence here is conducive to longevity. The air is so salubrious and, as a rule, the men themselves so temperate, that there have been among them some astounding instances of length of life—as the tombstones in the adjoining burial-ground amply testify. Pensioners are like annuitants in this respect; their days are long in the land. Next in length of service to the soldiers of the great war, come the conquerors of the Sutlej and the Punjaub, the siege of Bhurtpore, in fact the second decade of Indian hostilities, when the Great Duke had retired from the business of war to take up the business of politics, and Sir Charles Napier was treading in his footsteps.

But, if I were to attempt to specify all the campaigns inscribed on the breasts of Chelsea pensioners, I should want this number to myself. A gentleman lately employed at the War Office, but now deceased, wrote an interesting book which, it is to be presumed, his position enabled him to compile from official sources. Its title was, "Medals of the British Army." Here, at Chelsea, we have a volume still more interesting,—for the leaves are living men.

While on the subject of medals, I would ask why the authorities are so niggardly in the matter of silver? The Peninsular medals procured by the exertions of the late Duke of Richmond, were of respectable diameter and substance. Since then, our military decorations have been growing small by degrees and beautifully less. If what I lately saw in a jeweller's window was what it purported to be—an Abyssinian medal—we shall soon have them as diminutive as a fourpenny-piece.

Long before the death of Charles the Second, it was found quite impracticable to accommodate all the claimants to the privileges of Chelsea. Even thus early the principle of selection had to be acted upon. The same plan has been perforce followed ever since. The in-pensioners (540) on the funds, annually voted by the legislature, are, therefore, but a handful compared to the army of out-pensioners, which numbers nearly 70,000. The infirm, the helpless, the friendless, the severely wounded, have the preference. Even with every recommendation of this nature, it is said to be a difficult matter to procure admission. If parliamentary influence is necessary to get even a boy into a royal dockyard, the same leverage, or very little short of it, is requisite to place an old soldier in

Chelsea Hospital. And it is not only the desperately hurt who are worst off. A man may have never been in action at all, and yet be so permanently disabled by illness, brought on by climatic influences, that he is as deserving an object as his comrade who has been in twenty battles. The young recruit who leaves our shores for foreign service, so full of health and vigour that you might take a "lease of his life," too often becomes the prey of fevers and sicknesses of all kinds, till he presents but a shadow of his former self. So weak and thin are they sometimes found to be, that they are as light as children when lifted into their hammocks in the home-returning troopship. (Afterwards, the sea breezes work wonders.) Such men deserve as well of their country as if they had been covered with scars. They require, many of them, medical attention for the rest of their lives, and it would obviously be very hard if they were compelled to end their days in a workhouse. Even of these poor fellows, numbers have to be left out in the cold, to subsist as well as they can upon their out-pensions, helped by their parishes or relations. One thing may be relied upon, that every man you see wearing the Chelsea uniform, be he old, middle-aged, or comparatively young, has not been admitted till his claims have been most carefully investigated and he is ascertained beyond dispute to be thoroughly worthy of the comforts he enjoys.

To see them at their meals, or to see them at their prayers, are sights equally pleasurable. The former they take in the hall, in the great left wing. There the lines of bent figures are busily engaged at the dinner hour in discussing the savoury viands provided by a grateful country. It is a banqueting hall, worthy of Lucullus, lofty, spacious, well-lighted, paved with marble (in alternate black and white), and adorned with gigantic pictures of rare merit. Other ornaments to the walls are there in the shape of colours captured from the enemy,—moth-eaten fragments of proud standards won by the soldiers of Marlborough and Prince Eugene; relics of Ramilies, Blenheim, or Malplacquet.

Here it may be noteworthy to mention, if what I have been told is true, that the future colours of our army are (like the medals) to be considerably smaller than of yore. Formerly, the two standards carried in front of the battalion—one the Queen's Colour, the Union Jack, the other, the regimental, mainly of the same hue as the facings of the corps,—were of considerable expanse of rich, heavy silk, necessitating their being wound round the pole in a high wind. Now, the other extreme is to be gone to, for the new colours will not be of much greater dimensions than a large-sized pocket handkerchief. As a compensation, however, the familiar fish slice is to be removed from the extremity

and a small lion substituted, whether of gold, or silver gilt, this deponent knoweth not. I write of the above alterations under reserve; as the ideas on these matters seem liable to sudden changes. There is certainly good reason for the curtailment of surface. At the battle of Alma, for instance, the Russians seemed to resent our display of our colours, and made them an especial mark for their bullets, to the great slaughter of the officers and men in the immediate vicinity. The sight of the poor colour-sergeants, prostrate and bleeding around the ensigns, perhaps induced the recommendation to make our standards less conspicuous.

Contemplating this sombre but noble building,* the imagination loves to dwell upon the numerous traditions in connection with it. By a not unnatural sequence, they are apt to merge into the one great tradition of the 18th of June, 1815. If the manœuvres of that momentous day are now to a great extent rendered obsolete by the adoption of breechloading rifles, the feeling of confidence in our soldiers' then, and before, inspired, remains unchanged. One's thoughts revert to the incidents of that memorable campaign. One thinks again of that terrible little man in the *redingote gris*, who was too quick for everybody, even to the extent (it is said) of surprising our own sleepless duke himself. One pictures the Prince of Orange at Quatre Bras, throwing his diamond star into the thick of the enemy, telling his Black Brunswickers to go and fetch it, and setting them the example. One seems to hear that extraordinary sound at Waterloo, "resembling," says M. Chatrian, "hundred of blacksmiths' anvils,"—the sabres of the Scots Greys beating on the French cuirasses. One thinks of the firm squares, the lessening lines, the falling, falling, falling, of men. Finally, one thinks of what the French general Foy described as the "majestic movement at sunset,"—the last grand charge.

These, and such as these, are the traditions of Chelsea Hospital.

THE NIEBELUNGENLIED.

BACK to the old, old times, before Anglo-Saxon Caedmon, forerunner of English poets, recited to monks and abbesses his hymns in the Abbey of Whitby; before the oldest Scots ballad was sung to the wandering harp, this song of the Niebelungs carries us with the clamour and crash of war:—back to the storied Rhine in the days when myth blent with chivalry, when dwarfs, giants, goblins at intervals cross the canvas, mingled with the fathers of monarchies which make pictures for history to-day. All Germany knows it; and accepts in it the prelude to that long rich tide of song, of history, philosophy, science, art, which has made the beautiful Rhineland a Fatherland to all the world. A little sketch of its story—a little snatch of its song are all that a page or two can yield of this ancient epic.

But the song itself has a prelude which the careful reader must know; and which he may learn if he will, in a certain Hero Book. For this old singer of the Deutschland, doubting nothing, sang on, in the simple faith that his hearers knew all that Germans should know:—that they knew all of Siegfried, the strong, the prince of the Netherlands, and how the wise king, his father, apprenticed him to a smith; and how in the depths of the forest, he worked at the sounding forge, and dismayed his master, the blacksmith, by the strength of his terrible arm. A pupil who can shiver the anvil with a single stroke of his hammer, may be an inconvenience to the bravest smith in Christendom. The smith, with a wicked thought, sends forth his royal apprentice on an errand far through the forest—a dragon is there that will slay Siegfried the strong. Siegfried, however, is reserved for another fate. He, not the dragon, is victor: and he has a horrible bath in the blood of this fabulous monster, which confers invulnerability on whatever spot it may touch. But near the place where he bathes, there grows a cool, scented lime, whence a wandering little leaf does fateful work for the hero. For, wafted at will on the wind, it flutters on Siegfried's shoulder, and leaves a spot for fate—this gentle, tiny leaf.

And here, as all through the legend, the reader has classic

recollections suggested vividly which he may follow at pleasure. For he will think of Achilles and Vulcan and Theseus, and many another Greek notable, god or demigod. All through the story he will think of them, and also of characteristics which belong alike to blind Homer and the singer of the Niebelungs. Not indeed that this poem will compare with the Greek epic, any way but suggestively in its stern dramatic action, its voidness of nature and repose. One longs for a gleam of water through the heat and dust of war—even this solitary lime-leaf one greets like a friendly oasis—it were a joy to hear that Siegfried was gladdened by the lark which sang in the sky of the Netherlands when he turned from his master's forge—that Khriemhild also, like a Christian maiden, would pluck the wild flowers for her hair, and rejoice in crimson sunsets and the song of summer leaves. Reader of the Niebelungenlied, hope for none of these things. War, stern war, the clamour and the crash—there is little more awaiting you.

Adventure crowds on Siegfried. It chanced once upon his wanderings that he meets two princes of the Niebelungs. To them has been bequeathed the Niebelungen hoard; that vast, mysterious treasure, gathered, as legend tells, from all the ends of the universe; carrying doom to its possessors, yet none the less eagerly coveted. Siegfried, by strength and artifice, wins this treasure for himself—as also the sword Balmung and the Invisible Mantle, Tarnkappe. This hoard by a trusty vassal is conveyed to the land of the Niebelungs, where, by twenty thousand giants, it is kept in faithful ward. But the unhallowed wealth has cast its doom upon Siegfried, and the Niebelungenlied is the long song of that doom. The land of the Niebelungs is some mysterious locality, which the poet nowhere indicates, though the interest all centres there. Early in the twelfth century some nameless Austrian bard gathered up these rude fragments of song and wove them into a whole: and as the only transcript of their early struggle into life, it was revered and cherished by the whole German people. This nameless singer in the mist became, to the German heart, what Chaucer was to England, and the Cid Campeador to Spain. And so it was kept and held for long generations down, till Martin Luther arose, and in the Reformation conflict, it was swept, with many other things, as it seemed, for ever from the land. Germany, all in earnest, with keener war to wage, forgot the Niebelungenlied and its wild traditions and fancies. It was but about the middle of the last century, that in an old Austrian convent there was found a moth-eaten manuscript which the careful monks had kept. It was published at Zurich and called Khriemhilda's Revenge. Some years later were discovered other portions of the poem: and, with all the enthusiasm

due to a long-forgotten friend, the *Niebelungenlied* was greeted, and acknowledged as at once opening up new fields of philology and history.

The poem has all the roughness of an old Scots ballad, and can scarcely be rendered into English without much sacrifice of either truth or beauty. It opens thus :—

The old traditions tell us, 'tis writ and may be read,
Of many a glorious hero who proudly fought and bled,
Of gladness and of festival, of many a woe and tear,
Of noble heroes striving—more wonders might ye hear.

A very lovely maiden there grew in Burgundie,
Good sooth in all broad Rhineland no fairer one might be ;
And she was named Kriemhild, a woman bold and bright—
And for her sake both life and limb lost many a Christian knight.

In might and glory came they, brave heroes with the thought
To offer love to Kriemhild who never hated aught ;
For if her form was peerless, as vaunted warriors bold,
Her virtues were still dearer—so all the women told.

Three Kings upon her waited— both rich and noble they,
King Gunther and bold Guernot as all the people say—
And Geiselher the youthful, a valiant, splendid prince,
As ever owned fair sister before that time or since.

The lords of race were high-born in gentlest degree,
And chosen for unmeasured strength, as all who read may see ;
The realm of the Burgundian, thus was their country named
Long after in Attila's land their prowess great was famed.

And there they dwelt right kingly, in Worms upon the Rhine,
And much proud valiant chivalry to serve their lords combine,
So loyal, so praiseworthy was all their valiant life—
Since then they died lamented through two noble ladies' strife.

Their mother, queen munificent, Frau Ute she was called ;
Their father, named Dankrat, no man had e'er appalled ;
Their wofullest inheritance he left them e'er he died,
He also in his youth was great in honour and in pride.

And of the splendour of the Court, its glory and its power,
Its proud and peerless knighthood, of chivalry the flower,
All waiting on the princess, so joyfully and well,
O never any minstrel thereof can truly tell.

Now in this lap of glory, once dreamed the royal child,
How forth she flew her falcon, strong, beautiful and wild :
And how two eagles killed it—that she should see it so !
Upon this earth could never come to her a heavier woe.

So to her mother Ute, this dream the princess said—
Who fond and proud foreboding the riddle straightway read—
“The falcon which thou flewest, a noble husband he,
Whom thou must win and lose, my love ; God take him when it be.”

"Why tellest me of husband, now dearest mother, mine,
No hero e'er shall win me—I will be none but thine—
I will be aye a maiden until the day I die,
So, never through a husband, grief's shadow on me lie."

Then spake the mother softly—"My daughter, say not so,
For, ever on this glad green earth would'st thou true gladness know,
'Twill come through love, my Kriemhild, thou'lt be a happy wife,
Now God provide thee with a knight to glorify thy life."

"Nay, I have spoken truly," the princess Kriemhild said,
"For many a mournful wife, 'tis seen, will not be comforted;
And love, at last with sorrow, is oft requited so—
I will avoid them both," she said, "so ne'er befall me woe."

And so the maiden watches her heart with true intent,
And many a lightsome vision in careless joy has spent;
And never thought or vision of any love had she—
Till wofully a knight her won his own true wife to be.

This was the self-same falcon, by fateful dream foreseen,
And for his direful end she took full hard revenge I ween,
Upon her nearest kindred, for she was lost when won,
And for her husband's death there fell full many a mother's son.

The scene changes to the Court of the Netherlands, where Siegfried, known as the Niebelungen child, the very type of chivalry, strong and gentle and brave, abides in his father's palace, surrounded by flattery and state. But the fame of Kriemhild reaches him. Unseen, he yet passionately loves her, and so goes forth to woo, not without dark presentiments on the part of his mother, Siegelind; and thus he comes to Worms, where King Gunther receives him with joy. Courtiers also and ladies, when his fame is made known at court:—all but the "Grim Hagen," who conceives nought but hate and envy for the noble Northern hero. But Siegfried lives on at Worms, with a love that happily deepens, lives for twelve happy months—when storms arise for the Court which give him new prestige and fame.—

Now wonderful the tidings came to great Gunther's land,
The messengers who brought them they were a foreign band,
And unknown heroes sent them, who bore right deadly hate
O true it is that dolour on every visage sate.

Here follows the names of heroes not important to modern readers.—

Then greeting gave them Gunther in kindly style and spake
"Of him who sent you hither no knowledge yet I take,
Now tell us," said the monarch, and all the people feared,
To see how great King Gunther so stanch and grim appeared.

"King Gunther now we pray you to hear the words we tell,
And if we tell them fearlessly, 'tis so we tell them well,

The lords who sent us hither in Gunther's court to stand,
Great Ludigast and Ludiger will fall upon your land.

"King Gunther you have wronged them, 'tis so the people say,
And both these lords will meet you in hate and deadly fray,
They gather now a host to march 'gainst Worms upon the Rhine,
We warn you many a good knight there in armed mail shall shine.

"Before twelve little weeks have sped this army shall appear,
Hast any friends, King Gunther? then speedful bring them here
To help protect your castles, your castles and your realm;
For they who come with heavy hand will hew both shield and helm.

"Or would ye sue for peace, good King, then speak the words we say,
Ere yet your valiant foemen are riding to the fray,
For chance may to your sorrow, those heroes ride too nigh,
And make your good knights suddenly to fall or else to fly."

"Now stay ye, for a space or two," the good King Gunther said,
"For sorely I bethink me that I am hard bestead:
And I to tell my true ones, ere I answer you, am fain,
And of these doleful tidings in good sooth must complain."

Gunther applies to Siegfried, who conducts a successful war, and on his return to Worms offers his love to Kriemhild. And Kriemhild forgets her dream, forgets her maiden resolve—hopelessly, helplessly, enamoured of the chivalrous defender of her country; Kriemhild will risk the sorrow, she will be his wife. But Gunther, her brother, has terms to make; he is not much of a hero, though the singer calls him "great" and "good." And he is in love with Brunhilda, the Iceland queen, a beautiful, redoubtable Amazon, who will wed only her victor. Now to enter the lists with Brunhilda is not a matter of lightness, the choice is life or death—or pretty nearly so. And Gunther will wed Brunhilda, but the risk to his kingly person is a matter to be considered, no doubt for his lieges' sake. He resolves Niebelungen Siegfried shall share the danger with him; and only be husband of Kriemhild when Brunhilda becomes his own queen. And so they sail to Iceland and come under the castle walls, where Brunhilda with her ladies remarks the splendid train.—

Then spake she, queen Brunhilda, "I pray you tell to me,
Whence all those unknown heroes whom standing round I see;
About our royal palace so gloriously they stand.
Now tell me why they hither come and from what foreign land."

Whereon there spake a maiden—"O noble queen I own
Not one of all those heroes to me was ever known,
Yet one is like Knight Siegfried," 'twas so the maiden spake,
"You will receive him well, fair queen, if you good counsel take.

The next of his companions, I know him that he reigns
 So noble he among them all, a king of wide domains ;
 I wot he wields the sceptre, with grand and gracious sway,
 How loftily he speaks to all who crowd about his way !

“The third of the companions, he is indeed right grim,
 And yet my queen so fair of form, no noble is like him ;
 The sternly askant glances so keenly round him dart,
 By these I ween he holdeth fierce courage in his heart.

“The youngest of the retinue, so bright and gentle he,
 Though grandest knight among them all, a maiden he might be :
 And in his modest features, doth love so fondly rest
 His hurt would fall right grievously on every maiden’s breast.”

Gunther, by the help of Siegfried’s Tarnkappe, conquers the Iceland queen : and so she yields her hand, and they prepare to return to Worms. But now there arises difficulty. Danger may accrue to Burgundie from the wild vassel Norsemen who attend this warlike bride. Again he has recourse to Siegfried and wins another promise. Siegfried will bring giants of his own to protect the interests of King Gunther. And so he does ; and the two hosts enter Worms, and there is a double marriage festival, at which Siegfried is rewarded at last. But now pends above him the curse of the Niebelungen Hoard. After a year has passed, Siegfried and Kriemhild are invited to re-visit the court of Worms ; for Brunhilda has resolved to avenge some fancied insult of the Prince. Brunhilda appeals to Hagen to help her in her revenge—an appeal congenial enough to the treacherous, jealous knight. He undertakes to conduct the plot, and King Gunther becomes a confederate. The scene between Hagen and Kriemhild, in which the former discovers Siegfried’s vulnerable spot, is too beautiful to be omitted, too replete with the truth of nature, with that tenderness which is all the same the whole world over and every century of time.

“A happy one,” quoth Kriemhild, “that wins the valiant knight
 Who all her cherished kinsfolk defendeth with such might,
 As doth my bold lord Siegfried defend the friends of me,
 For this,” saith fair Kriemhilda, “right gladsome may I be.

“And now, my dear friend Hagen, bethink you well, I pray,
 And are you fain to serve me in gentle courtesy,
 Requite my kindness on my lord ; upon my husband dear,
 Did I ere wrong Brunhilda, who reigns so boastful here ?”

“Now, royal lady,” Hagen said, “have never anxious thought,
 But lest there any wound him, let me by love be taught,
 With what art can I shield him and how protect him, say.
 Then shall I, princess, for thy sake, ride close beside him aye.”

She said, "Thou art my kinsman, and I the kin of thee,
To whom should I commend my lord so trustful and so free,
That thou, the chosen of my heart mayest guard and shield right well?"
And then did fated Kriemhild the fateful secret tell.

She said, "My lord is fearless and matchless, strong beside,
Upon the mountain 'neath his hand the monster dragon died,
And then, my glorious hero, he bathed himself in gore,
Wherefore, no earthly weapon can ever harm him more.

"And yet I am in trouble when he in battle stand,
And many a deadly spear goes forth from many a horseman's hand,
That I should lose my husband, should lose my husband dear,
Alas, for Siegfried's sake, I shed full many a burning tear.

"Ah! me, I tell it trustingly, my trustful friend, to thee,
Wherewith thou mayest show thy faith and valiant truth to me,
Confidingly I tell it, lest they wound my husband dear,
Now Hagen, for our friendship's sake, to succour him be near."

"For while he bathed in that red bath beside the dragon slain,
A lime-tree leaf there pattered down upon his neck like rain,
And broad and cool it rested between his shoulders fair,
Alack, alack, my Siegfried, he may be wounded there."

"Now on thy hero's mantle," Hagen of Tronje spake,
"That I may know the spot, good queen, a little sign wilt make?
And so may guard him dauntlessly, should he in battle stand."
A woful day! 'twas thus she gave her hero to his hand.

She said—"Upon his mantle with costly silk I'll sew
The sacred symbol of the cross; there, Hagen, shalt thou know
To guard him better than thy life, whene'er against him crowd
His foes, or should the battle-storm around my lord be loud."

Hagen has gained his purpose. A great boar-hunt in the forest is arranged in honour of Siegfried, and when wearied with the chase, he stoops to drink at a spring; close beside him there bends the dark, remorseless Hagen. The little silken cross which Kriemhild's hand has wove, guides the treacherous blade, and Siegfried falls. Dying he upbraids Hagen, and commits the desolate Kriemhild to her brother Gunther's care, little suspecting in the King an accomplice to Hagen's crime. How "love at last with sorrow is oft requited," so Kriemhild learned bitterly, and henceforth she is changed. The Kriemhild of the second part of the *Niebelungenlied* is scarcely recognisable as the gentle, tender-hearted with which the poem opens in *Burgundie*. As she has lived for love, so now she lives for revenge—lives on at her brother's court, brooding over her wrongs, biding her time in patience till the direful blow may be struck. The *Niebelungen*-hoard is meantime seized by Gunther, and conveyed through many

perils to Worms upon the Rhine. But with it, it brings its old wiew of heavy disaster and sorrow; and Hagen, unknown to Kriemhild, sinks it in the Rhine. There, as legend will have it, still it lies in the blueness and quiet; but it left its trail behind it, that mysterious, unhallowed store. For the darkest part of the story remains yet to tell; 'tis, indeed, too utterly tragical to linger over long. Not even a lime-leaf, now, nor a spring, nor a silken cross—only darkness and deeper darkness, and blood unmingled with tears!

Kriemhild marries the King of the Huns, hoping thus to wreak wilder vengeance, and soon she invites to her court Gunther and all his train. With many presages of ill, go forth the royal guests. Hagen is warned by a wood-nymph—he will see the Rhine no more, nor one of all who go with him, but only the holy priest. Determined to falsify the prophecy, Hagen throws the priest into a river which they cross on their northern journey; the priest struggles safely to the further side and returns alone to Worms. And so the doomed band proceed and arrive at the court of Etzel. Here, haunted by dread and suspicion, Hagen keeps watch by night—Hagen, and a younger brother, the singer in the song.

It is impossible in so small a space to follow the details of the tragedy. There come open strife and bloodshed between the followers of Gunther and Etzel, and many slain to mourn, among both Burgundians and Huns. He who has stood by Kriemhild through fortune good and ill, is Dietrich, the knight of Berne, one of the finest characters in the poem.

“And now did Ritter Dietrich his battle-garments don,
Old Hildebrand assisting to gird his armour on;
And mourned so loud and mournfully this strong man, that the sound
Did make the walls to tremble and stirred the hollow ground.

“Then quickly, as ashamed, he took his hero's heart once more,
In anger grim arrayed himself the good knight as of yore,
And with a stout round buckler to carry in his hand,
Went forth he quickly to the fight with Master Hildebrand.

“‘There see, I come, Sir Dietrich,’ Hagen von Tronje spake,
‘He meaneth for his sorrow some dire revenge to take—
The sorrow brought him by our hand; but he shall see this hour
Who wins the victor's honour, who holds the victor's power.

“‘Aha! ’tis so, Herr Dietrich, the great knight of Bernee,
The great of soul, the strong of limb, most terrible is he—
He will avenge this goblet of griefs filled to the brim.’
Thus spake the lofty Hagen, ‘Yet I grieve to fight with him.’

“These words heard Ritter Dietrich and Master Hildebrand,
Where they were standing mournfully with still sheathed sword in hand;
And as they leaned upon the wall, came Hagen stern and brown,
Sir Dietrich gazing on him, his heavy shield laid down.

“And mournfully and sadly the Knight Dietrichen said—
‘O wherefore have ye acted thus, rich King, that I should tread
A houseless man before ye; did I ever show to thee
Of malice aught that thou should’st take my every joy from me?’

“‘And think you not ’twas dole enough to see before us die
Great Rudiger the hero, where all his great men lie—
My vassals all have perished, my loyal true men and strong—
O warriors! I never would have done to you such wrong.

“‘Bethink yourselves, O noble knights! of all your grief and woe:
The desolation of your hearts, the voids your spirits know,
Now, Reckons, falls it heavily, not whiles upon your brain.
Ah, woe is me! my Rudiger who lies among the slain!’”

The last verses of the Niebelungenlied relate Kriemhild’s
revenge:—

“Then went the fair Kriemhilda and saw Knight Hagen stand.
Right bitterly she spake to him, aye, lifting up her hand,—
‘If you be true, Knight, now restore what you have ta’en from me;
So may you hope to turn again to your own Burgundie.’

“And thus returned grim Hagen—‘Now, useless the request;
I will not grant it thee, proud queen, upon my oath I rest,
For while one of my masters in mortal life may be
The secret of the treasure shall not be known to thee.’”

Kriemhild immediately orders that her brother Gunther be
slain. Dead he is brought into the presence of Hagen and the
Queen.

“‘Ah! now of great King Gunther, the royal soul is sped,
And Geisselher and Gernot their budding lives have shed—
Now none know of the treasure, save God alone and me.
That treasure, wicked one, I say, shall ne’er be known to thee.’

“She said—‘So have you given me an ill requital, Knight,
Yet Siegfried’s sword I have it, and hold it still of right;
He bore it, my beloved, when last I saw him go.
Ah, mournful me! ah, mournful me!—to think it should be so.’

“And swift she drew it from its sheath. He could not help the strife
’Twas thus with wicked thought she robbed the hero of his life.
She lifted it, and smote him sore—she smote that hero slain,
King Etzel, looking on, no more his sorrow could restrain.

“‘Ah, woe is me!’ the monarch said; ‘how is he now laid low,
The bravest knight, by woman’s hand. O heavy, heavy woe!
Whoe’er went forth to battle—who bore so bold a brow—
Although he was my enemy—I must lament him now.’

“ ‘She shall not do it scathelessly,’ thus spake old Hildebrand,
‘That she should slay him traitorously, the bravest in the land—
What though he was my enemy, it matters not to me—
The death of the bold Tronje most sure revenged shall be.’ ”

Hildebrand slays Kriemhild.

“ ’Twas thus the royal lady most suddenly was slain—
The dead all gathered round her, a wierd and ghastly train—
Herr Dietrich and King Etzel must weep for very woe,
Their kindred and their comrades, to see them lying so.

“ Alas ! alas ! I cannot say what more thereon befell,
How knights and women wept around I cannot, cannot tell,
And how each faithful vassal lamented some fond friend—
The mournful Niebelungenlied hath here its fateful end.”

And so the old song closes, and the singer's voice is hushed ;
and we thank him for the reticence that spares us further woe.
But all who read the original, must own no nation's infancy was
ever rocked with a grander cradle music than is breathed in this
first German Epic.



THE CAPTIVE.

CHURCH, OR HOLY ALES.

“It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember days and *holy ales*.”—SHAKESPEARE.

How often one reads of and occasionally hears of Church and Holy Ales, and how few know what is meant by them, or anything concerning their origin.

Carew, in his “Survey of Cornwall,” says, “Touching Church Ales, these be mine assertions, if not my proofs: of things induced by our forefathers, some were instituted to a good use, and perverted to a bad. Again, some were both naught in the invention, and so continued in the practice.

“Now that Church Ales ought to be sorted in the better rank of these twaine, may be gathered from their causes and effects, which I trust raffe up together; entertaining of Christian love, conforming of men’s behaviour to a civil conversation, compounding of controversies, appeasing of quarrels,” etc., etc.

The Holy Ales, or Church Ales, called also Easter Ales, and Whitsun Ales, from their being sometimes held on Easter and Whit-Sunday, or on some of the holidays, certainly originated, says Strutt, from the Wakes. “Others,” says Hampson, “trace them to the love-feasts of the early Christians;” and as to the word *ale*, Mr. Douce observes that much pains have been taken to get at its derivation. The best opinion, however, seems to be that from its use in composition, it means nothing more than a feast or merry-making, as in the words Leet Ale, Lamb Ale, Clerk Ale, Bread Ale, Church Ale, Scot Ale, Midsummer Ale, etc.

At all these feasts ale appears to have been the predominant liquor, and it is exceedingly probable that from these circumstances the metonymy arose. Dr. Hickes says that the Anglo-Saxon *Geol*, the Dano-Saxon *Iol*, and the Icelandic *Ol* respectively have the same meaning, and perhaps Christmas was called by our northern ancestors Yule, or the feast, by way of pre-eminence.

The churchwardens and parish officers of olden time, not well up in etymologies, considered ale to be a liquor, and used to lay in a large quantity of malt, which they brewed into strong ale, and sold it to the populace in holiday times, applying the money re-

ceived for it to the repairs of the church, or to the relief of the poor and sick.

Aubrey's description of Whitsun Ale is, "that in every parish was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crooks, and other utensils for dressing provisions. Here the housekeepers met, young people gathered here likewise, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, etc., the elders sitting by and gravely looking on."

An arbour, called Robin Hood's Bower, was erected in the churchyard, and here maidens stood gathering contributions.

In Lancashire we find the term Gyst-ale, which appears to be one of the corruptions of disguising, as applied to mumming, and in this sense the entire name Gyst-ale is confirmatory of Mr. Douce's observations. "Gyst-ale, or guising," says Baines, in his History of Lancashire, "was celebrated in Eccles with much rustic pleasure at the termination of the marling* season, when the villagers, with their king at their head, walked in procession with garlands, to which silver plate was attached, which was contributed by the principal gentry of the neighbourhood.

The object of ambition was to excel in the splendour of their procession; and in the year 1777 it is said in a History of Eccles and Barton's Contentious War, "That guisers in the latter township collected and expended £644 in this idle parade, while the Eccles guisers expended no less a sum than £1881 5s. 6d. in the same contest, raised by collections from the gentry and the neighbouring farmers.

"To stimulate liberality, the sum given by each individual was publicly announced, and the treasurer of the feast hearing it, exclaimed, 'A largesse!' on which the people demanded from whom, when the name of the donor was proclaimed with the affix 'My Lord' attached to it."

In the northern parts of England a feast or entertainment is made at funerals called "Avril," or more correctly Arval Supper.† On these occasions arval bread is distributed to the guests. In Lancashire a funeral was formerly celebrated with great profusion in meat and drinks. After the interment the relations first, and then their attendants, threw sprigs of bay, rosemary, or other odoriferous evergreens which had been previously distributed among them. The company then adjourned to a neighbouring public-house, where they were severally presented with a cake

* The old English game of hurling.

† Avril, or arval, is clearly derived from aïeul, a deceased relative or ancestor.

"Ah mon aïeul, comme il buvait,
Et quel grand verre il vous avait."

and ale, which was called an *arval*. At Kidlington, in Oxfordshire, the custom of Lamb-ale was observed on Whit Monday

On this occasion a fat lamb was provided, when the maidens of the town, having their thumbs tied, were permitted to run after it, and she who caught the lamb with her mouth was declared the Lady of the Lamb. The lamb being killed and cleansed, was carried on a long pole before the lady and her companions to the green, attended with music and morris dances of men and women.

The next day it was served for the lady's feast, which being finished, the solemnity ended.

Chambers says, it was the custom in olden times to celebrate Whitsuntide by the celebration of what was called a Whitsun-ale, and to have parochial meetings at that time under the auspices of the churchwardens usually in some barn near the church, all agreeing to be good friends for once in the year, and spend the day in sober joy. The Squire and his lady came with their piper and taboret, the young danced or played at bowls, the old looked on, supping their ale from time to time. It was a kind of pic-nic, for each parishioner brought what victuals he could spare. The ale which had been brewed pretty strong for the occasion, was sold by the churchwardens, and from its profits a fund arose for the repair of the church.

Rudder says, "The Whitsun-ales are conducted in the following manner. Two persons are chosen previously to the meeting to be lord and lady of the ale, who dress as suitably as they can to the character they assume. A large empty barn, or some such building, is provided for the lord's hall and fitted up with seats to accommodate the company. Here they dance and regale themselves in the best manner their circumstances and the place will afford, and each young fellow treats his girl with a ribbon or a favour. The lord and lady honour the hall with their presence, attended by the steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, and mace-bearer,* with their several badges or ensigns of office. They have likewise a train-bearer or page, a fool or jester, dressed in a parti-coloured jacket, whose ribaldry† and gesticulation contributed not a little to the merriment of the company. The lord's music, consisting of a pipe and tabor, is employed to conduct the dance."

Some people think this custom is a commemoration of the ancient *Drink-lean*, a day of festivity formerly observed by the tenants and vassals of the lord of the fee within his manor. The

* "The mace is made of silk finally plaited with ribbons on the top and filled with spices and perfumes for such of the company to smell as desire it."

† The word *ribaldry* is not here to be understood in the modern or bad sense. He spoke as a riband, *i. e.* a jester.

memory of which, on account of the jollity of those meetings the people have preserved ever since.

The glossaries inform us that this Drink-lean was a contribution of tenants towards a potation [or *Ale* provided to entertain the lord or his steward.

The Whitsun-ales are still common in the vicinity of Oxford.

In Sir Richard Worsley's history of the Isle of Wight, in speaking of Whitwell parish, he says, "that there is a lease in the parish chest, dated 1574, of a house called the church house, held by the inhabitants of Whitwell, parishioners of Gascombe, of the Lord of the Manor, and demised to them by John Brode, in which is the following proviso: 'Provided always that if the Quarter shall need at any time to make a Quarter-ale or Church-ale for the maintenance of the chapel, that it shall be lawful for them to have the use of the said house with all the both above and beneath during their ale.'"

In a sermon preached at Blandford Forum, in 1570, it was the custom at that time for the church-ale to be kept upon the sabbath day.

In short, in the days of Merrie England, before the Puritans came in, old men and children, young men and maidens, joined in festive sports on that day as well as at many other times, but these being disallowed during the time of the Commonwealth they dwindled away, and in 1642-3 we find the following curious lament from the young damsels of the period in a petition, written as follows:

"In the virgins' complaint for the loss of their sweethearts by these present wars, and their now long solitude, and keeping their virginities against their wills, presented to the House of Commons in the names and behalves of all damsels both country and city, January 29, 1632-3, by sundry virgins of the city of London occurs the following mention of church-ales, 'Since the departure of the lusty young gentleman courtiers and cavaliers, and the ablest 'prentices, and handsome journeymen with whom we had used to walk to Islington and Pimlico to eat cakes, and drink *Christian-ale* on holy daies.'"

These virgins were evidently less strong minded than the ladies of the present day, and would have wept sorely over the custom of the period which excludes women from all (so-called) charity dinners. The modern equivalent of church-ales.

THE LUMLEY ENTAIL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT THE WHISPERING LEAVES SAW.

THE time comes in every man's life when conscience, long stifled, suddenly speaks in thunder-tones, which cannot be gainsaid. Well is it for the man if, when the "still small voice" within him thus drowns all other voices, space is still left to him for repentance. Many there have been who have gone down to the grave with that accusing voice of conscience, sounding in their soul like the roar of many waters, shutting out the loving tones of those who stood weeping round the death-bed—shutting out the voice of God's mercy itself.

Well for those who hear it when time is still left for repentance! Sir Arthur Lumley heard it now, and with him there yet was space in which to repent. For the first time during that strange life of mingled prosperity and unhappiness which he had led since his uncle's death, he seemed to see himself as he really was—a criminal in the eyes of God and of man. And he loathed himself accordingly.

Laura would never forgive him now—never, until he was dead. He knew this but too well. And yet he had no words of reproach for her. Looking back upon his sins against her, remembering how he had lied to her, he acknowledged that he had justly forfeited the love and confidence which she had lavished upon him, and which were dearer to him now that he had lost them, than they had ever been before.

He was sitting in his own room—alone, and utterly broken down. Carnaby Hickson was not here to give advice or consolation. There was no Lord Cleverley, as there had been on the last occasion, to mediate with Laura on his behalf. If there had been, he would not have dared to ask his assistance. He was quite alone, and his soul was filled with remorse—with such remorse as, happily, not many human beings can know—with remorse which, for the time being, would turn the fairest spots of earth into hell itself.

Were any good to be derived from studying a man at the mo-

ment when he sees his wickedness with opened eyes, and sees, too, that he must drink to the dregs the cup which he has filled with such exceeding care and eagerness, we might watch Arthur Lumley now, as, in the utter abandonment of despair, he flings himself upon the floor of his chamber, and grovels there, a prey to the keenest agony which can fill the human heart. Not even those who think most sternly of his sins can deny that he is now being punished for them with a punishment which is not inadequate.

But it is better not to dwell upon this dark picture. Out of those black hours of Arthur Lumley's life, however, there sprang up, like a well in the midst of the desert, a purer love and pity for his wife than he had ever felt before. Strange, indeed, is it how hardened sinners in their deepest anguish seem to find relief in emotions, the purity and unselfishness of which cannot be disputed. If Arthur Lumley had been a father, he would have longed now for the presence of his child; as it was, he longed with passionate eagerness for one word, one look of tenderness from his wife; and he knew that he longed in vain. He had been forgiven once; and no more on earth was there forgiveness for him!

No more on earth! With all his wealth, his youth, his power, the life to which he now looked forward was indeed a dreary one. He hardly dared to face it, as he lay during the hours of that long night prone upon the floor of his room. When morning broke, he took his pen, and wrote a long letter to Laura—a letter confessing everything, owning that he had no hope of forgiveness, but beseeching that forgiveness, and asking the wife, who must henceforth be no wife to him, to pray for him, if she could do nothing else for him.

He felt relieved when this letter was written, and lying down upon the unused bed, he slept for a few hours. When he awoke, the morning was far advanced, and the first thing he heard was that his wife had left Lumley.

Very slowly did the hours pass during that long day. He made no attempt to follow Laura, for he knew that it was hopeless to do so; but he walked down to the village, and put his letter to her into the post-office with his own hands. He did not think of leaving Lumley. For the moment he was so crushed and miserable as to be incapable of planning for himself. He sat in the library, with his face buried in his hands, for an hour together—thinking, and repenting, in dust and ashes.

Turning to one of the book-cases, he took down, listlessly enough, and almost without noticing what it was, a volume of Tennyson's poems. It opened at "The Two Voices," and he

found himself saying, with the still small voice that spoke to the poet—

“Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?”

Better not to be! Yes. If but death had been a sleep and a forgetting; then, indeed, he would have hailed it as a friend. It seemed to him that anything now was preferable to life. Perhaps, good reader, you think that this picture of Arthur Lumley's anguish is over-drawn? You see nothing in the mere fact that his wife should for the second time have discovered his infidelity, and left him, to account for such a state of mind as this. But it was not any outward circumstance, it was the sudden awakening of his conscience that caused this torment of his spirit. For years he had shielded himself from conscience in a refuge of lies; and now, as when that gourd under which Jonah shielded himself when he should have been doing the work of the Master, suddenly faded away, his refuge had vanished, and he was brought face to face with his own accusing angel. From this self-judgment there was no escape; and he owned as much as morn passed, and the hours stole on, and still he wrestled with his mental anguish.

He had forgotten all about his promise to meet Grace, when something passing through his mind recalled it to his memory. It was past the hour he had appointed, and for a moment he thought he would not go. But then came a yearning to meet his companion in sin, if it were but that he might entreat her pardon for the wrong he had done her. So he went forth, through the pleasant woods, towards the Lumley Folly.

Grace was waiting for him. She was sitting by the edge of the black pool, from the margin of which the tower rose. She seemed to have been waiting long, and when she looked up there was a strange wild light in her eye, which Arthur had never seen there before.

During his walk through the peaceful woods, Arthur had made his resolve. He would henceforth no more lead the idle, pleasure-seeking life which had hitherto been his. Like his uncle in his youth, he would leave England, and go abroad—leave it, after having, as far as he could, made his peace with those whom he had wronged. His wife, Grace, Gerald—to all three he owed reparation. And he would make it; and then he would say farewell to England, until he could return to it with a clear conscience and a chastened spirit. He was soothed, and, to some extent, comforted when he had formed this resolve. He was already anxious to carry it out, and here was Grace—the first whose forgiveness he had to seek.

The girl did not come towards him when she saw him. She

stood like a statue—and almost as white as one—till he was close to her.

“You have come at last, Sir Arthur,” she said.

“I know I’m very late, Grace.”

It was not the voice which Arthur Lumley generally spoke in. The pleasant cadence was no longer perceptible; his tones were harsh and hard.

Grace looked up, and a sudden spasm crossed her face. Then she saw it was grief, not mere coldness, that was responsible for the constrained voice.

“You are in trouble!” she said.

It was noticeable that she spoke to him more as though she were his equal than his inferior. Her manner, like his, differed from that which she had adopted the day before.

“I have sinned, Grace, and I am punished,” was all that he said in response to her inquiry.

“Sinned! yes, you have sinned. We have both sinned!” and the wild, hysterical laugh which Gerald had heard in the park, when she told him her story, rose once more from her lips. “We have both sinned! but the punishment is for me, not for you, Sir Arthur Lumley. Go back to your wife, and your house, and your pleasures. God made us women to bear the double weight of men’s sins and our own. That’s quite right, isn’t it?”

Arthur, startled out of his own thoughts by her excitement, felt a thrill of alarm, for Grace seemed on the verge of frenzy.

He began to speak to her in the old soothing tones which had been so natural to him throughout his life. He was stirred out of his own misery by the contemplation of hers; and just as Gerald, years ago, had found comfort in his own grief when comforting others, so Arthur now was able to forget the remorse which was gnawing at his heart, whilst he tried to soothe the woman he had ruined.

“Ah! you have a sweet voice, and a sweet face, Sir Arthur!” cried the girl. And then, before he could divine her intention, she had suddenly clasped him round the neck, and kissed him passionately. “I’ve kissed you again,” she said, with a deep sigh, “and it’s the last time—the last time. Good-bye, Sir Arthur! We’ll never meet again; and remember that I’ll bear the sin for you as well as for myself. Don’t fret about it—I only was to blame. Now go, Sir Arthur—go!” and she motioned him away from her with a quick, passionate gesture.

“What do you mean, Grace? I shan’t leave you here while you are in this state.”

“Then good-bye, all the same, for I shall leave you.”

He had no time to speak—no time even to thrust his arm to-

wards her. Quick as the star which falls from heaven, Grace had turned, and plunged into the black waters of the tarn.

There was a dull, heavy splash, and a shower of spray was flung against the grey walls of the tower. Some of the cold water fell upon the face of Sir Arthur Lumley. For the moment he stood aghast, then glanced round hastily in search of help. But nothing was near him save the stark and lonely "Folly," and the whispering leaves upon the trees.

He could swim—he could dive—and he would save her. He looked up at the bright blue patch of sky seen through the open branches, and he murmured something that was a prayer—yes, surely a prayer. Then he looked down into the black depth of water, and dived into the pool in search of Grace.

Only the whispering leaves saw him plunge into the tarn. The spring breeze made them whisper so loudly to each other, that their myriad voices could be heard above the splash of the troubled waters. No other requiem had Grace Heaton and Sir Arthur Lumley. It was days after, when the sun shone again upon their bodies; and only the leaves knew how they had died.

Local tradition had long said that the tarn at the Lumley Folly was bottomless. Whether both Grace and Arthur had been injured in the same way in falling, was never known. The world only knew that they had died together in that gloomy lake; and although a charitable jury would come to no other verdict save the safe one of "Found drowned," an uncharitable world declared that the partners in sin had died together—by their own act.

There was one only who would never believe that Arthur Lumley had committed suicide. She—for this one was a woman—had no ground for her belief—nothing but a woman's unerring instinct, and a letter written by the baronet during the early hours of that day upon which he had died, and posted to her by his own hands. In that letter Laura Lumley found traces of a better, a truer, a nobler spirit than her husband had ever shown her during their brief and ill-fated married life; and she, at least, midst her bitterest mourning, refused to mourn as those who have no hope. For you and I, my reader, who have watched Sir Arthur Lumley's downward course, and who have known even better than Lady Lumley did, how great his sin had been, there is the knowledge that his death was at least a noble one; and that he who had sinned so deeply, died in a way which was in itself almost an expiation of that sin. With this knowledge, let us leave him to his rest.

Upon the day on which the jury met at Lumley Hall to inquire "touching the death of Sir Arthur Lumley and Grace Heaton," the coroner who presided at the inquest had a similar

duty to perform in the little village of Lumley Hamlet. It was upon the body of an old, a very old man, who was recognised by one of the witnesses as Peter Dawson, for many years the bailiff of the late Sir George Lumley. He had appeared a week or two before in the village, accompanied by the girl who had died with the baronet at the Folly. Like the rest of the little community, he had been much agitated and excited when it was known that the owner of the neighbouring park, and of the country for miles around, had disappeared; and a few days after that event took place, he was found dead in his bed. Here the jury had no occasion for doubt or hesitation. A verdict of "death from natural causes" was quickly returned, and Peter Dawson, the defeated schemer, was laid to rest at last, very near the man against whom he had conspired, in the churchyard at Lumley.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST OF THE LUMLEY ENTAIL.

AND what about the Lumley Entail? Does the reader, who may chance to have followed its fortunes during the months which have been occupied in recounting them, feel any interest in the final catastrophe? Perhaps it is too much to hope so. Yet what is left to be told may be told quickly.

Mr. Carnaby Hickson, Mr. Harcourt, and Mr. Gastonbee met at a solemn consultation at the rooms of the last-mentioned gentleman in Portland Place about a fortnight after the death of Sir Arthur Lumley. They had before them many documents, stained by time, which had remained undisturbed for whole generations in the strong boxes of the firm of which Mr. Gastonbee was now the principal representative. They had before them, also, the opinion of an eminent counsel, learned in the law, touching these same documents, and the conclusion to which they were brought was simple enough. The Lumley estates, in default of male heirs, passed to the female representatives of the line, and passed absolutely. In such case it was directed that the entail ceased, and the only condition which went with the princely property was the half-pathetic request of the far-away baronet who had instituted the entail, that the fortunate female who took the property should, if she married, give the name of Lumley to her husband.

"There can't be any doubt about it," said Carnaby, when the consultation was at an end; "the sister of the drunken clod-

hopper whom Dawson produced for poor Arthur's confusion is the owner of the Lumley estates."

"And she lives, you say," asked Mr. Harcourt, "at Moorfell, with Gerald?"

"Yes; that was the place I wrote to when I made her the princely offer which Sir Arthur empowered me to communicate to her."

"What sort of woman is she?" inquired the statesman.

"Her letter was lady-like enough—more so than I should have expected after seeing her brother; but more I cannot say."

"Well, whatever she may be, we must not keep her in ignorance concerning her inheritance. Of course we must be satisfied that she is what she claims to be—the daughter of Sir George Lumley."

"About that, my dear sir," put in little Mr. Gastonbee, "there cannot be any doubt. We made all the necessary inquiries at the time of that deplorable affair with the—the convict baronet."

Mr. Gastonbee had so long been accustomed to worship the owner of Lumley for the time being, that he did not know how to indicate the unhappy man who had made good his title to the estate, but had never enjoyed its revenues, with sufficient delicacy.

"I have half a mind to go down to Northumberland myself," said Mr. Harcourt presently. "I should like to see this Mary Lumley, and I should also like to meet Gerald again. I think I can manage it."

And accordingly that evening he was speeding towards Northumberland in a Great Northern express.

It must not be supposed that Gerald and Mary were unmoved when they heard of the terrible tragedy in which the lives of Arthur and of Grace had closed. Like the rest of the world, it is true, they attributed their deaths to their own self-will. The baronet's self-sacrifice, the noblest action of his life, was hidden from their eyes. Yet, although they felt that the cousin who had been so closely mixed up with their own lot had sinned terribly, they did not mourn for him the less truly on that account. Of the future of the great estate which he had inherited, they thought little. Gerald knew that he was cut off from all connection with it. The bar sinister made him nobody's heir, and nobody's child, and to whomsoever the Lumley estate might next descend, he at least could have no interest in it. As for Mary, if he thought of her at all in connection with the matter, it was rather as the possible recipient of some annuity from the next holder of the pro-

perty ; who that might be, he knew not—and he scarcely cared to know. If he had never before entirely relinquished his old ambition, it was dead now—buried in the grave of Arthur Lumley.

On a bright summer morning our hero was walking by the familiar road which led from Moorfell to Dr. Adamson's house. It was not often that he would traverse that road in future. This was to be his last day at Moorfell ; to-morrow he was to enter upon his new duties and his new home at Newcastle. He gazed with pensive interest at a scene which had become very dear to him. The black, coal-begrimed foot-path, and the stunted hedge-row were as pleasant to his eyes as the noble woods and smiling glades of Lumley itself. Here was that well-remembered spot where he had won his wife ; there he had often parted from her when she had accompanied him half-way from her uncle's to Moorfell. Every tree and every stone seemed to have a history for him ; and all were associated with Nellie. He almost regretted that he was leaving the place ; and there would have been no doubt as to his regret, but for one circumstance. Nellie was soon to follow him. The sweet girl-love was to become the sweeter girl-wife. As he thought of the future which was so near, and of the supreme happiness which it would bring to him, his heart throbbed with that exquisite bliss which only the young lover knows. If he had suffered anything during the later years of his life, if his father's death and all that followed it lay like a black shadow athwart the path by which he had travelled so far upon his journey, how bright that path was now, how radiant with the sunshine of love, and hope, and joy ! Wealth he had won for himself. He had found a sister. He had been blessed with a wife—a wife of whom he could think more truly than most lovers—as the sweetest and purest of God's creatures. Gerald, thinking of the way by which he had been led, owned to himself how little he had deserved even the least of the blessings he had received.

As he sauntered slowly on towards the doctor's house he heard a footstep behind him. He looked round and saw a figure once familiar to him—that of Mr. Harcourt.

The statesman had reached Moorfell just after Gerald had left it, and had found that Mary was absent as well as Gerald. He had followed them to Dr. Adamson's. A hearty greeting passed between Harcourt and the younger man.

"I must congratulate you upon the wonderful success you have achieved, Gerald," said the former. "You have done better for yourself than I could have done for you."

"I have been more successful than I ever hoped to be, or deserved to be ; but I can honestly say that I am delighted with my success."

"And is it true, Gerald, that you are soon to change not only your position but your condition in life?"

"Quite true, sir. I hope in a few minutes to have the pleasure of introducing you to my future wife."

"I shall be delighted to make her acquaintance. If she makes you as happy, as I have no doubt she will, I shall always feel that she is my friend. You have had your troubles in life early, my boy, and now I hope you are going to have a smooth and prosperous voyage. But I dare say you are wondering what the object of my visit to Northumberland is. I came down to see a young lady, but not the young lady we have just been talking about. Can you guess whom I mean?"

"Mary," said Gerald, thinking of some possible legacy.

"Yes; Mary Lumley, your father's daughter. I have undertaken to communicate grave news to her; and I confess I am anxious as to the way in which she will receive it."

"I hope it is good news, Mr. Harcourt. Mary is my sister, my very dear sister, and whatever interests her interests me. We are very closely bound together."

"I am glad to hear it, Gerald," said Harcourt, warmly, "glad upon your account, for this is good news which I have to tell her. Can you not guess what it is?"

Gerald protested that he was "no guesser."

"Well, it is simply this—Mary Lumley is now the owner of the Lumley Estates."

"What! of all my father's property?"

"Yes; of the whole Lumley Entail."

Gerald was bewildered for a moment. It seemed so strange; it was really so unexpected. The Entail broken at last, and the property once more in the hands of one who was his father's child—in the hands of Mary. He turned white with emotion.

"I hope I have not surprised you very much, Gerald, by what I have told you?" asked Mr. Harcourt, seeing his agitation.

"No—yes—that is to say I can't understand dear Mary being suddenly raised to such a position. It is wonderful."

But at this moment Mr. Harcourt turned away from Gerald; his attention was arrested by a figure he saw advancing towards them—the figure of Nellie, who, radiant with her sweet, girlish beauty, and with the happiness which filled her heart, looked nearly as charming to the eyes of the grave, elderly statesman as she had done to those with which Gerald had first looked upon her.

"Is this——" began Harcourt, as he saw her approaching them.

"It is Nellie," said Gerald, with pride swelling his voice. And he had reason to be proud.

The next moment Gerald's oldest friend and his nearest friend knew each other. Nellie won Mr. Harcourt's heart there and then. She turned back with them towards the house, where another sweet face—sweet though marred by the sorrows and cares of nearly thirty years of suffering—greeted them. When the bosom friend of Sir George Lumley knew that he stood before the dead man's lawful daughter, he uncovered his head with a reverence which was not intended altogether for the memory of the dead.

"I should like to speak to Miss Lumley in private," he said. So they were then left alone, while Gerald, leading Nellie once more into the old-fashioned garden, told her the news which his friend had brought.

There were tears on Mary's pale face when Gerald kissed her at the close of her interview with Harcourt. But they were happy tears. For herself she cared nothing for the princely fortune which had suddenly passed into her possession; but as the steward of that wealth, she knew that she could spend it for the increase of the happiness of others. And she knew, too, that it would not always be hers—or even for very long. The paroxysms of the disease from which she was suffering came more frequently now and lasted longer. They had failed to change the sweet temper, the patient resignation which had ever distinguished her; and only those who were constantly with her could be blind to the fact that she was passing gently down the slope of life—down to the river the waters of which day by day close around countless thousands of God's immortal creatures. It might be years yet before she reached the stream, one bank of which is here, and the other—ah where? But she knew that it could not be many years, and she knew, too, that it would be a welcome day when, "slipping through from state to state," she put off, with earthly possessions and earthly joys, the frailty and the suffering which had been hers so long.

"I am so glad of this on your account and Nellie's, dear Gerald," she said, in answer to his kiss.

"You must not think of me, Mary. The Lumley estates are yours now, and yours I hope they will long remain."

"But while they are mine you must be my chief agent. You know far more about them than I do. And they will not always be mine."

"I have found a life work of my own. I shall be happier earning my own living as a mining engineer, than I should be if I were to return to Lumley."

"I did not think of taking you from your profession; at least

not yet. But I shall constantly want your advice and assistance."

"And you shall have them, dear sister."

"And some day, Gerald—some day not very far off—the Lumley Entail about which you have thought so much will be yours again—and Nellie's."

Why should I linger over my story? Henceforth there is little to tell concerning the lives of the three people in whom I have chiefly tried to interest you—Mary, Gerald, and Nellie.

Before very long Mary took possession of the splendid hall where so many generations of the Lumleys had lived and died. She went thither accompanied by Gerald; but she remained only a short time. The house was let, and Mary, to whom money had no value save that which is to be found in its power to do good to others, soon discovered that even the amplest income may be easily spent by one who is really anxious to relieve earth's abounding misery. For many a day the lady of Lumley—for by that name she is known, although she dwells almost constantly under her brother's roof—has been famed throughout the midland region in which her ancestral home stands, for her acts of charity and piety. For many a day her unostentatious benevolence has soothed the hearts of a thousand sufferers, has smoothed the path of countless toilers in this weary round of life, has made easy the pillows of multitudes who have suffered much, but not so much as she herself has done.

For many a day the wealth which was once Sir George Lumley's, and then Sir Arthur Lumley's, and which is now hers, has been a blessing to the poor and needy far and wide. But her name will not for very long be associated with that wealth. The time when she must part from it, which she foresaw on that day when Mr. Harcourt first told her it was hers, is very near now—very near indeed.

But the Lumley Estates will go to one who is eminently worthy of the trust which great riches impose upon their owner. Gerald Lumley is at this moment one of the richest, and happiest, and best-known men in the North of England. He is married to the sweetest of wives; he is the father of the brightest of children; he is the owner of the most pleasant of homes. No one seeing him now would know what storms had swept over him in early life, and how near that career which has been so wondrously successful, once was to shipwreck. No one! Sometimes he himself, looking back upon those dark days, wonders whether they are not all part of some ghastly dream, rather than a reality; and when he meets his dear friend Redwood, he asks after his quondam

Bohemian companions with the doubting air of one who asks after myths rather than living men. Can he have been so miserable—he who is now so blessed? This is the question which he sometimes asks himself; and then, looking to the chair where sits the dearest and tenderest of women—the girl whom he won in the early days of his life of labour, and who is now the sunshine of his prosperous home—he feels his heart overflow with gratitude to the good God who chastened the man whom He loved. Linger over his happy home, his happy lot, we may not. It is enough that we leave him now, made wise by sorrow, strong by adversity, and happy by love.

There are but three others among our characters to whom even a line can be accorded. Carnaby Hickson, his short tenure of the stewardship of the Lumley Estates being over, went back to his club and became once more its oracle. There he now sits, as shrewd as ever he was, but somewhat kindlier than in the days before he knew the story of the Lumley Entail. Last week there appeared, among other announcements in the *Times*, that of the marriage of Lord Cleverly, to Laura, widow of the late Sir Arthur Lumley. May they be happy. Both will deserve their happiness.

The story is told, and I, who during all these months have tried, so feebly and with so many imperfections, to tell it, crave pardon of my readers now that my task is done, and that I must say farewell. How far in telling what I knew of the life of Gerald Lumley, I have fallen short of my own ideal, is known only to myself—to myself and to one who was with me when the first pages of this tale were written, who encouraged me in undertaking an arduous task, but whose voice will never more be heard in praise, in censure, or in sympathy. To her—with whom one of the characters in this story is in my mind identified—I should have dedicated the completed work. It has been otherwise ordained; but I still venture to inscribe these faulty pages to her pure and blessed memory.

TOLD TO MY DARLING.

YES, I am withered and grey, darling,
 Old and withered and grey,
 And you ask me to tell you why, darling,
 Ask me to tell you to-day.

'Tis a story of long ago, darling,
 Ere wrinkles were on my brow
 And my eyes could shine as bright, darling,
 As bright, as yours do now.

I loved with a passionate love, darling,
 One I believed was true,
 I trusted the burning words, darling,
 He whispered my heart to woo.

But our courting time was short, darling,
 My soldier was ordered afar,
 And we vowed eternal love, darling,
 Under the evening star.

But alas ! alas, his vows, darling,
 Were only written on sand,
 And the love that had flamed so bright, darling,
 Burned out in that eastern land.

And he took an Indian wife, darling,
 A woman with hoards of gold,
 And little recked of this heart, darling,
 Or his troth that he falsely sold.

As much as I loved him before, darling,
 I madly hated him then,
 For a woman's heart when deceived, darling,
 Can rage like the fiercest men.

But I would not let the world, darling,
 See that he hurt my life.
 And pride, that is woman's shield, darling,
 Strengthened me in the strife.

So I looked as if joyous and gay, darling,
A smile was on my face,
And none of all those around, darling,
My hidden sorrow could trace.

And to those who sought my love, darling,
I had but one word to say,
For my heart was cold and dead, darling,
And could only falter "nay."

But the years flew on apace, darling,
Years that heal many a pain.
And when I was trying to forget, darling,
My poor heart was wounded again.

For I heard he was coming home, darling,
Heard he was coming to die,
And when I thought of the past, darling,
I could hardly stifle a sigh.

(I think I forgot to say, darling,
That his Indian wife was dead,
And her stores of gold were his, darling,
Ere they were three years wed.)

He begged that I would come, darling,
Prayed me to see him once more,
Said that he never had ceased, darling,
One fatal step to deplore.

And he said——oh, do not fear, darling,
Yes, I will smother my tears,
But I cannot bear to speak, darling,
Yet tho' 'tis long, long years.

Years, since he told me in pain, darling,
The evil a slander had wrought,
For some cruel lip had said, darling,
Said that I loved him not.

And in anger and bitter rage, darling,
He had chosen an alien wife,
And after in anguish found, darling,
That I had been true all my life.

But he drooped and died in my arms, darling,
His hand lay clasped in mine.
And for comfort he left me a child, darling,
Instead of his own heart——thine.

Yes, his daughter thou art, my darling,
His and his Indian bride,
And the home of thy birth is afar, darling,
Far o'er the ocean wide.

But I love thee, I love thee, my darling,
With all this heart that I gave
To *him* who is dear to us both, darling,
Him who is long in his grave !

A FORTNIGHT AT KURRACHEE.

ONE afternoon four or five years ago, I was sitting in the billiard room of the Hope Hall Hotel, Bombay, awaiting the time when it would be necessary for me to start for the pier and get on board the steam-ship "Coringa," bound for Kurrachee and the Persian Gulf. The English mail had just arrived, and the various lines of steamers that run in connection therewith to destinations on the coast, were engaged in preparation for departure—a few hours being the usual and necessary delay for the transshipment of passengers, mails, and cargo. At last I resolved to start, and calling for my native servant, Bowker Khan, told him to get two carriages to convey ourselves and luggage to the pier. Now it sounds grand and Oriental-like to hear of a modestly paid merchant's assistant sending out for two carriages, and an unpractised imagination perhaps pictures him as lolling on silken cushions with the air of an Asiatic grandee. Investigation of the facts, however, divests the scene of such brilliant accessories. The two carriages, reader, rejoice in the name of "Buggies." Can you imagine a broken-down farmer's gig, with a tattered brown leather hood stretched over an iron framework that works with convulsive jerks at each movement of the vehicle? The wheels look as if they belonged to some discarded cart, are of unequal height, the springs are things of the past, and the tendency of the whole buggy is to lean like another tower of Pisa. The driver generally belongs to the very lowest type of the Parsee community, and is steeped in rascaldom to an extent that makes of a London cabby a picture of injured innocence. A Rosinante, gaunt, and bony, not unlike Doré's sketches of the steed of the knight of La Mancha, forms a fitting sequel to this description, and is bound in the most inexplicable way with odd pieces of cord to the rough poles that do duty for shafts. The reins are made of rope.

Enter viator into buggy with a hop, skip, and jump movement, which makes the edifice shiver and cant over to an alarming extent. Buggy driver enters next, seats himself close to viator, and thus somewhat restores the equilibrium. Bowker and the other driver parody the performance in the vehicle to our rear. My buggy walla, I may mention, is clad in a species of cotton shirt, with cotton drawers, and has on his back a small tight-fitting jacket of gaudy coloured cloth, is dirty in the extreme, and altogether a

very unsatisfactory neighbour in an Indian climate. He makes a peculiar chuckling noise by thrusting his tongue into his cheek, with a violent tug nearly pulls the horse's under lip off, gives three or four theatrical flourishes with his whip, and finally brings the stick part down with a heavy whack on the poor animal's bony haunches. The wretched creature trembles faintly, and his legs shake, but he is too weak to start. The process is repeated, with an additional incentive towards progress by touching a sore place on the animal's back with the handle of the whip, which exquisite piece of fun causes Mr. Buggy walla to shriek with delight till the tears run down his cheek. Under this new agony, Rosinante at last puts one foot convulsively forward, then another, and we shamble onwards through the crowded native town, then past the fine open space in front of the fort, till we reach, after many mishaps, the Apollo Bunder or pier.

Now for a boat! I see the "Coringa" in the distance, say half a mile away, her smoke curling up between the forest of masts by which she is surrounded. Bowker soon selects a crew from among the jabbering creatures that swarm upon the steps of the quay, bargains for the fare, puts my portmanteau into the boat, and follows with his own modest little bundle.

I do not think there is much to be written or said about our voyage. The deck of the steamer was crowded with numbers of native traders and Affghans on their way back to Scinde, and who, at night, coiled themselves into the most unconventional of attitudes, each with his or her gaudy woollen wrapper. We had breakfast at nine, tiffin at twelve, dinner at four, and tea at seven. The evenings were devoted to "cards and polite conversation." There were but few European passengers, and these consisted of one or two military officers on their way to Hyderabad or Mooltan, and one or two assistants belonging to German or Swiss firms at Kurrachee. We had a most agreeable captain, and our passage of forty-eight hours proved to be, in all respects, a pleasant trip.

On the afternoon of the third day, we came in sight of the low-lying land of Southern Scinde, and approaching closer, saw the masts of about half a dozen ships lying at the rear of a promontory called Munora Point. Passing this there lay before us the harbour and piers, the entrance to which is over a formidable bar or sandbank, that renders the passage exceedingly risky for any except the lightest laden craft, especially when there is a heavy sea rolling in, as on the occasion of our visit. Passengers' baggage, the mails and specie, had therefore to be landed in the harbour master's boats, and I do not think, as a landsman, that I shall ever forget the disagreeables of the descent by a rope ladder from that steamer, as she gave prodigious rolls to and fro in the

trough of the sea, threatening every moment to crush the boats that now and then were on the crest of a huge wave and as often almost out of sight. I was bundled down by some athletic Munora boatmen as if I had been a loose bag of clothes; the specie boxes and mails receiving, by the way, more delicate handling, being lowered gently in coarse netting. "Good-bye, Captain, pleasant voyage," we cried from our uneasy seats, and in a minute or two more the old "Coringa" was steaming on towards that land of Arabian Nights and fables, the shores of the Persian Gulf. Ugh! what a row that was as we danced over the big waves and the especially tempestuous region of the bar. I was glad when we at length pulled into smooth water, close to the sheds of the Indus Flotilla Company. Up the steps and into a four-wheeled carriage, one of about half a dozen in attendance; the driver in a peculiar blue woollen uniform, and a more ragged specimen of the native Jehu standing behind to keep up the dignity of the thing. Bowker sits next to the driver, his bundle on his knees.

As we rattle along over the hard white roads on our way to the hotel that has been indicated to me, I remark the peculiar aspect of the surrounding scenery, especially strange to the eyes of a person who, a few days previously, was amidst the luxuriant vegetation and attendant humidity of Bombay. Here, all was dry, and arid, and flat; not a trace of verdure was to be seen. The roads were laid out in the straight lines peculiar to the north of France, and only wanted the poplar trees to perfect the simile. Here and there, where there was some merchant's office, bank, or government establishment, a wall had been run up to protect the ground surrounding the premises, but excepting for these, the roadway ran level and almost undivided from the unbuilt-upon open space. Every now and then we passed in our three miles' drive private bungalows or residences, many only one storey high, and which, failing the kindly shadow of great trees as in Bombay, seemed to quiver with a white heat in the glare of the sun. The breeze, however, was cool and dry, and I observed that my hands and forehead were totally free from perspiration. At last we approached more marked signs of activity and life: we drove past the government and police buildings, official residences, one or two auctioneers' shops, (the latter a never failing adjunct to an Indian military station—so frequent are the regimental changes) and eventually reached our destined haven—the Royal Hotel.

Has my reader ever seen or been in an hotel in India of a primitive stamp, in a new settlement, where the proprietor makes more by the sale of "brandies and sodas" and cheroots in his billiard room, than he does by the more hotel-like practice of

letting out bed-room accommodation. Imagine, if you have not, a doubled storied house roughly built of stucco, about eighty feet square, the rooms above and below being protected from the glare by wooden balconies and verandahs. In the walled-in compound lie two or three mischievous-looking dogs, hungrily gazing at the attenuated poultry that run to and fro. In one corner, a goat fastened by a leg to a peg in the ground, opposite is a monkey with a chain round his waist, tearing to pieces two or three bananas, a few clothes drying in the sun, three or four dusky babes rolling in the dust, sans culottes, and sans anything else, while an emaciated ophthalmia-stricken beggar at the gateway with a long staff in his right hand, mutters incoherent petitions for alms. Our carriage drives up under the portico, and the sound of the wheels brings the proprietor forward. I truly wish that I could remember his name in case this article should prove the germ of any "personally conducted tours" to the Persian Gulf. All I recollect is that he came from Ragusa on the shores of the Adriatic, had worked his way overland through Damascus to Bagdad, where he obtained employment in the Persian government service, and leaving this, came through Bussorah down the Euphrates, as far as Kurrachee, where he embarked on the perilous ocean of hotel keeping. He was as civil a fellow as you could wish to meet in a day's march, spoke half a dozen languages as his own; and many were the interesting chats that I had with him about his adventures, hardly a penny in his pocket, among the predatory Arabs that haunt the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. With a polite bow he draws back the heavy curtain that hung against the entrance to the billiard room, which is a large central chamber on the ground floor, with smaller apartments on each side. An open staircase runs up from a corner, and by this we pass into a matted corridor with bedrooms on the right hand looking out on to the street below. Into the coolest of these we make our way, and my faithful Bowker puts down my portmanteau, leaving the modest little bundle just outside the door. The furniture consists of a teak bedstead with mosquito curtains, a round blackwood table, a washhand stand, a chest of drawers, and two or three chairs; and I notice that the floor is decorated by several soda water corks, which go to show that the previous tenant was of a thirsty temperament. Adjoining is a bath-room. The earthen floor is covered with a coarse matting made of reeds, and I may here describe the curious way in which the Kurrachee mat-dealers set to work. Instead of bringing a ready made mat and cutting it to the size of the room, they weave the mat in the room itself, commencing from the centre, working onwards till they reach the walls, when it is turned off.

I was soon seated over a nice little dinner of which the salient points were roast kid and kid curry, followed by a desert of grapes and pomegranates, and after a cup of coffee, set out on a walk to find the residence of my friend Dicksen who had recently established himself as a merchant in the place. It was pleasant and cool, the sun had set and the evening breeze swept over the open sandy plains on each side of the road. As I passed the police patrols, I noticed that the men were all armed with swords; in more peaceable Bombay they carry truncheons only. At the time of which I am writing, it must be remembered that Kurrachee was quite a new community, the few resident Europeans were scattered at a considerable distance one from the other, while at certain seasons, large numbers of Caboolese and Beloocheese swarm into the township, their camels laden with fruits, wool, cotton, etc., to be exchanged for the piece goods, cloths and metals imported by European houses. Indeed, at the height of the season, as many as a thousand camels with their drivers come in to the station in one day. So we can understand the why and the wherefore of the police patrolling with swords ready to their hands.

I found my friend seated in his bachelor bungalow, smoking a cheroot and chatting with the editor of a local journal. His little establishment was nicely furnished and looked cheerful and comfortable notwithstanding a total absence of what romantic novelists call "the signs of refining woman's presence." I stopped till a late hour and returned to my hotel, challenged ever and anon by my friends the patrols, and crammed to surfeit with the latest "local intelligence,"—how many "spins" (spinsters) there were in the station; how young Trotters of the 99th Royals had married a half caste, and was dead cut by all the "other fellows" in consequence; the telegrams as to cotton and wool; and the date of the next garrison races: all of which was excessively interesting.

I tumbled into bed and tucked in the mosquito curtains, previously executing with my slipper, two gigantic cockroaches that were running about the floor like mice. I tried to sleep, but the novelty of the circumstances kept me awake, and I accordingly occupy the interregnum between the outer world and the world of dreams by telling my readers why and wherefore I had come to Kurrachee.

It so happened that I was connected at that time in business with a very wealthy and enlightened Bombay Hindoo, who was, in fact, looked upon as the man of most advanced views among such of the native community as were desirous to break down the trammels of caste. Individually I always found Dunjeebhoy to be a good and liberal fellow; he was a large cotton shipper, mixed

much in white society, and was very sensitive to European criticism. At the time of which I am speaking the cotton and share furore was at its height in Bombay, and a reflex was beginning to show itself in the forty-eight hours distant Kurrachee. So much money was being poured into Western India that legitimate trade was quite put a stop to, and shares, land and articles of produce were regarded as so many symbolical or algebraical letters "x," to be adopted as mere pegs on which to hang the rage for speculation. For some days previous to my journey, advertisements had figured in the Bombay papers to the effect that a large plot of land at Kurrachee belonging to the late firm of Smith and Jones was for sale, which offered advantages of an extreme character to those disposed to invest their cotton earnings in terra firma. Dunjeebhoy and I were chatting about this over an ice at Morena's one day; he had made plenty of money of late, and was perfectly able to authorise me, as he did, to proceed to Kurrachee and offer on his behalf, 40,000 rupees (or £4,000) for the plot of ground about which there was so much journalistic discussion. My instructions were to secure the land in any case, at that figure if possible, and if I could sell it the next day at an advance, to do so; if not, to hold in.

After a while I fell asleep, and slept well. The air was cool, the mosquitos few, and the bed-clothes many. At six, Bowker was at my bed-side with a cup of coffee; at half-past I was in the market place. A handsome edifice, by the way—plenty of beef, mutton, veal, kid, fruit and fish, the last of such awful and varied form as to be recognizable only in the dreadful woodcuts that adorned the book from which I learnt Natural History at school. The costumes of the natives were picturesque in the extreme, and some of the Affghans struck me as being perfect types of the human form divine, despite that they evaded the step which we are told adjoins on to godliness.

"Caw! caw!" cried the crows; "buy, buy!" cried the butchers in Hindostanee. There needs no incentive in Orientaldom to make your carnivorous purchases before the sun has fairly risen. If you delay, the tender saddle is suggestive by eleven, the juicy joint is odorous. As I leave the shade of the building there lie before me a group of lazy camels, munching at hay with a peculiar dilettante look about them, as if they begged a short holiday before being marched back to Cabool. Next a long invigorating walk over hard white roads and I return to my solitary breakfast. I determine to sit at home to-day and write letters. I do so.

The next morning wakes upon the eventful scene of the auction sale of Messrs. Smith and Jones' land and premises. Dickson, who is my adviser and prompter in the matter, calls

round for me after breakfast, and we rattle along in his gig. I hope I am doing Dickson no harm in the eyes of posterity when I record that his old horse went suddenly down on his nose in consequence of excessive generosity on Dickson's part in the matter of reins and that I was pitched over the animal's body, with which I had a friendly roll in the white dust. Dickson is a most excellent fellow, and consoled me by saying he always feared that the old horse was rather groggy about the knees.

At last we arrived at the auction room, which was represented by one of the outer buildings of the establishment. There were several Europeans present, some two or three wealthy Mohammedan contractors, and to one of these latter the premises were knocked down at rupees forty-seven thousand, or seven hundred pounds above the limit assigned to me by my Hindoo friend. Had the purchaser re-sold the next day he might have cleared £1,000 profit; as it was, I heard that he held over till the speculative excitement had passed away, and was eventually a loser to the extent of £2,500—such were the vicissitudes of values in those times. I telegraphed at once to my native friend at Bombay how the day had gone, had some of the auctioneer's tiffin and then went back to the hotel to wash the dust off my face and hands.

Of the next day I made a holiday, not feeling very well. The sudden change from a humid atmosphere to a very dry one produced a peculiar sensation on the pores of the skin that led to feverishness. So I lolled about the house and read the "Home News" and the local paper, in which latter I came across my conversation with Dickson and the editor, all about the "spins," and the garrison races, and young Trotter's unfortunate matrimonial alliance. I played at billiards with the Goanese marker, and was disgracefully beaten. I tried to sketch some of the figures that flitted past the open window, but my hand was too inert. In consequence of all this I was between the mosquito curtains at an early hour.

The next morning, at breakfast, Dickson and I discussed the best means of seeing all that was to be seen in Kurrachee and its neighbourhood. The "Coringa" would not return from the Persian Gulf for another week, Dickson was not busy, and the upshot was that we agreed to go on a mild and geographical form of spree. We could not exactly cry "Peccavi" ("I have Sinned"), as Sir Charles Napier is reported to have done, but Scinde lay before us; and so we resolved to cross the Indus and have a look at the ancient city of Hyderabad.

Early next morning we started by train for Kotree, the terminal station of the line on the Kurrachee side of the river. It was curious to remark the increasing development of vegetation

as we approached the water. We left behind us sandy sterile plains, and at Kotree found ourselves in a perfect oasis—pretty little streets shaded with many-hued trees, between which we had occasional glimpses of the far-famed Indus. Stified with dust, and parched with thirst, we alighted at the “Princess of Wales” hotel, an unpretending little place, kept by a native; and after a modest tiffin, and bespeaking two bedrooms against our return in the evening, we proceeded along the dry mud banks of the river till we reached the landing-stage for the ferry-boat. Imagine a huge flat-decked vessel, similar in appearance to the steamers that cross from Liverpool to New Brighton, the saloon end screened by a thick awning, the forepart with its crowded mass of dusky humanity exposed to the downpouring rays of the sun. There were no Europeans on board excepting the captain, ourselves, and the chief engineer. There must have been at least three or four hundred passengers—half castes, Affghans, Hindoos, Scindians, and negroes, the last being, I believe, the descendants of slaves brought from the African coast by Arab ships from the neighbourhood of Muscat in the Persian Gulf. The Indus is, of a truth, a noble river, and I shall never forget the sense of irresistible power conveyed by its turgid and onward-sweeping current. Those who have seen the Rhine opposite to Geisenheim, in Nassau, when its stream has been swollen and made angry by the melting of the snows in Switzerland and the Black Forest, may form some idea of the river that lay before us. The current, indeed, was so strong that, though the landing-place on the other side was exactly opposite to us, we had to force our way up the river for about three-quarters of a mile, and then slowly drop down on to our destination. The landing was very difficult: we had to step on to huge bundles of reeds that were tied together, and floated on the river. In front of us lay the Bellasis Road, the splendid highway to Hyderabad. The fine trees that lined each side cast so grateful a shade that we agreed to make the journey on foot. I do not know how to describe it, for the sentiment is indescribable; but there is really an impressive earnestness of purpose in the way in which Englishmen have carried out engineering undertakings among the Eastern races that own their sway. In this remote region, where not so many years ago savage barbaric hordes raged in warfare, and of which we read—

“That day when barbarous slings with whizzing sound,
Pour on our hosts their bullets’ deadly rain;
And as each Parthian wheels his courser round,
The twanging bowstring tells a Roman slain,”—

your obedient servant and his friend might have been seen walking each with a Fox’s paragon umbrella in his hand, along a roadway,

broad, level, and safe as that of Regent Street. Civilization sprang from the east—the west is repaying the loan. I was once travelling by rail from Bombay towards Poonah with an American friend, 'cute, clever, far-travelled, and unprejudiced. We were passing over the celebrated Bhore Ghât, the incline being, if I remember, one in thirty-seven, and were 8,000 or 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. We passed stone walls, solid station-houses, heavy masonry in every corner; and my American friend turned round to me gravely: "Jack," he said, "I will say this,—the only nations that ever equalled you Britishers in substantial honest stone-work were the Romans and Egyptians. You put up big granite lumps and mortar, where our people content themselves with painted wooden rails. Perhaps we haven't got the time," he added, sententiously.

How dreadfully hot, however, it was along that far famed Bellasis road, so soon as our pedestrian enthusiasm began to flag. The white dust rose in clouds with each movement of our feet, and our whiskers showed the signs of travel like those of age. We met a few beggars who salaamed us in return for the copper coins we distributed, but otherwise there were no passers-by. And now we come over the brink of a hill, and the great fort of Hyderabad stretches its long length before us in all the glory of its embattlements and loopholes. It commands the road along which we are passing, and in an artistic sense is grand in the extreme, but any resistance it could offer to modern artillery would be but momentary.

We are dusty, thirsty, hungry and tired, and it is with inexpressible relief that we discover a roadside shop, or rather general oilman's store, kept by a Hindoo of the name of Canjee, who evidently caters for the adjacent European garrison. Seated on two empty champagne cases, we secure and open some tins of sardines, a box of wine biscuits, and a couple of bottles of beer, making thereupon a dinner not to be despised under the circumstances. Accompanied by Canjee, who shuts up his establishment with a most formidable key, naively remarking "very hot middle of day; English officers not come buy—all go sleep," we trudged through the dust to the fort. After some formalities we were allowed ingress and clambered to the top of a huge tower built as a look out, and so soon as we were seated, Canjee obligingly made our blood run cold with dreadful narratives of his personal adventures in the troublous mutiny times of 1857-58. Pointing to an open drill yard which adjoined the base of the tower, he says: "It was 'dere where 'dey blowed de mens from the guns." We came away from the fort and walked through the crowded bazaars, where I buy some of the far-famed Scinde

embroidery, and wonder at the gipsy-like faces around me. We then visit the marble tombs of the Ameers of Scinde, which are built on a desert-like plain close to the city, have another bottle of beer at Canjee's and make our way back to the ferry-boat. It was nearly nine before we were at our little Kotree hotel.

The "Coringa" was now nearly due and there remained yet another Kurrachee sight for me to see, viz., the sacred crocodiles (or Muggers) at Mugger Peer. Dickson again agreed to go with me, and we accordingly hired a four-wheeled open carriage which was to take us thither and back, a total distance of about fourteen miles, for ten rupees or one pound. We rattled along at a good pace so long as we were on the level roads of the township, but discovered to our physical discomfort, that these fell off very soon, and an interminable succession of violent jolts not unlike one prolonged railway collision, showed us that we had left Macadam in our rear, and were now traversing a gravelly plain strewn with boulders, more suited to an Affghan camel than a Kurrachee made four-wheeler. Now and then we came to the bed of a dried up river all rough stones and pebbles, in which cases we had to dismount and with Dickson at one hind wheel and myself at another, drag or force our chariot over to the other side. But how gloriously fresh was the atmosphere as the breeze swept over the plain from its northern home in Cabool, with enough and not too much of sun to keep us in a healthy glow. A brilliantly blue sky overhead, sapphire-like in the richness of its hue; to the left a range of jagged brown hills, among which swooped eagles and other monarchs of the air, and to our right and in front of us an open level desert not unlike that near Suez, its horizon relieved here and there from monotony of line by a string of camels on their way to the Kurrachee market. We now trend to the left, and passing through a rocky defile come suddenly upon a large clump of trees growing in what may be described as an oasis of grass. "What makes the trees and grass so red?" I ask of Dickson. He tells me we are in the centre of one of the many flights of locusts from which Southern Scinde had been suffering so much of late. He claps his hands loudly, and shouts, and from our very feet there arises what may be called a crimson cloud of myriads upon myriads of these devouring creatures, only however to settle upon some more remote spot and trees. I examined the grass and found that each and every blade was nibbled at or cut in two, and the branches of the trees were in many parts quite bare of leaves, while such leaves as did remain were perforated. As we walked onwards (leaving the carriage to follow) and disturbed the main body of these terrors to the Oriental husbandman—these Uhlaus

of the air shall I call them—still denser masses rose, with a peculiar rushing sound, between us and the sun, until indeed the weird effect of a solar eclipse was produced in our immediate neighbourhood.

Next, another strange sight. A large plain of dry mud lies stretched before us, glistening in the sunlight as if bedecked with silver. This proves to be “villanous saltpetre,” and I collect samples to show to scientific friends at Bombay.

At last we come in sight of a large “tope” or group of cocoa-nut trees, amongst which meander two or three pathways edged with native thatched huts, and our carriage draws up in front of a travellers’ bungalow at the entrance to the village. It is not many minutes before we are surrounded by a crowd of half naked creatures who emerge from the most remarkable nooks and corners, each vociferously offering his services as guide: from these we select one—I can hardly say cleaner—but slightly less dirty than the others. He leads the way for a few yards, still among the cocoa nut trees, and brings us in front of a slimy stagnant pool of water, towards which the muddy ground slopes downwards. “Where are the muggers?” I ask. “Dere is one just behind, Sahib,” replies he. I give a convulsive start, and behold, to be sure, there is a horrible scaly brute lying at the foot of the tree that we have a few minutes before, almost rubbed against. He is of a dirty neutral colour, hardly distinguishable from the mud around him. I had expected to see the creatures safely ensconced behind stout palings in charge of a keeper. But on looking round further, what was our astonishment on seeing that the whole neighbourhood was studded with these repulsive reptiles. We had not noticed them at first on account of their deathlike stillness and general resemblance to huge blocks of mud. On the surface of the stagnant pool we remarked several dark spots; these the guide informed us were the noses of some of the crocodile gentry who preferred the coolness of the water. The reader may ask was it safe to be in such dangerous proximity. The fact is they are so unwieldy and slow in their movements that a very moderate use of your legs enables you to keep clear of them provided you are not attacked in the rear by some sharp-shooter behind a tree. They average from ten to seventeen feet long; some of those in the water, however, were, the guide informs us, over twenty feet in length. They seemed well to understand that we were visitors, and as such, possible distributors of largesse, for a couple of dozen ranged themselves in a horse-shoe form a few feet in front of our group. We received a hint from the attendant fakir or priest (for the muggers form ecclesiastical

property) that if there was anything the crocodiles had a weakness for, it was goat, either alive or dead ; and furthermore the goats that he, the said fakir, could supply at two rupees each, were beyond competition at the price or quality. So poor Capricornus was fetched, brought, slaughtered and quartered, while the horrible muggers, as if scenting the feast from afar, lay in front of us, each with his awful mouth wide open, and as still as if carved in stone. Now and then insects and flies would jump into the treacherous caverns and rest on the white tongue till plucked away by some daring little bird of the sparrow type.

The fakir reluctantly acknowledged that accidents are of frequent, nay almost daily occurrence, especially to the poorer class of women and children who come with their earthen jars to fetch water from the horrid stagnant pool. Two days prior to our visit, a little girl had been killed as she was paddling her feet in the water. The natives are so accustomed to the proximity that they offer no obstruction to the stray and frequent promenades of an occasional mugger through the village—I myself saw one or two starting on a tour of exploration. The noise that they make while crawling over the ground can best be imitated by dragging three or four empty leathern trunks over a sea beach ; at any rate it is sufficiently distinct to give the residents warning of their approach.

Outside the village, about three hundred yards away, there lay another pond of the same character, but smaller. The muggers make their way from one to another, and the fanaticism and fatalism of the natives allow them to make the journey undisturbed.

We had by this time seen enough, had feed the fakir, visited some hot mineral springs in the vicinity, and had filled our pockets with the cast off crocodiles' teeth that bestrewed the ground in the vicinity of the pool. So we walked slowly back towards our carriage, and in so doing, approached the other pond. And here we were witnesses of a painful incident. Two or three fine young Arab horses were drinking, their fore-feet a short way in the water. All of a sudden, one gave a wild scream and rushed from the pond, followed by the others, and we saw that the poor creature's leg was bitten in two below the knee. In drinking, it had unwittingly knocked against one of the slumbering muggers ; and I shall never forget its agony and the whinnying of its companions as it frantically leaped round in circles, the lower half of the leg dangling helplessly by a shred of skin.

We were not sorry, though much interested with the events of the day, to find ourselves seated in the carriage on the journey

homewards. It was growing dusk, and we were both tired out. Dickson fell asleep about half way, and I recollect his starting up convulsively, and saying, "Beg pardon, Jack, I thought it was a mugger's nose, but it must have only been your foot."

The moon was shining, and the jackals were screaming, as we passed through the scattered lights of Kurrachee. Three days later the "Coringa" was quietly steaming into Bombay Harbour.

FOR LIFE.

CHAPTER XI.

IS A MAN BOUND TO BLESS AN ENEMY?

THERE was a crash, and a flight of sparks and hot embers through the air.

The roof had fallen !

It was as if the door of a huge furnace had been thrown wide open ; there was a glare of light upon the clouds of smoke that hung over the fire. The sky seemed flame ; and then the light faded. It burst forth again, and faded again. It was as if a sun staggered about the horizon. The blackness of night and the light of the burning wrestled there. But night is a giant, and the greatest of the world's fires is a dwarf. Yet, the dwarf was earnest. It crept about. It found art, it left ashes. It found colour, it left blackness. It found form, it left powder. It found beauty, it left ugliness. It found joy, it left sorrow. It found life, it left death. Not a corner, not a cupboard was there that it did not ransack. There were flames upon the stage for actors, flames in the boxes for audience, flames in the orchestra for musicians, flames behind for scene-shifters. It played a play, with the *dénouement* "ruin." It was the play which may one day be played on the world. This may have been but a rehearsal for the great play. The engines were there ; but too late. They brought water ; but too little. The little streams of water only made the fire "hiss," and send up clouds of white steam with the black smoke. Seen in the light it might have been an angel leading a devil through the night.

It would have required a Niagara and they brought a squirt. The fire was a lion, and they charged it with a needle. It was a hand which held in the name of "ruin," and they tried to relax the hold of its fingers of flame, by tickling it with a feather. They seemed only to stir up the wild beast fire with those long poles of water. The firemen wanted to put on their clothes ; and very nice they looked in them. They might have been burnished

beetles in their helmets and metal coats. It is always well to teach the people a lesson at such a time. Their hearts are amenable to teaching. The men in their armour look as if they were ready to face any danger for life and property. This is the lesson that is taught; meanwhile some ten dead bodies lie within the power of those flames. Ten is not a very large number after all.

There was much mourning in the streets as the flames sunk and the darkness came back to look at the ruins. And the firemen became more active. Many charged God and the devil too soon with robbery. Those who were separated from friends thought it was death that was the barrier. Some wept, still hoping. Alas for tears that come too late for succour! If others' lives had seemed of value only an hour ago tears might have been spared. But it then was each for himself. How the devil must grin when he sees this law ruling men. Each for himself, means God for nobody, so the devil cries, "Open the great gate."

Behind the theatre was a little back street, which was not much frequented, because from it you could not see the flames lolling out of the windows. You could not see the smoke with a kernel of flame rise from the burning ruins. Elton Asprey stood beside Marie Erle. She had just opened her eyes.

It is a great mercy that trance lets us pass through horrors with our eyes shut. She opened them slowly, and they fell upon Elton Asprey. She was lying in his arms and she smiled. But her eyes brightened as he looked at them. It was a sheaf of flames bound together by the wind that waved above the theatre that was reflected on her eyes. She saw the flame, and she closed her eyes. She shuddered. Then she stood up, pale, and trembling, and said,—

"Where is my father?"

Elton Asprey stood for a moment, and then he said—

"I will save him or I will die."

He held her hand in his.

"Stay," she said.

But he did not hear her. He had turned and was gone. She tried to follow him. But she could not. She would have fallen had she not leaned against a wall for support. She was resting her head against it. Its coldness seemed a sort of comfort. Ice may be kind. She heard a voice say—

"Miss Erle, I beg your pardon, but your father—"

"Yes, what of him?"

"He is saved."

"Thank God! is he unhurt?"

"He is hurt, but he may recover."

"Let me go to him."

"I saved him."

"I shall thank you afterwards; let me go to my father."

"I will lead you."

"No you must not. You must serve another, and earn more thanks. He went to save my father. He will be lost. You must recall him. For the love of God, save him!"

"Whom?"

"Whom?—You saw him go. I saw you stand by. You let him go. And yet you knew my father was safe. *You* saved my father. I do not believe it. You are not brave, you are a coward—a murderer. Oh! God he will die, and I let him go, I ought to have clung to him! But I shall go to him yet. I am not a coward. You shall not bar my path; I shall follow him and die with him. Oh to be strong! I shall be strong. I shall find him in the flames. They will lead me to him. Oh, how I love him. Let me go."

She moved a few paces forward, and fell. As she fainted, she murmured—

"I wish I were strong."

CHAPTER XII.

THERE IS GENERALLY A "NEXT MORNING" AFTER A DEBAUCH.

THERE is nothing blacker than a place where a blinding light has been.

The ruin stood gaunt and hideous in the night. It looked like a skull. A faint light shone through the empty windows as the light of decay might shine through empty eye-holes.

Decay has its lamps, as life has. The lamp of the glow-worm is like the blush of a maiden. But putrescence becomes phosphorescent. A ghastly flame burns over graves. Meadow fires are ghosts of dead matter. Wood may be seen to burn, and yet not be consumed.

Such dead fire is horrible. To see fire without its attributes is like seeing a soul without a body. It is light, but it gives none. It is a miser light. It shows itself, but it illumines nothing else. It is like the brightness of a dead age.

So the light that shone through the blackened walls was a dim glow—it seemed unearthly.

There was a silence now; now and then the fall of some

beam or stone within the bare walls that still stood about the hot embers of the fire, caused a slight noise but that was all. Even a sepulchre has its little noises to make the silence felt. That is the trick of the sepulchre. Most of the people had gone. One or two waited for their dead. A long weary night to wait through. To long for the time when you may recover a body.

A cab had just driven away. It contained Elton Asprey. He was not burned, but he was broken. He had leaped from a high window, and he had been crushed. He might live, a surgeon said. His card showed where he was to be taken to. A useful thing a card! It is an address for a man when he becomes a carcass. There are always surgeons on the spot on such occasions. The flames become an advertisement. When a man is scen in the light of flames, binding up wounds, and is reproduced in a sub-leader on the following morning, it is his own fault if he does not profit by the fire. Ah! what odd pedestals would be appropriate for men. A pedestal should be something by which he rose. A pedestal in this sense would be a history. A surgeon would stand upon a heap of wounded men. They made his rise.

But the surgeon who examined Elton Asprey was possibly not destined to rise. The injuries he had regarded as serious were really slight, the danger which he had looked upon as imminent was really remote. The darkness, the number of diagnoses which he had to make, and the anxiety of the young gentleman who summoned him to look at and examine Elton Asprey, were perhaps excuses. Besides, any man may be wrong in his opinion. Such a general principle as that is a pleasant conscience-salve.

The young gentleman who had heard this unfavourable opinion *was* anxious. He had helped to lift Asprey into the cab. He got in afterwards, and told the man where to drive to. He sat with his hand upon Asprey's pulse, and thought that ere he went a mile he might be driving with a corpse, that ere he went a mile he might be a murderer.

It was Godfrey St. Aubin that was in the cab with Elton Asprey.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT CAUSED THE FIRE.

WHEN a thing happens as we wish it would, we sometimes feel part of the cause. If a man means to rob a neighbour, and when he goes to do it finds the house swept and garnished, he feels he is a thief, although he has no part of the booty. Godfrey St.

Aubin half accused himself of having caused the fire ; he had not however.

He remembered how he had thought of it. It was half a private joke that thought, but the horrors of the fire made him remember it, and think he was not free from blame. How the fire was caused no one knew. It must have begun somewhere behind the scenes ; everybody agreed about that, and it became generally known that the manager had, only the day before the fire took place, spoken of having an iron curtain. An iron curtain would have been a sort of lock in the way of the fire. It would have saved the theatre and ten lives. The loss was partly covered by insurance.

How often, after a catastrophe, we find that it was just going to be avoided. It seemed as if the catastrophe just slipped through the fingers of men by the merest chance.

But where did the spark come from ? We like to think a beginning if we can. Metaphysicians tell us we must think the beginning ; but we are often content with a beginning very near the end. It may to some men be satisfactory, when they enquire how a quarrel commenced, to be told that they must look back to Adam's fall, to the origin of evil, or to the absolute meaning of the word beginning. To most people this answer would seem unsatisfactory. Such is the self-conceit of ignorance.

People were anxious to find out who caused the fire.

There were many theories. Theories are sometimes made for the sake of the ingenuity required, and not to account for the facts. Many men make a toy of reason. Some said that it must have been done intentionally. Malice was the cause of it all. If it had not been, would two of the windows in the stair which led from the green-room have been open ? What was the effect of having those two windows open ? Everybody knew that it created a complete draught. The inference was that they had been put up to feed the flames. To let the wind do the bellows to the forge, which was to weld misery for hundreds ! Who could have done it ? Many people suspected their own private enemies. One of the scene-shifters, who had lost all his tools, thought that a neighbour to whom he had about a fortnight previously lent three shillings, and from whom that very night before the fire broke out he had demanded repayment, might have done it out of spite. This man only confided his suspicions to his wife. He was a good-hearted man, for he said, " Seeing what had happened, he wished he hadn't asked him for the money." He doubtless felt for all those to whom the fire might cause misery, but he had lost his tools !

But there were many other enemies. The people who had got bad parts in the new play, and had lost nothing by the fire, thought

they saw a higher power at work in it than was supposed. If there is one all-wise and beneficent ruler of this universe, he must be supposed to take an interest even in the "casting" of a play at a theatre. We are all apt to look upon God either as a personal friend or a personal enemy. We look upon our fellow creatures as made for our enjoyment. Man looks upon the birds that sing, and the fish that swim, as made, not for themselves, but for him. Perhaps that is because he eats them. So we often see God working for us in some catastrophe that turns out to our advantage in a worldly point of view. The ordinary idea of God is that he must not be above meddling with the funds, or having to do with the Stock Exchange. If we could hear men's prayers this would be evidenced!

Some of the people thought that the manager had done it. The house was insured. His property was insured. The fire would melt down the theatre wardrobe into good gold coins. He had enemies of course. Power over one's fellows of any sort means hatred. So some said he didn't care for all the poor people had lost. He had "feathered his own nest" with fire. A mixed metaphor is caused by, and is excusable when it comes in connection with very strong feelings. This explains these figures of speech. That flames might be regarded as feathers is true, but that a man could feather his nest with them, he would require to be a phoenix. Now the manager was not a phoenix; he was a man and miserable. He had lost by the fire. It was not a good speculation. Although people hinted that he had cast his bread upon the fire, with the expectation that it would return in hard cash after many days, that fire was as good as water; he had made a very bad job of it. He was out of pocket, even if the insurance company paid up; he was out of a theatre, from which he derived his income, and he had been upon the threshold of what he looked upon as a certain success. "Forethought" would have paid, and now "Forethought," for want of forethought, was gone. The people who thought the manager had done it, ought to have seen him in his own room; he was walking up and down, up and down. How impotent a man is in all circumstances; but a catastrophe is a giant circumstance; a mob of little events ruled by one grand purpose, "desolation." He is powerless, and he curses himself for the weakness which is in him. Yet the giant is not all powerful. He will sleep, and sleep is weakness. If he came in the shape of a flood, there will be a long draught anon. The houses and bridges he swept away will be built again; they will be built better, so that when next he comes he shall find he has slept too long. If he comes in the fire, he will find when next he comes that man is ready for him. A surprise is an excellent piece of tactics, but it can be tried too often.

A catastrophe is like some drug given to the world, the second or third time it loses its effect. To produce the same effect, nature requires to increase the dose. Yet a man will not see that at first he can't stand against the force of the giant, and he is not content to wait until he goes past, and then come out, and with little coral insect-like acts build what the giant has torn down, and build it so that he may not tear it down again. One error of catastrophes is that they are too showy; they make too much noise, and light, and commotion; they show their hand too much. It may be a hand of faced cards true, but a hand of small cards hidden is better than a hand of honours seen. So the catastrophe is beaten at the game by that good little boy and his good little sister, work and patience. Such is the real fairy tale of the world. But men are slow of belief.

After all the surmises and guesses, which went out like the dove from Noah's ark, and when they could, brought home branches—not generally olive branches, more generally the “fiery cross”—after all the talking and enquiring, people came to the conclusion that it was impossible to say how the fire had originated. But those who had had suspicions, thought they were bound in justice to themselves to add that “when the secrets of all hearts were laid open, the truth would be known.” If they were pressed to speak more plainly, they shook their heads.

By this means their suspicions retired into private life covered with honours. Neighbours had a mysterious respect for those people. They would say,

“He knew more than he said.”

This was probably true.

CHAPTER XIV.

DEATH.

DEATH is sometimes coy! It is like a cat, and plays with its victim. That is awful sport! To play a game with throes and agonies. It may be the soul clinging to the body, as limpets to a rock. The struggle for existence at the last. That struggle of a man with self is hideous, and yet it is solemn; it is full of the terrible, and yet it is sublime. There is no act in life so wonderful as death. It had come! Three days of watching. Three nights of that loathsome idleness. Three whole days and nights during which there is nothing to be done but to listen to moans. Oh! what some work would be at such a time. Some act by which we might relieve one pang. Some labour by which we might give a little rest. But prayers are not always granted just as we wish them. That would not be prayer!

But it had come. The low moan had ceased. The hands which held his felt a little tremble. The ears which were close to his lips heard a long low sigh. It was a sigh of relief. The pain had ceased. He was dead.

Stories must go back as well as forward.

Godfrey St. Aubin was sitting in the box with his sister-in-law when he had heard the cry of fire. Lord St. Aubin didn't go to the theatre. He went to the House. He was a young man, and had ambition. Many young men have. They often grow out of it.

Godfrey St. Aubin was not a man to sit and do nothing. And almost before the single voice which had cried "fire" had been echoed by the thousand other voices in the theatre, he had hurried Lady St. Aubin into the passage, and they were on the stairs. He thought it better to have to return if the alarm was false, than to have to stay if it was true.

But it was true. As they went down the steps, the single voice which had sounded like a whisper, had swelled into a roar. The breath had become a whirlwind.

He was in the street before any had begun to move. There is a little state of lethargy which precedes all great effort. A super-human activity is precluded by a little of the inactivity of dead matter. It is a sort of chrysalis out of which a butterfly, that flutters constantly, comes.

He had placed Lady St. Aubin in a cab, said "Good night," told the man where to drive to, before she had time to ask him to go with her. He turned back. He ran up the steps. He met people hurrying down—the awful struggle had not come yet. He pushed through some groups of people who were wishing to save their cloaks and hats, and were throwing other people's about to find their own. If you can save your life and your hat too, it is well. At such a time it is well to have presence of mind. Presence of mind tells you to do the best for yourself.

He had passed through them. He was on his way to the box where he had seen Elton Asprey seated with Marie Erle's father. He thought, "He will save her. I saw him leave the box. I may save her father." He knew the box. He reached it. The door was open. There was no one there. He ran about seeking for the old man. He shuddered when he thought of a blind man groping amongst flames. He was risking his own life, but he felt a feeling of pride as he knew his danger. The passage where he was was deserted. He ran to the end of it. There was a door open. It opened up a stair. At the foot of the narrow stair he saw some one move. It was a dark narrow way. And the fire only threw stray gleams through its darkness. Such lights look

like lassoes. They are thrown and drawn back. They may have caught a spirit.

He sprang down into the darkness. The stair led to the stage. At its foot lay the old blind man. In his darkness facing a glare of light. He had taken the way through the fire. He had fallen. The noise and running to and fro had bewildered him. He felt himself grasped by some one. He felt himself led. He thought it was by a hand, and then he felt the glow in the face. Something scorched him. He felt something like a rain of fire fall upon him. He staggered back. He fell. And there he lay. Godfrey St. Aubin raised him. The old man could not walk. There was a stair led down from the place where the old man had fallen. St. Aubin carried his burden down this stair. It went to the wonderful machinery below the stage. It was quiet there. It felt cool after the stage. Just before him was an open window. Some one had thrown it open to escape by. The night wind blew through it. He got out, and found himself in a back yard or street. Some people stood about. And he gave the old man to them. They laid him on some straw in a covered way which led from the back street into the thoroughfare. It was then Godfrey St. Aubin saw Elton Asprey leap from the window upon the roof. It was then he placed the ladder for him.

He said he had saved the old man; but, alas! there are so many comparative terms. He had saved him that he might die at home. He had saved him, that he might have three days more of life. He had carried him out of death's fingers, that he might live through three days of agony. What a triumph the devil had there in the street, now and then lit by the gleams of ruin.

Godfrey St. Aubin had done nobly. The devil was disappointed in him. But that a man who "rats" to God's party should return to the devil's! that is a triumph!

When Godfrey St. Aubin heard Elton Asprey say he would save Marie's father or die, he fought to do the right; but the devil's voice drowned the angel's.

What the devil said was this.

"Let him go. No one will ever know. You shall have all the credit. You have made up your mind to do well, to marry Marie you are not wicked now. Let him go; it is not your doing. He kills himself. You did not make the fire."

So Elton Asprey went.

When it was all over. When Godfrey St. Aubin sat beside Asprey's bed in his little lodgings on the country's hem, during the long night, and cursed himself. When he called himself a murderer, and said, "If he dies, I shall die," Marie Erle sat beside her father in the room where she had watched Asprey. There

was a light in the window. It could be seen from the room in which Elton Asprey lay. She could see the flicker of the light in his room when she moved the curtain. These two little faint lights seemed to look at each other through the night. A sad stare. Little, faint, sickly flutterings of flame which served to show despair.

Godfrey St. Aubin walked up and down the little room. He had taken off his boots. He did not mind the draught from underneath the door. He wished it would have made his head cool as well. He murmured, "If I had saved a dozen, does it make up for one murder?"

He thought he had saved one life, and caused another to be lost. He was wrong in both particulars.

In a few hours Asprey opened his eyes, and thanked Godfrey St. Aubin. That "Thank you" cut like a knife.

The next day he was almost quite better.

He had his arm in a sling for a week or two; that was all. St. Aubin had not murdered a man.

In three days, at the darkest hour of the night, a moan became a sigh. The pain was gone, but so was the soul. The old blind man was dead. St. Aubin had not saved a man. It seemed a drawn game between him and Fate, circumstances for chessmen. Circumstances each have their own moves.

CHAPTER XV.

NEWS.

ONE day Marie was sitting alone.

Elton Asprey came to her, and said,

"Marie."

She smiled.

"Marie, I have lost my father."

"Your father?"

"He is dead."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"It is not of him who lies in the churchyard I speak."

"No?"

"No; he is not my father."

"Who is?"

"Who *was*. He is dead. I never knew him. I find him; but he is a corpse. I have a father; but he is no more. He is only now dead! He died on Thursday night."

"On Thursday night! Your father and my father. That is strange."

"Marie. I shall be rich now. My father was rich."

"I am glad you will be rich."

"I am not glad."

"If you are not the son of him who lies in the churchyard. If your father was not William Goodeve. If you have got again your belief in his heroism, his life of suffering, and cruel duty, then you inherit no disease."

"Only money."

"Then you will be happy. You can love now. Miss Musgrave will love you, and will not require to make any sacrifice for you. You will be happy."

This was hard to say. How fond misery is of convincing us of our own great capacity for suffering. When we think that nothing that the world could do would make our load heavier, we feel the weight of some other dire event. When we think our cup is full, we find it still being poured into; out of those vials of wrath bitter waters are still sprinkled.

Reason is no gauge of feeling. It never can understand it. It is wedded to it; but they quarrel. They are never separate, but they are strangers to one another; they co-operate in everything, and yet they despise one another. So when reason says, "Suffering is at its worst. Blows after this will not be felt. You might as well expect to pain a stone," reason is wrong. Pangs will still be felt, sorrows will still build up that wall which obscures the light and makes a house of darkness; pains will still wring cries of agony from the human heart. It is in the growth of capacity, in the endless advances of spirit to meet events, and to take their honey or their gall from them, to suffer or joy, it is in this that a hope of life's eternity lies hid.

Mysteries are guesses at truth, with their wings clipped. We keep hens in a yard by cutting their wings. They become domestic because they are tethered. They suit themselves to circumstances, and scrape in the dunghill. This is wisdom. Our guesses sometimes fly too high, and, Icarus-like, have the wax of their wings melted. This brings them back to earth, and they are henceforth called mysteries. This is a little history of the wrecked argosies, which may be seen everywhere in the world of opinion and thought.

Marie Erle was very silent after she heard Elton Asprey's story of his father's death. He did not know the whole truth, but he told her all he knew. It was Dr. Yates who had written the letter. Dr. Yates had heard of the fire, but it was through the newspapers. He had not heard of it from Elton Asprey; he knew none of the particulars. He condoled with the young author on the death of his play. He tried to condole with the young man on the death of his father. He asked him to come to Queensberry at once.

When Marie heard all, she only asked :

“When do you go?”

When he had gone away,—he had some business to do—she went into the room where her father had lain. It was empty now. She wept there for an hour or two; she did not know how time went. It was dark when she came out of the room. She did not note the darkness or the light. The next day he came to tell her that he meant to go to Queensberry that night, and then she said to him :

“Take me with you. I dare not stay alone.”

And he said :

“Come.”

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

EVEN THE TONGUE HAS ITS USE.

THE man who gives his neighbours something to think about is surely a benefactor. The man who gives his neighbours something that they can sympathise with, laugh at, or cry over, surely does them much kindness. But he who gives them something to talk about, is perhaps kindest of all. Everybody feels the want of something to talk about. Topics of conversation are generally few. Virtue, honesty, and probity are hardly fit subjects for a drawing-room. A little of the “others” of these virtues may be tolerated; vice may be spoken about, but is always to be shown in its most attractive colours. Atrocity may be mentioned, but no very realistic descriptions must be given. “Shops” of all kinds—meaning those subjects of which people do know something—is strictly prohibited, except medical “shop” which may be sparingly indulged in. Women indulge their appetite for the horrible in hearing about “beautiful ulcers.” We have all in us a wild beast craving; we are animals, though we are men.

Some events had come to light which gave people in Queensberry much to talk about, and those who brought about these events had surely a right to some respect in consequence of having done so. News is a blessing. We all live such very quiet lives. We all find the passage through this world—a quarantine for heaven—so stupid. We so seldom have great joys or sorrows, and when joys and sorrows do come, they pass away so quickly, that news is a sort of necessity. We live in a theatre, and our neighbours are constantly acting little plays. The newspapers are our opera-glasses. Act one, “A marriage in high life.” Act two, “The divorce court.” Such things keep us alive. The enemy of our time and race is ennui.

But the Queensberry people had news enough ; wonderful news. Mr. Fenwick was dead, found lying under the Highcliffe Crag. Mr. Fenwick was dead, and the Honourable Mrs. Fenwick was not a widow ; nay, the Honourable Mrs. Fenwick was not Mrs. Fenwick at all, but the Honourable Miss St. Aubin, an aunt of the present holder of the title. This was news ! How very pleasant it is to have something disagreeable to say of those who are in a higher position than you are. If rank has its privileges and its duties, it has its liabilities. It is liable to many assaults. Insignificance can do much, and not be commented upon ; but high rank lives on the hill, and it cannot be hid. Was there ever a king who was not undermined by scandal ? The higher one is, the more people see one, and the more that is seen and known of a man, the more he is liable to attacks. A man who is much seen, has much surface exposed. Disparagers are like mosquitoes, they are not particular about where they sting.

How Edward Fenwick's shallow respectability was torn. He stood there, as it were, looking more despicable for the rags and tatters of what had once been such a goodly garment. How people hate a mockery which has taken them in. A sham which deceives others but does not deceive them, is only an excellent joke. How they hate qualities which have been assumed and which they have mistaken for genuine.

The grave which had just closed over him was no protection. A man is not to be allowed to live a lie and shield himself from the consequences by death. As for saying nothing but good, no good could be said. That seems to be a sufficient reason for not saying it. Conscience is an admirable coadjutor when desire is of the same opinion as itself. It speaks out boldly and " trumpet-tongued." Trumpets have no tongues ; but many light coins pass current and many bad figures do just as well as good, perhaps better. They are a kind of paper currency in literature which keeps the good gold out of circulation. Good tropes waste with wear. They become loose like a shoe that is worn ; hence the advantage of bad metaphors.

Still, notwithstanding the many things that were said concerning Edward Fenwick, Esq., of Wistmere Hall, we would prefer doing as Dr. Yates did,—he held his tongue. He went to the funeral, and he tried to remember his old friend's best qualities and kindest actions, and when a thought of his errors did arise within him he thought how fallible he was, and how, if facts did not speak truth, gossip was the worst of liars.

Edward Fenwick was buried in the family vault. It was very grand, very dignified ; it was a very cathedral for decay to minister in. But decay has no hesitancy. It will minister anywhere.

The worms have no delicacy; they will go anywhere—a coat of arms is not an antiseptic. But there were other things to speak about. Oh, tongues had enough to do.

Mrs. Asprey, who lived in the cottage with the little garden at the town head, and who had supported herself all these years honestly by needle-work,—Mrs. Asprey, whose son, a diligent boy, had taken all the prizes at the Grammar School, and who was doing well in London,—Mrs. Asprey, who had been in Queensberry sixteen years, and concerning whom, during all those years, no one had said a word of disparagement,—Mrs. Asprey was not Mrs. Asprey, but Mrs. Fenwick, of Wistmere Hall. Everybody knew it; everybody was talking about it.

The story was this.

Mrs. Asprey had gone to the vicar and told him the whole story, and had been anxious to keep it secret. She had a good, kind heart, and she did not like to harm poor Mrs. Fenwick, who was deaf, and perhaps it was as well, for she wouldn't hear all that was said, and people couldn't have the heart to tell her down a trumpet. Mrs. Asprey, or the real Mrs. Fenwick, was unwilling to turn Miss Georgiana St. Aubin, or the false Mrs. Fenwick, out of the Hall, and she asked the vicar to keep it all secret, and let her husband be remembered with respect rather than with disrespect. No one approved of her wish to protect her husband, but everybody approved of the vicar's advice that he should be allowed to use his discretion as his duty dictated. The vicar's discretion led him to the office of Messrs. Hepworth and Hicks, who made all the necessary enquiries, and convinced the vicar of the entire accuracy of Mrs. Asprey's statement. The vicar's discretion and sense of duty then led him to take Dr. Yates into his confidence, and then to make the facts public. He did not do so without Mrs. Asprey's (Fenwick) permission, but he obtained that permission by putting her duty in a very strong light.

Meanwhile Dr. Yates had undertaken to communicate with Elton Asprey, whose real name was Edward Elton Fenwick, as the registry of baptisms at the church of St. Mary-the-less, in the parish of Old Wickham, showed.

This was the story people were able to tell, and in most particulars it was strictly true.

The excitement was naturally considerable. Many people called on Mrs. Fenwick at her little cottage, and several of them said that it struck them very much, the unaffected simplicity and lady-like bearing of Mrs. Fenwick.

"So natural, you know," Miss Eden said when speaking to a friend. "She opened the door for us herself. She doesn't seem to keep a servant."

Miss Eden was a daughter of the grocer. They were very rising people, the Edens. They had employed Mrs. Asprey on various occasions to do needle-work for them. They paid regularly, and expected discount. It was very kind of them to call on Mrs. Asprey. They confessed they had always had a great liking for Mrs. Asprey, but formerly they couldn't show her any attention. It was different, now, of course, quite different; so they asked Mrs. Asprey if she would come to tea and bring her work. The "bring her work" was felt by the youngest Miss Eden to be a "gaucherie." However, Mrs. Asprey refused. The recent death of her husband was her reason.

Miss Eden hoped that she would come another time. Miss Eden even found in her limited experience of sorrow that it was well to make an effort; and Miss Eden went away. The Edens were ambitious; they wanted to be in county society. County society is the heaven of those who live in a county town. Perhaps that desire had something to do with the invitation to tea.

But many other people were kind.

Kate Musgrave went to see Mrs. Asprey. She sat a long time beside her without speaking, and then she slipped her hand into hers and said:

"I am sorry for you."

Then there was a pause, and Kate said:

"Why did your son go away?"

A common sorrow brought them close together. They had both sorrowed for Elton Asprey's departure. The girl's had been deeper than the mother's.

There is comfort in tears. The eyes seem to bale the spirit, and it floats more lightly when the water is gone. A woman is like a flower that has caught the raindrops and is bent under them until they are poured out; or like a bird which has been sitting in cold dews, which cannot fly lightly till its wings are shaken.

When Kate went away and held up her face to be kissed Mrs. Asprey said:

"You'll come again, Miss ——"

"Call me Kate."

"You'll come again, then, Kate dear?"

"I'll come to see you every day if you'll let me."

So they parted.

CHAPTER II.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

YET! that was not all.

No; Queensberry had more to talk about.

It became known that various circumstances led to the belief that Mr. Fenwick had been murdered.

"If one is to have gossip, it is well to have it strong," people thought. Tastes differ, of course; but many people like a tea that takes a hold of their mouths as if every drop was a barnacle. And so with gossip; some people may like to hear about mothers' meetings and Sunday schools, but others do like a little atrocity. Something that makes you creep. Such creeping is agreeable to some. Goose-skin may come to be a luxury.

Mr. Edward Fenwick's murder turned the tide of popular indignation. His evil deeds, which had been on the dissecting-table, were "interred" immediately after his bones. As a mother might be buried to-day, and her infant to-morrow. The "dissecting-table" was wanted for another subject. Gossip, from being a censor of morals, became a judge in a criminal court. It took evidence as to who could have done it. The evidence was this: Mrs. Asprey, Mr. Fenwick's own wife, had found the body. *She* had reasons for disliking Mr. Fenwick. But, as it was discovered that it was upon the evidence given by Mrs. Asprey that the fact of murder was suspected at all, this line of argument was abandoned, and another explanation was sought. All the facts that people had to go upon were these: Mrs. Asprey had been waiting in the garden at Wistmere Hall, in the hope of seeing her husband. She had not succeeded, and was about to return to Queensberry, as she had done repeatedly after the failure of similar attempts, when she saw the front door opened, and a man came out. He did not go away, but seemed to crouch down behind one of the shrubs. She waited to see what would happen. It was the night of the thunder-storm, and in a short time Mr. Fenwick came out and took the path which leads round the house and up to the back gate, which opens on Highcliffe moor. The man followed Mr. Fenwick, and Mrs. Asprey followed both. When they reached the crag, Mrs. Asprey heard the sound of a rock being hammered, and then she heard it fall to the ground and roll down the hill. A lightning flash which came when the sound had ceased showed her the man she had followed bending over Mr. Fenwick. When she reached the place where he was lying, she found he was dead.

Such was the story people told.

It was further said that Mrs. Asprey had not seen the man's face, but that he was tall and strongly built. The butler at the Hall had been questioned concerning the man, and remembered the circumstances perfectly, "because when he went down stairs it was tea-time." It is an excellent thing to be able to make a right use of reason. The butler, however, said that he did not know who the man was, but that he asked to see Mr. Fenwick, and said it was upon business of importance. He could swear that man was not Mr. Maleson, or, as he was called, "the gentleman from Foxwood." He would have known Mr. Maleson in any disguise. He thought he should know the man again if he saw him.

The question with reference to Mr. Maleson had been asked in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of that individual. He had not been seen or heard of since the night of Mr. Fenwick's death. Some search had been made for him. Some inquiries were made. The servant he employed could give little information. He was in the habit of going out and coming in at all sorts of strange hours. He very often was out all night. Upon the evening in question he had gone out somewhat early, and said he was going to Queensberry, and should be back at about nine o'clock. It was not his usual custom to say where he was going. He did say where he was going upon that occasion. Since that time he had not returned to Foxwood. And he had not sent any letter or message to the servant. He had never been as long away from home before.

These were all the facts that were known. They were sufficient to cause suspicion in some minds. Some people become aware of the existence of carrion while they are still a great way off. Some people are always suspecting the existence of crime—and they are sometimes right. They get the credit of great acumen in those cases. No one takes the trouble to expose their pretensions when they are wrong. If a man carries himself humbly, but shows a general distrust of everybody to everybody's neighbour, he will be regarded as most discriminating. There is much practical wisdom shown in sneering at virtue in the concrete and praising it in the abstract. If you want examples, go to antiquity. Virginia will do as well as another! Make it a rule not to believe in any good motives. It is best to look upon love as selfishness. Such a general principle is an excellent excuse for any sordidness in you.

But many people had their suspicions that poor Mr. Fenwick—who was, perhaps, not so bad as people said—had not got fair play.

CHAPTER III.

NATURE IS A CAVE. WE HAVE TO CARRY LIGHTS INTO IT.

WHERE was Maleson?

One-seventh of Ireland is a bog. Bogs are not low marshy tracks incapable of drainage. Drainage is an artificial way of making up for Nature's mistake in not putting a place on a hill. But bogs are often found amongst hills. They are mountaineer marshes. In almost all cases they admit of water communication by some river to the sea. In bogs Nature has been making a sort of clay that burns. There is a red fibrous bog, and a black bog. The red burns, but the black burns better than the red. The surface of most bogs is covered with the common heath. The common heath is olive-coloured, but its flowers are a pinkish purple. When crimson light falls on the long flat bog, as it often does from a sinking sun, and shines on the flowers and on the bare patches of brown peat, it looks like a plane covered with blood. Some wet, some dry. The river, as it runs through it, looks like a sword!

In some places the peat is moist and fluid. It is like a quagmire. It does not flow; it is at rest. But many animals move in it. In such a place an amphibious animal would combine its two lives.

The growth of peat is curious.

There is a species of moss called the sphagnum. It has a peculiar quality, that of dying in one part of its system, and living in another. Decay grasps the lowest roots, and it puts out new shoots above, and lives on its own decay. It is this decay that makes peat. Other things go to form this fuel. Reeds, rushes, and other aquatic plants are to be found in it.

If we only knew all, we would come to have a great respect for the wind. As it is, few human hearts are altogether free from awe of that wonderful giant. We see it do much, but it has done much more than we can guess. It has formed many of these peat marshes. A forest stood there once. Oaks and pines grew upon that piece of barren ground. It was not barren then; wild flowers grew everywhere amongst the roots of the trees, as if their timidity was being taught to be strong by those sage old oaks. But a wind came, and it wrestled with the forest, and threw down the oaks and the pines. Nature wanted to make a cesspool. The trees lay there rotting but slowly, for the frost is a great preservative. Winter is a *locum tenens* for summer, and buries the talent earth in a napkin of snow; does nothing with it, but gives it back to

summer when it comes again, to do with as it likes. It keeps things as they are. Autumn left the trees bare; winter leaves them bare. Autumn killed the flowers; winter leaves them dead, but preserves them from decay. Autumn blew down a forest; winter leaves it down, but keeps it from putrefaction.

In a country where summer is not given to absenteeism, the trees would have rotted, insects would have quarried them and removed them, and the land thus cleared would have been covered by other trees. The forest would have made place for the copse-wood, the copse-wood for the grove; but in a cold country the trees lie there dead. They are there like a raft, but there is not enough of water to move it. It is a struggle; either the water moves the trees, or the trees hold fast the water. If it is the latter a marsh is formed, and in fifty years people will dig peat from the grave of the forest. Peat mosses are found to be great cemeteries for dead trees.

Peat mosses have one curious quality, they embalm human bodies. A man sinks, and he is dug up when none are alive to recognise all the features that are still there. This decay is an enemy to decay. This decay preserves. About a hundred years ago the body of a woman was found four feet deep in a peat moss in Lincolnshire. Her hair, her nails, her skin, showed no marks of decay; yet she had sandals on her feet. How long she had kept some of the charms she had been proud of. Give the complexion a hundred years! A peat bog seems to be heaven; heaven to a woman if she could only have life. There is something horrible in this enduring of a body. Rotting is bad, but not rotting is worse. In Scotland there are what are called "quaking mosses," mosses which tremble. The surface is covered with grass and rushes. It is a dry crust, a sort of ice without frost; but it shakes under the foot. There was a battle fought in the reign of Henry VIII. (1542) near one of these shivering mosses: The Scotch were routed, and a troop of horse thought to cross the morass. It swallowed them. This moment they were seen in the sunlight, the fair green plain was before them. It was a fine sight. Every man's shield seemed a sun, so lavish was day of its light. Every man's steel coat seemed to splinter the sun's rays as if they were lances. They rode boldly and well.

The next moment there was nothing but the green plain and the sunlight.

Not long ago some men who were digging for peat heard a spade strike on something which rang at its touch. They found two skeletons in armour; the skeleton of a man and the skeleton of a horse.

These mosses have strange secrets. Some of them have ships

and boats buried in them. The place they cover may once have been an arm of the sea, and the heather may grow where the waves tumbled and ridged. Some others are the custodians of the old stone hatchets and stone arrow-heads which were used in peace and war in the old times. Through such discoveries we look back into a dead age, an age of stone, which has become stone. Such things are the stepping-stones of mind over the great gulf which separates the "now" from the "then." A museum is a vista, we see back through time. In this sense the spade is a scientific instrument.

These are some of the secrets of the morass. Each part of nature has a little plot which it is for man to unfold, a something hidden, which it is for man to bring to light.

But such mosses are not merely passive. They have not only mouths to swallow what is brought to them, they have hands to grasp; they can chase their prey.

CHAPTER IV.

A PHENOMENON.

THERE is something terrible in ignorance. When a man knows not what attacks him, he is taken at a disadvantage. When he does not expect assault he is surprised. Security is a snare. We dig a pit, cover it with branches and turf. It looks like solid earth. Do not the flowers blow upon it, and the butterflies, do they not perch on the flowers? It is solid. The grass is fresh and green; it will bear anything. So ignorance reasons and goes upon the sward, and there is a crash.

It is the frail branches breaking. It is ignorance being swallowed up in darkness. It is the trapped fool falling into a hole. Security is a snare.

Perfect ignorance is the most perfect security. Ignorance of one kind is called innocence. That is security; but even innocence is sometimes a snare.

Ignorance, which is not complete, lays a man open to surprises. Everything alarms him. A man's ears grow small when he knows a great deal. When he is ignorant, he requires to be on the alert. Every sound is unfamiliar, every sight is strange. The unfamiliar is always more or less awful; the strange is always more or less terrible. Men who have lived in plains, when they first see the mountains feel their spirits stricken, as a child cries when he sees a new face.

Each circumstance that a savage does not understand may cause pain. Each event may bring sorrow. He is suspicious of

all circumstances and events. So ignorance is always an open door to fear. Complete ignorance is free from apprehension, but it is imbecility.

But Nature has always something new to startle man with. You never can know all Nature's ways. The most knowing does not know all. The wisest knows that he knows very little.

There is one terrible thing that few people know the existence of, and that is the bursting of a bog. The winds, the sea, the thunder, and the lightning, all these men are familiar with. The one tells the secret of the other. We see a flash, and we stop our ears. We see the clouds driven across the sunlight, and we guess that the winds which are hurrying about overhead, and moving on a calm—as skaters move upon the calm of a frozen lake—will stoop and tear the shallow quietness in which we live, and will raise all the waves to beat against the rocks. We know this; but the slow long rains that fall, the dreary drip in the trees, the brown mud in the river,—these give no warning of the breaking up, the tearing down that may be close at hand.

Yet there is a pregnancy that will bring forth a monster. There is an earthquake at hand which will pour forth slime. There is the source of a mighty river of lava under our feet. And all this has been done in silence. There is no noise. The sky is not black. Long rains have emptied the sky of clouds. There is that pleasant gemming of the grass with dew, which is, as it were, the rainbow—peace's promise—laid down as a trophy at our feet.

The silence is broken. There is a shriek as if the earth were in the pains of labour. There is a noise as if the world were echoing an unheard thunder. There is the sound of tearing, as if a garment of rock of some colossal statue were rent in twain. The earth's mouth is opened, and black pitch flows forth. There is a river, but it is a river of filth. There is a flood, but it is a flood of slime. There is havoc, but it is not the havoc of the storm. There is a sweeping away, a bearing down, a hurrying forward, a wrenching from the earth, a breaking up; but it is not that of the flood. When winter does undo her chains, when rivers do again flow to the sea, they laugh, they roar, they are merry, with the master ice torn and broken in their grasp. They sweep on, irresistible, but noisy. They do damage, but they do it merrily. They are quick to reach the sea. They are hardy, because they have come from the mountains. They have life in them. They are coming back with summer. But this river has no voice. It came not from the mountains. It flows from the grave. It is not melted snows, but fluid filth. There is no mirth; there is an awful silence. There is no life; there is a widespread death. It

is not the breaking up of the siege of winter, and the joy of returning liberty. It is the opening of the crater of a volcano which does not know fire. It is the opening of a womb which bears death and not life.

It is the bursting of a bog.

CHAPTER V.

A LOOK BACK INTO THE DARKNESS.

MALESON! Where was he?

The lightning-flash showed him Edward Fenwick. The stone rolled down. And the next lightning of heaven showed him his enemy lying dead.

Everything had been as he thought. All had gone well. Nature would bear the blame of the murder. Who could say he did it? He would mourn more than most over his benefactor. True, he would not lose by Edward Fenwick's death. Maleson had a hold upon the heir. Frank Fenwick was indebted to him for many favours. Frank would be grateful; he knew he would. He could rely upon Frank and the document. Besides, the only man who could ruin him was gone. Edward Fenwick was the only man who knew of the forgery. He was safe now.

He stood there for a moment, and then took his way down the steep bank. He met Jervis at the end of the wood. Jervis whispered,

"All right."

That meant that Edward Fenwick was dead. He had assured himself of the fact, and the "All right" was meant to indicate this fact.

These two men said "Good night." Courtesies are not to be neglected under any circumstances. The possession of vice does not preclude the practice of the amenities. Because a man is bad that is no reason why he should be uncivil. They said "Good night." The "good night" had a meaning upon the part of Maleson. He meant to lead Jervis to believe that he was about to return home. Such, however, was not his intention. Maleson was a man who had regard to the future. If it ever did happen that any person looked upon the circumstances of Edward Fenwick's death as suspicious; if any person ever thought that Edward Fenwick was murdered, it might be necessary to set up a defence. When a man says "Not guilty," he asserts that some other body is guilty. When this implied accusation is very general, it is not of much use; but, if such an accusation can be made to

indicate a certain person, it may lead to a verdict in one's favour. Maleson had thought of this. If it was decided that Mr. Fenwick had been murdered, who was the person most likely to have done it? Some one who had received an injury from Mr. Fenwick was more likely to have murdered him than one who had received many favours. Jervis had, or thought he had, received an injury from Edward Fenwick. Maleson had, or pretended to have, received many favours from Mr. Fenwick. Besides. Where was Jervis on that night? Doubtless, it would be proved that he had called on Mr. Fenwick, and he could not, of course, prove he had been elsewhere than the Highcliffe Crag. As for Maleson. He had travelled from Birdthwait to Queensberry by the last train. He could not, had he been at Highcliffe Crag at the time of the murder, have reached Birdthwait in time for the last train, unless he had crossed the Wortley Moss. But no person who was unfamiliar with the path could cross the Moss at night. Maleson was not familiar with the path. No one had ever seen him there. The confession of Jervis would itself prove that he had not crossed the Moss, for Jervis would say he parted from him at the end of the wood, and he had taken the road which leads to Wistmere Hall and Foxwood. Yet it would be proved that he was at Birdthwait at a certain hour. And Jervis's confession would hang him. That was why Maleson said "Good night" at the place he did.

It is surely a great thing when the simple courtesies of life can be made to subserve two ends. To show good feeling, and at the same time to secure personal safety. What could be more excellent. Maleson had evidently a desire to shape the future. This is one quality of greatness or of littleness. To shape the future, to prepare a way through the good deeds of the present to a possibility of greater deeds in the time to come. That is greatness. But to make the present pander to a wickedness which may come to be, is surely to degrade the only great thing we have in life—the little piece of time that is ours—is surely to degrade ourselves.

Maleson did not see things in that light. Much depends upon a point of view. May not "hell" and "heaven" be convertible terms? He was a man who had much care that he should not suffer. Some people call that selfishness. It may be looked upon as prudence. He was a man who felt himself unqualified for the awful struggle for existence which goes on upon earth. His body was strong, his constitution was good; but his soul was delicate! Some men properly dread east winds. Other men very properly dread temptation. Temptation is flesh. He knew he was not good at resisting. That was not his forte. Was it not prudent to

try and avoid temptation? Surely, resisting the devil means running away from him. Such running away is not a retreat; it is a feint. You come up again stronger. Now, he wished to avoid all temptation; therefore, he condescended to do one great sin. Before he actually cut the devil, he meant to have something out of him. Such a thing would be a double injury to the powers of darkness. Did not the Israelites spoil the Egyptians? That would have been called theft if God had not commanded it. These were his reasons for the sin. The same argument followed out will set the necessity of his precautions in as strong a light. Precautions in a good cause are good. He meant to be good; therefore, his precautions with the view of criminating Jervis had their excellence.

When he had said "Good night," and when these two men had looked on each other's faces by the light which glared at them—like a glance from God's eye—out of heaven, they parted, and went different ways. Maleson had to go so far on his way towards Foxwood, to allow Jervis to proceed on his way to the cottage. The storm still continued. Huge black clouds were rent by fire, and clapped their hands like children when they see light. The sport in the sky was the sport of giants. The rain fell, and sounded as if from all the ground there rose like a mist that solemn "hush" of white-lipped horror. Even strong hearts fail at such a time.

Maleson was wet and cold. The flash of lightning which had shown him the dead man had been too bright. It seemed to have burned the picture into his retina. He saw it still. He thought, "What if I should see it for ever? What if, when I look upon the sun a flash which makes the sun look wan should spread over heaven and show me a dead man lying on the ground? What if my dreams should be lit by memory with that awful flame, and I should waken to see that same picture—the fallen tree, the streaks of rain, the fallen rock, and the white face of the dead man?"

He was still advancing along the path; but just then he was stopped by the fallen tree. He was close to the dead. Horror will have our eyes; curiosity leads us even to the terrible. There was no light, but he looked over the fallen tree. All was dim. He saw the heap of clay that had been a man, but he saw more. He strained his eyes, he stretched forward; there was another there besides the dead; the dead was not alone; there was someone fondling the dead.

Fear and horror were in him now; he looked, he could not stir. His muscles were like iron, but they were in the strength of rest; he could not move. Then he saw that the living did not

move; he felt reassured. If it was only two dead the combination was not likely to prove annoying. He crept under the tree; he went nearer; he saw that it was a woman, and that her lips were on the lips of the dead. She was pale, perhaps dead. It was possibly a platonic kiss; the most platonic of all kisses is that of two dead mouths.

But he bethought him he did wrong. Courage was returned again—courage to fly. Sometimes it is timidity that keeps a man firm. Fear loses its legs. What if she were only sleeping? There is a sleep that horror leads to. She might waken; besides, he should be too late for the train. He crept under the tree again; he walked away and then he ran. Soon he had to cease running; he might overtake Jervis. He went close by the hedges; they had shadows a little deeper than the night. The deepest shadow was his friend. Soon he was near enough to hear Jervis's footsteps. He kept his own stilled by the grass at the wayside. He followed closely, however. Jervis was going straight to his cottage.

There was no lightning now, the fuel was burned out; the rain still fell. Jervis walked fast; he seemed to think he was followed. He thought it was the dead that followed him, but it was only a murderer: had he known that he would have been reassured.

He was close to his own door now, and he ran a little way and then pulled up and walked more slowly. He had been reasoning with himself; he had called himself a fool. That had given him courage, and he manifested it to himself by walking slowly. But when he got to the cottage he opened the door quickly, went in and shut it suddenly on the face of the night. Was there another face than that of blank, stupid darkness? Many men like to have a door between them and the wide dark.

Maleson heard a bolt drawn as he crept past. Now he could make what haste he pleased; he knew every foot of the road. It was narrow and dangerous. Was it he or it that shook? He felt the shaking; he didn't like it, and he ran. The running was a relief. He passed on. There were the pools; he could see their sheen even in the darkness. He had to leap from tussock to tussock. These little footstool-like mounds were grown over with rushes. The rain had ceased.

He made haste. Every minute gained might come to be evidence for him, and against Jervis, if the worst came to the worst. Who was the woman? She must have seen Jervis when he bent over the body. So he reasoned.

Just then he felt the earth shake. A voice was heard in the darkness. It was not from the sky, it was not from the sea. The

wind's voice is music. This sound was a hoarse roar, as of a giant shrieking in a grave. It seemed to come from under his feet. It was the earth that was speaking. He stood still; he knew not what enemy was in wait for him; he knew not what this cry might presage. It continued. It was like the sound of cannon, like the rending of a ship by some sharp rock, like the death shriek of a hundred mammoths. It made the earth tremble, and then it ceased. The ground he was standing on seemed to sink under him slowly. Then through the night he saw something black approach him; it moved along like a huge river. It came like the lava from a crater, but it was black. It moved slowly. It was a river, a river of mud, a river of fluid peat, a river of slime. It came on slowly. It was broad; he could not see its other shore. It passed him. It flowed on either side of him. It left him on an island, an island in the darkness, in a sea blacker than night. The bog had burst; the long rains had made the earth a sponge. The morass had held the water between two of its tough layers. It had been a bag, but the weight had been too great for it. The water had torn up the earth. It had got out of its grave. It had broken the bars of its prison. It swept filth and foulness with it over the plain. There was no noise now. It flowed on; nothing stopped it. It was silently irresistible. It rose. He shuddered. He felt it about his feet. It was like a reptile. It was sweeping on. Its foul flood was like bitumen. In one place there was a lake of pitch. Here was a sea. It eddied round his legs slowly. It seemed as if it was the angel water turned a devil and sedate. It did not run, it crept. It was a river, but it moved more like a glacier. It was water, but it was half solid. It was water, but it was full of pitch. It was water, but it was black. It rose about him. He did not feel immersed. He felt clung to. It was not as if it touched him. It held by him. It seemed to have suckers, which grasped his flesh. It was all about him. It was rising. The flood was flowing on as far as his eye could reach through the darkness. He saw nothing but the level surface of that foul lake. It was about his chest. He scarce could stand; he felt it drawing him onward, onward, silently, slowly. He stretched his hands above his head. He cried aloud. He knew not what he cried. It was the agony of death. It was a prayer. Slowly the pitch rose. It grasped him. It was about his neck.

Soon there was nothing but the black surface of that strange sea.

The next morning the sun shone on the strange ruin. The contents of some hundreds of acres of bog had been emptied upon the moor. It had formed a wide black lake, and from the ex-

tremity of this lake a sable river had taken the course of the little Wortley brook. But here it had become violent, from its weight. It had swept away trees and stones. It had torn down the banks of the stream, and upon reaching that part of the moor which had been cultivated, which had been taken from the waste, it had overwhelmed many fields, and swept away several cottages. The people who lived in the cottages had time to escape, and people said : " Well, it's a mercy no lives were lost."

No one had heard that cry. The echo he had cheated so long heard it, and shouted it to the night ; shouted it to the black deluge ; shouted it to the dead man who lay below. It seemed to roar it to God himself. Perhaps the prayer was not lost.

MOLIÈRE.

(Concluded from page 109.)

THIS revelation is sufficient of itself to show the heart-worship Molière lavished on the erring girl-wife. And surely this love was a pearl of great price, richer by far than the choicest images his facile pen has drawn.

It was but a cool reception which awaited the first representation of "*Le Misanthrope*." Well might the poet be astonished, that a work wherein he had pictured *himself* should be coolly passed over. This was on the 4th June, 1666, at the Palais Royal. Boileau consoled the mortified poet by the one word, "Wait," the word that prophesied so much and promised something worthy of waiting for. The auditors at last felt the scales fall from their eyes, and then no applause seemed too great for Molière's ideal. No doubt many of our burlesque writers have been greatly indebted to the next piece which Molière brought out, "*Le Medecin malgré lui*," a most excellent piece, showing his versatility, in turning from the ideal to the real. It was first acted on the 6th August. But "*Mélicerbe*" argued badly for a success, the plot and general structure being thin and tame. It was acted on the 2nd of December. It was suggested by Timarète and Sésostris, in "*Cyrus*," a romance. Molière wrote it for the young Barou, whose great vanity once caused him to say that "a tragic actor ought to be nursed in the lap of a queen," and, more egregious still, he stated, bombastically, "that once in a century we might see a Cæsar, but that 2,000 years were not sufficient to produce a Barou." He played Myrtil. This, as well as the "*Pastoral Comique*" (which next appeared), comprised the "*Ballet du Muses*." Lulli set the "*Pastoral Comique*" to music. Then came "*Le Sicilien, ou l'amour peintre*," and, as the "*Ballet du Muses*" appeared a second time, Molière substituted this, which was a much better one, for "*Mélicerbe*," with which he was dissatisfied, the beginning of January, 1667, at St. Germain. The 10th of June following, it appeared at Paris. The king appeared in it, with some of the principal personages of the court in the final scene. "*Le Tartuffe ou l'Imposteur*" seems to have been on the way some time, for its first three acts were represented at Versailles as early as the 12th

May, 1664, and the king, with Monsieur, were highly entertained. The Prince de Condé appears to have had a rehearsal of it on Nov. 29th, 1664, at Riancy, honoured again with the king's presence. Its first entire representation was witnessed at Paris the 5th of August, 1667, as "L'Imposteur," and then again Feb. 5th, 1669. The second representation, *i.e.*, of 1669, had a run of forty-three nights. The king, with Monsieur, heard it, though, before it was represented at Riancy, at Villars-Cotterell, but on account of the truthfulness of the character of the "faux dévot, ressemblait trop au véritable," so it was said, his judgment placed it under an interdict, and Monsieur and the Prince de Condé could not overcome the king's scruples. It was different in the folly or vice it exposed to his previous satires. While "Le Facheux" exposed pedantry, and "Les Precieuses" bad taste, and "Le Misanthrope" aimed at society's vices, "Tartuffe" was a general satire aimed at the abominable intriguing follies of the age, the suave and mild exterior that concealed deep cunning, the polished manner that was considered necessary to betray, and the united bands who held together for support in nefarious practices. For years it seemed under a ban, whatever influence endeavoured to propitiate the king, witness the plaçets which are prefixed to the play.

The history of this play is sufficient to show Molière's indomitable perseverance in unveiling vice, but receiving a check from those whom the cap appeared to fit, he brought it before any ecclesiastic he could get to hear it, and a papal legate confessed that they could see nothing detrimental in it, for they were convinced Heaven could never favour hypocrites. In 1661, Molière had lost his brother, and succeeding to his duties of *tapissier*, he had been brought more in contact with the king; so much favour had he obtained from his royal master, that we find his name placed as a poet in the list of *pensionnaires*. But with all this favour, consent could not be gained, and the wonder is much more increased, because the king greatly influenced the troupe's conduct. He adopted or rejected a *débutant*, and even suggested a subject for Molière to work upon, or gave his comments on any work in progress. A piece at the time was greatly in favour, "Scaramouche en mite," and it abounded in grossness of no common order. "Je voudrais bien savoir, pourquoi les gens se scandalisent si fort de la comédie de Molière, ne disent mot de celle de Scaramouche," remarked the king one day to Condé, who replied, "C'est que la comédie de Scaramouche joue le ciel et la religion, dont ces messieurs-la ne se soucient point; mais celle de Molière les joue eux-mêmes, et c'est ce qu'ils ne peuvent souffrir." And Montfleury, thinking Molière in disgrace, or perhaps in envy of

him, circulated the reports concerning the kin of Molière, which were met by the king standing godfather to Molière's first child.

Louis was before Lisle, flushed with the ardour and toils of military glories, when Molière gained the permission to act "*Tartuffe*." But in spite of the king's permission, the play did not suit the ruling power, for after altering the title, and bestowing almost a new phase of character on the chief impersonations, the churchman turned into a *roué* and wearing a sword and *dentelles*, the play was prohibited. Its first representation, in spite of all this wariness on Molière's part, seemed to be destined to be its last, for the president, Lamoignon, sent a *heussier de parlement* to prohibit a second representation, and the Archbishop of Paris published a mandate of interdiction, "*a toutes personnes devoir représenter, lire ou entendre reciter la comédie nouvellement nommée 'L'Imposteur,' soit publiquement, soit en particulier, sous peine d'excommunication.*" Two days after La Grange and Thorillière were despatched with the grievance to the king. The absence of these faithful servants lasted fifty days, and during their absence the troupe remained idle, and nothing was gained by their journey but the king's promise to look into the matter on his return.

To the great credit of Louis he attended to his promise, and accorded his permission. The withheld performance and the *bruit* about it literally made the theatre what we should term now a crush. On the 5th of July, 1669, "*Tartuffe ou L'Imposteur*" dared to make his appearance. The name of "*Tartuffe*" has almost become in figurative parlance another name for a hypocrite. Simple as the play is, it is perfect, the deceit and the insolence of the wretch are so forcibly given. The great difficulty is, there is so much craftiness in him that at first he deceives the heart; for no fanaticism, infirmity, or weakness tempers his peculiar character. With all this we are eventually brought over to feel some respect for him when he exhibits his vengeance.

Plautus next served as the model for Molière to work upon. "*The Amphytryon*" of Plautus is almost surpassed by "*The Amphytryon*" of Molière. He certainly was not the first who had modelled on this play, for Robson had done the same previously. Again, "*The Aullaria*" gave rise to "*L'Avare*," his first prose comedy. Whatever there was in it, it did not seem at first to satisfy his auditors, probably its prose form being something strange to them; but, eventually, the strong play of passion, and the forcible painting overcame their scruples, and it became as great a favourite as any previous effort. The first day of representation was on the 9th of September, 1668. The summer fête given by the king in honour of the peace of Aix la Chapelle, gave Molière

an opportunity for bringing out "George Dandin, ou le mari confondu." The idea was taken from Boccacio, who in turn took his from an ancient work, the "Dolopathos," published one hundred years before Christ, a general favourite, for it seems to have been translated into various languages. "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac" was represented at Chambord in September, 1669, and at Paris the 15th of the month following. Lulli played M. de Pourceaugnac once. "Les Arrants Magnifiques" was represented the following February at St. Germain. The king gave Molière the subject, and Lulli composed the music. On the 14th of October, at Chambord, and on the 29th of November, at Paris, appeared "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The first three acts are excellent, the two last not nearly so good. Lulli appeared in the "Cérémonie Turque" under the name of Chiaccherone. *Psyché, a tragedie-ballet* was acted at the Tuilleries in January, 1671, and at the Palais Royal the 24th July. It is not exactly a play of Molière's, for, though the plan owed its origination to him, La Fontaine's romance was his model. Molière wrote the first act, the first scene of the second, and the first scene of the third, Corneille finished it. The words sung were written by Quirault and the music composed by Lulli. On the 24th of May of the same year appeared "Les Fourberies de Scapin" in imitation of Terence's "Phormion." There are a few borrowings from Potron's "La Sœur," and Cyrano de Bergerac's "Pédant-joué." Boileau, on account of the patched performance, was rather severe on Molière, although his vivacity in it is still predominant, and two scenes are equal to any two in either "Le Misanthrope" or "Tartuffe." The fact is Boileau thought Molière demeaned his talent with borrowing from cotemporaries. "La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas" was played at St. Germain in December, on the occasion of the king's fête to Madame, and again in July, 1672, at the Palais Royal. Originally a *pastorale* existed in the play, but we have no remains of it. This play has a good outline, but the filling up is weak. He showed in "Les Femmes Savantes" his recovery from these few previous inane productions, and the maturity of his genius has enabled him to more forcibly illustrate the subject of "Les Précieuses," for it has the same. The 11th March, 1672, was the début day of this piece. His next and last was like the effort of one who intended to achieve greater triumphs. We are reminded of his earlier days in this play, for he drew the part where Toinette acts as the doctor from "Arlechino Medico Volante," which served him in the farce of "Le Medecin Volant." The idea of Beline comes from "Le Mari Malade." Then, again, "Polichinelle" is modelled on "Boniface ou le Pedant," an Italian piece, from whence he took some of his ideas for "Le mariage forcé." Disraeli

suggests* that probably both Molière and Massinger took the Italian "Dothore" as their model, on account of the great resemblance which exists between a passage in this play, and in Massinger's "Emperor of the East." And so closely is the humour of the Quack or Empiric followed by Molière, Mr. Gifford agreeing with Mr. Gilchrist, "finds it difficult to believe the coincidence accidental." But one cannot imagine, with our insulated manners of that time "Massinger's ever fell into Molière's hands." We, therefore, must believe they drew from the same source. "Le Malade Imaginaire" appeared the 10th of February, 1673, on the Palais Royal boards. Molière was not well, then; on the 17th he was worse. In consideration of the delicate state of his health, some one requested him not to play."

"It is impossible," said he; "there are fifty poor workers who have only their day's labour to live by; what will they do if I fail to play? I should reproach myself with having neglected to give them their bread a single day; it positively must be done. But," added he, "let it be ready exactly at four o'clock, I cannot answer for myself if they play later."

He so seemed to have a grim presentiment of the king of terrors. Nevertheless, he kept to his word, with the bravery and strength of will which was ever predominant in his character. As he was saying, or about to say the word "Juro," he endeavoured to conceal with a smile the strong convulsion which seized him. Before the end he was led out, and a fit of coughing, which ensued, so terrified his wife and Barou that they sent for a doctor and a *vicaire* from St. Eustace. Ere they arrived, the poet, dramatist, and actor was no more. But it is a consolation to know, that two of those sisters, rightly termed charitable, two mendicant sisters, (*sœurs quêteuses*) were with him at his last moments. He died at the age of fifty-one years, one month, and two or three days, "in harness," we might say, for he died at ten o'clock, just about an hour after he was brought from the theatre.

The glorious reign of Louis XIV. seemed particularly adapted to the growth of eminent men, and Molière mixed among the most learned and witty society. La Fontaine, the pleasant fable writer, was a dear friend, for he could understand Molière, and Molière could appreciate La Fontaine. At Auteuil, the two friends met and fraternised. Once, some wits rallied La Fontaine, who, absorbed in his own reflections, seemed to take little notice of them. Eventually, their jesting got beyond the bounds of good sense, and Molière, taking one of them aside, said: "Nos beaux esprits ont beau se trémousser, ils n'effaceront pas le *bon homme*."

By this name La Fontaine was known; it was a tribute of his contemporaries. Another time, in an argument with his friend, he maintained the *asides* of the theatre were nonsensical. "Est-il possible," said he, "qu'on entendu des loges les plus éloignées ce que dit un acteur, et que celui qui est à ses côtés ne l'entende pas?" Relapsing into absence again, he did not hear Despreaux say aloud: "Il faut avouer que La Fontaine est un grand coquin." Despreaux still kept talking on, although no one heard him. Molière was too engrossed in his friend to notice Despreaux's insolence. La Fontaine, in his great love for him, wrote the epitaph here copied—

"Sous ce tombeau gisent Plaute et Térence,
Et cependant le seul Molière y git;
Leurs trois talents ne formaient qu'un esprit,
Dont le bel art réjouissait la France.
Ils sont partis, et j'ai peu d'espérance
De les revoir. Malgré tous nos efforts,
Pour un long temp, selon toute apparence,
Térence et Plaute et Molière sont morts."

Racine had ever a great affection and respect for Molière. Eighteen years his junior, Racine had his helping hand and open purse in his aspirations. It is said that "La Thébaïde" had its subject suggested by Molière, and a hundred louis were given to keep the wolf away. Racine stole from him *Mdlle. du Parc*, to play *Andromaque*, with the company at the *Hôtel du Bourgoyne*. This did not cause much difference,—only in its outward semblance was there a rupture, for they still stood up for each other's productions. Molière soon checked the diatribes thrown out against "*Les Plaideurs*;" and although Racine does not acknowledge Molière's reputed kindness in "*Les Frères Ennemis*," he still praised "*Le Misanthrope*." And when he heard a person speaking unadvisedly of this play he corrected him thus: "I was not there and you were; nevertheless, I assert that you are mistaken, for it is impossible for Molière to write a bad piece."

Chapelle, the friend of his youth, was the friend of his life as well. A great poet in his day, now forgotten, *autre temps, autre mœurs*. He loved the flowing cup; and as Molière's home was Chapelle's as well, we can believe the story endorsed by my principal authority. As Chapelle lived with Molière, all Chapelle's friends were invited there. Molière joined in with them at times; but feeling the decline of his strength, in order to husband his voice, he used to leave them early. One night, he was hurriedly awakened by his valet, in great trepidation. The gay Chapelle was airily leading his friends to the river, that they might drown in com-

pany. The idea of getting rid of the surfeiting world, seemed to them so particularly inviting, they had hailed it with the greatest satisfaction. Molière rebuked them, saying in a tone of mingled regret, "How, without me!" "He is right," said Chapelle; "we should do him an injustice to drown without him." "But," continued Molière, "it should not be by night that such a design ought to be carried out; we shall pass either for *imprudents* or blunderers. It must be by the light of the sun, when we bid adieu to the follies of this low world; let us go back." His advice was luckily taken, and Molière in this anecdote appears to have been a forerunner in the theories of treatment with the insane; no doubt, if he had not treated the party as if their plan had been reasonable, they would have accomplished their object.

Even when Molière was ordered by his physicians to speak little, and live on milk, he still would work hard as an actor. The tempting bait the Academy offered, *i. e.* the first vacant place, if he would relinquish representation, had no effect upon him; nor the entreaties of his friends, or Boileau, who said, "Vous vous tuerez," could induce him to rest. He would say "Mon honneur exacte que je ne quitte point." Boileau never thought of the families who were dependent upon Molière for their livelihood, and the ruin for them which would follow if he ceased to act, or he would never have exclaimed: "Singulier point d'honneur que de se noircir le visage chaque soir, et de tendre son dos à toutes les bastonnades." That Molière was appreciated by Boileau, must be admitted. One day, Louis asked him, "Who is, after you, the writer who honours my reign the most?" "Sire," said Boileau, "it is Molière." "I do not believe it," replied Louis, "but you know best." Doubtless, the names of Boursault and the Montfleury's would never have reached posterity, if their spleen had not been directed against Molière.

Many, even now, have an undefined prejudice against Molière's writings; it originated, no doubt, from the fact, that in his time the theatrical profession was considered beyond the limits of respectability. The poet Bellocq, also a *valet de chambre tapissier*, had to offer himself once, "pour avoir l'honneur de faire lit du roi avec Molière," because a thin-skinned assistant had declared himself degraded by assisting a comedian. With the particular affectation belonging to flunkeys, a party of the king's household had made themselves so particularly disdainful of Molière at the table of the *controleur de la bouche*, that the king, hearing of it, determined to shame them. "It seems you make poor cheer here, Molière; and my chamber officers find you not accomplished enough to eat with them. You, perhaps, are hungry," continued the king; "my appetite begins to be good; place yourself at the

table, and somebody serve me with my *en-cas-de-nuit*." This was a cold fowl, always held ready. The king took a wing and gave Molière the other, larding his conversation with sundry raps at his humbled servants. "You see me occupied dining with Molière, whom my valets de chambre do not consider good company."

His life among his troupe of actors was almost unbearable, for he was tormented and harassed by their eternal bickerings: no wonder, then, he exclaims in "*L'Impromptu du Versailles*," "*Les étranges animaux à conduire que des comédiens*." The women were abominable, for each seemed to do the utmost to annoy her best friend. And it seems the more strange, for when the Italian company were in favour, all his troupe were dependent upon him. Mdlle. du Parc, an extremely favoured actress, abused him on account of his talent and good looks. Madeleine Béjart, his *ancienne maitresse*, was extremely difficult to suit. Mdlle. de Brie alone did not forget his favours, but honoured him to the last. He never forgot his apprenticeship in sweet Languedoc; an old comedian, hungry and out of elbows, no engagement before him, in fact, almost perishing, was brought before his notice by Baron. "What shall I give him?" said Molière. Baron hesitated a little, and replied: "Four pistoles." "Give him them for me," said Molière, "and add to them twenty in your own name." Moreover a suit from his wardrobe was added to make the old actor presentable for a performance; the theatre dress was worth above two thousand livres.

AUTHOR AND ACTRESS.

AN UNSYMMETRICAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CISSY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY (*resumed*).

I WOULD not be a girl again for something.

Oh, those miserable days that I spent at the Clock-house !

My life has not been a particularly happy one, but my troubles as a woman have been as nought compared with those of my childhood.

As the months drifted slowly by I grew more and more miserable, more and more stupid. I had no longer any confidence in myself. I could do nothing, try as I would. I felt that it was my destiny to fail, and to be hated. I blundered over my lessons. I tried to make friends, but in vain. I lost all energy, all ambition. I moped during the day ; at night I was troubled with horrible dreams. I went to bed with terror, and I rose in the morning wearied and fretful.

Directly the candles were put out my miseries began. Horrible monsters filled the thick, oppressive air, and hideous insects crept from under my pillow and from beneath my bed. I heard strange ghostly sounds, and the voices of the girls as they chattered under their breath acquired a peculiar and terrible solemnity. Their words seemed to drop into space like stones into water, to produce circles of sound that widened and widened and spread away into the distance with a hollow echoing clang.

To my excited imagination the most ordinary noises appeared like the groans of the dying, the distant howlings of wild beasts, or the mutterings of concealed murderers. The wind, as it roared through the trees, made me think of a pack of wolves coming nearer and nearer.

Sometimes a girl, to frighten me the more, would creep softly up to my bedside, put her mouth close to my ear and cry out—"bough!" Or she would slip her cold hand under the bed-clothes, and lay it on my poor palpitating little heart, for all the world as if it were a frog.

Oh, how these practical jokes used to frighten me. Perhaps in my alarm I would utter a scream. Then the Goddess would come up to ask what the matter was. One of the girls would be sure to answer, "It is only Lindhurst, ma'am, I think she has the nightmare."

Though my love for Miss Aurora was now mingled with terror, I used in my heart to pray so fervently that she might remain in the room a little longer. At all events she was a human being, and not wholly without pity. I did so dread being left alone in that melancholy chamber at the mercy of ghosts and imps. I did not exactly believe that when night came my schoolfellows turned into bogies, but I fancied that they were in league with the bogies.

I used to have terrible visions in those days. My sufferings always commenced with a strange feeling of despondency. After I had been in bed for a little while I would feel utterly deserted, miserable beyond expression. Then in imagination I would hear groans and sighs. Presently the air would thicken and breed all sorts of loathsome insects; the bed, the window, the chairs, and the washing-stand, would all become hung with cobwebs. Then everything would begin to tumble to pieces. The flesh of my companions would rot off their bones, and instead of a young girl a skeleton swarming with maggots would be left in each bed. But for all this, mocking noises would issue from the hollow jaws, and the skulls would grin maliciously. Then I knew that my schoolfellows were not really dead, that their souls still lingered amongst the bones, and that they were merely playing me a trick. Still I thought it cruel, that knowing how easily I was frightened, they should play me a trick of such a kind.

Gradually the scene would change.

I now see an oak tree, miles and miles away. It comes nearer and nearer, till at last it stands at the foot of my bed. Then the trunk expands, the branches stretch out in every direction, and the leaves which have swollen to an enormous size drop off from their own weight and fall heavily to the ground. I glance with a shudder at the roots of this horrible tree, and I find that they are enormous serpents. They twist and twine together, and make extraordinary efforts to drag themselves up from under the ground. They partly succeed, in another moment they will be all over my bed. But now the trunk groans and writhes in agony, blood oozes from its pores; it bursts open with a crash, and a mass of corruption pours out.

I awake in an ecstasy of horror, and perhaps find that there is a girl under my bed imitating a ghost.

I imagined at times that dead bodies insisted on lying down by

my side. I dared not move, for fear of touching or seeing them.

I dreamt once that it was the day of judgment, and that I was of the number of the condemned. All the lost souls were driven away in four-wheel cabs. The association of ideas, though no doubt ludicrous in the eyes of the reader, was to me frightful beyond expression.

On a certain terrible night I found myself in a giant's cave. I could not escape. I made hideous noises and hideous faces to frighten the giant, but he merely laughed at me. Then I seized a carving-knife and thrice stabbed myself to the heart. The pain was very severe, and torrents of blood gushed out, and appalled at having tempted the vengeance of heaven, I felt myself dying. Oh, the horrible sickness and terror of that moment!

I began to walk in my sleep.

Frightened out of my wits by the awful dreams that tormented me night after night, I would jump from my bed with a scream, and run bare-footed about the house.

Then one of the girls would say, "Throw a slipper at that little beast's head, she is always bothering us with her nightmares," and the Goddess and Mrs. Thorold would appear from their rooms, and do their best to comfort me.

I acquired, by degrees, several odd, nervous, and painful habits. I could never bear to hear the sound of a blow. Whenever I thought the Goddess was going to strike a girl, or rap her across the knuckles with her cane, I put my fingers in my ear. I had a curious superstition, that if I heard the blow I should soon be punished myself. For the same reason I always took great pains to avoid *seeing* a girl beaten; I either closed my eyes, or turned my head away. Once Miss Aurora asked me sharply if I were ill that I made such faces.

When out walking, I felt bound from time to time to turn round and perform certain gestures in deference to some unknown but dreaded power. Then an inner voice would whisper to me—"You must tap your forehead thrice with the palm of your hand, blink your eye continuously till you have counted twenty, and stoop down and pick up a stone, place it to your lip, and then toss it over your right shoulder. If you fail to do all this just as I have directed, some misfortune will overtake you before the end of the day."

Occasionally, during a lesson, the same imperious voice would bid me put my book down and clasp my hands tightly across my breast. "You may say what you please," my tormentor would seem to add, "about being scolded by the Goddess, but I am more to be feared than she is."

My schoolfellows were very much surprised at my antics, but the plague these nervous habits were to me no one can imagine. I was never at rest. I was always being told to do this, that, or the other. The more ridiculous a command might be the more I felt bound to execute it. A thoroughly fantastic and humiliating order I regarded as a test of obedience. If I hesitated to make some more than usually strange gesture, or to utter some more than usually senseless form of words, I immediately felt under an obligation to perform the very act from which I had intuitively shrunk over and over again as a penance.

Oh, the agonies of shame that I endured while inflicting upon myself these degrading punishments for my fancied sins of omission. I knew that my conduct made me an object of ridicule; I knew that all the girls who saw me were annoyed at my proceedings, but I had not the courage to rebel against a vague but relentless power, the only object of whose being apparently was to plague a silly little girl.

During church-time I was occasionally impelled to stand up while everybody else was kneeling; at dinner I was frequently ordered, though much against my will, to abstain from vegetables or pudding; when reading a book I often felt that a punishment would overtake me if I looked at any of the pictures; and once, when a girl, more tender-hearted than the rest of my schoolfellows, offered me a slice of cake, my indefatigable and remorseless demon whispered, "No, you must refuse it."

I gradually lost health, strength, spirits, and mental power. I began to yawn terribly over my work. I soon got tired. I found it very difficult to fix my attention on anything. I could not recollect dates. Mangnall's Questions perplexed and alarmed me beyond measure. In my silly little head the events of Roman and Grecian history became hopelessly entangled. I was very fond of dancing, and I could write beautiful copies, but then consider how utterly I failed in all other respects. I made good resolutions by the thousand. I tried, oh so hard, to improve, but really it seemed to me that the more pains I took the less chance I had of succeeding. It dawned upon me gradually, after reprimands and lectures innumerable, that I was a very stupid and perverse little girl indeed.

One day, Miss Aurora sent for me into the house and lectured me with great sternness. She told me in plain language that she had made up her mind to conquer my obstinacy. I must either recover my wits or take the consequences. I might yield; she never would.

Her words as she spoke seemed cut out of iron. There was no

mercy in them, and they filled me with despair. What on earth could I do?

I went out into the playground, and cried bitterly. I did not care how much the girls might laugh at me. My spirit was quite broken. I had tried so hard to please the Goddess, and she evidently looked upon me as a thorough little reprobate.

I was punished and punished again, and I grew no better but rather worse. Miss Aurora lost all patience with me, and in my despair I became frantic. I sobbed sometimes as if my heart would burst; I turned giddy and felt myself choking. The girls called me a "passionate little beast," but it was not temper but a kind of madness from which I suffered.

I used of an evening to go out into the playground and look up at the sky in the direction of London. During the summer, I saw, perhaps, a very faint cloud; during the winter I was consoled by a pale yellow light, which I believed to be the reflection of thousands and thousands of lamps. I would say to myself, "Dear old London, how I wish I could go back to you; how I love the streets and the shops, and the carriages, and the crowds of people who seem so busy. You were always kind to me. I should like to live in you and to have a little room all to myself, and to be able to read as much as I pleased, and to be left alone. I should like to have Sophronia always with me, and a set of tea-things in which I could make tea for papa, and a warm fire, and a great tortoise-shell cat, and to be allowed to cut my own bread and butter." I regarded London as a sort of good-natured giant, and whenever I saw a number of the "Illustrated London News," which contained a picture of any locality or building with which I was familiar, I was very much pleased indeed. You see, I was excessively ignorant. I had seen only a very little bit of the great City. I knew nothing about its poverty and its crime, I thought of it merely in connection with a dear, dear home that I despaired of ever seeing again; gaily decorated shop windows, beautiful carriages full of lovely ladies, panoramas, polytechnics, and transformation scenes.

My first Christmas holidays I spent, as I think I have told you, with some very kind friends of the name of Rowlandson. When Easter came, with its short vacation of one week, I was told, to my despair, that I was to remain at the Clock-house. But I will do Miss Aurora the justice to add that in her cold way she did what she could to make me happy.

At Midsummer I was sent off to a country town perched on the slope of a great chalk hill, and full of old-fashioned houses built of red brick. It was a very cold place, and seemed to my childish imagination up amongst the clouds. When I went to

bed that night I heard some church bells ringing merrily. I use the word "merrily" in deference to popular opinion. To my mind church bells have a very plaintive sound. On the evening in question I listened to them, and felt quite miserable. I was amongst strange people again, and I almost wished that I were back at the Clock-house.

You will observe that I was a very perverse little wretch. But I thought of the other girls who had real homes to go to, and of my dear father, and of the good friends with whom I had passed my last holidays, and to be brought by rather an acid maidservant to a cold town of which I knew nothing, and into the midst of people whom I had never seen, nay, of whom I had never hitherto heard the name, seemed very like beginning a fresh half-year at a new school. Men and women may be models of patience; children, as a rule, are aggravatingly impulsive.

My new guardians were a very strange couple.

Mr. Grey was a clergyman, but he had no preferment. He was tall and rather stout, broad-shouldered and strong of limb. He had a red, smiling face, and a long glossy brown beard, slightly streaked with grey. He seemed very proud of it, and stroked it affectionately when speaking, especially if he had anything disagreeable to say, and wanted to provoke you.

He then generally stood leaning against the chimney-piece, his back to the fire, and one foot on the fender.

He could when he chose be very bitter, but whenever he was more than ordinarily vicious there was a merry twinkle in his eyes that contradicted his words in appearance though not in reality.

The first time I saw him in a rage—he was scolding his wife for coming down late to breakfast—I fancied he was joking. I did not discover my mistake until I happened to laugh at what I thought his capital acting, and then he ordered me sternly out of the room.

He was that most odious of all characters a domestic bully, yet his seeming cordiality commended him to chance acquaintances, and his apparently frank and unrestrained demeanour made him a favourite with persons of a rank in life inferior to his own.

I may add that he thought proper to receive me with an assumption of great good-humour.

The fact is he had naturally good spirits but a domineering temper, he was selfish and rather cruel, quite without principle, but when not in the humour to persecute anybody I must own that he had the appearance of a very amiable man indeed. He had a careless, rather jovial bearing, and he could make himself very pleasant if he liked. He was fond of society, he had easy manners, and his conversation was exceedingly entertaining. It

amused even me. His assumed affability won him the ready esteem of servants who were new to the house. When their wages became due and he refused to pay them, of course their opinion underwent a change. The rule of his life appeared to be to make fair promises and never to fulfil them if he could possibly help it. If he had a person in his power he showed him or her scant mercy. When dunned by impatient tradesmen he threw all the blame in the coolest way on his wife. He declared that but for her extravagance he should have been able to meet all demands on his purse long ago. He asserted solemnly that there was nothing of which he had such an abhorrence as being in debt. To hear him talk you would imagine that he was the most philanthropic person breathing. He had always some new scheme for ameliorating the condition of the lower orders. He was perpetually inveighing against the greed of people in general, the dishonesty of the commercial classes, and the wastefulness of the rich. I am afraid that his words and his actions were slightly inconsistent. But really when he was in a good humour you could not help liking him. Sometimes he would dress up and imitate strange people he had seen out of doors, and though he neither clothed nor educated his children, he made them all sorts of fanciful little presents, and entered into their amusements with alacrity.

He was very particular about his dress, and when he was on the point of leaving home for several days together his manner was gaiety itself. He patronized a leading West-end tailor, and in occasional fits of generosity would give each of us, including his wife, sixpence.

He was a great favourite with the ladies, and when any visitors called he was a model of wit, good humour, and gallantry. He was fond of music, and could paint very fairly, he was amusingly critical in the matter of female dress, and it was quite a treat to hear him read "Pickwick" or the "Ingoldsby Legends" out aloud. He dabbled in literary composition, and had threatened the editors of most of the magazines with legal proceedings on account of their having failed to insert or return his MS. by a given date.

He had a fine bass voice, and to hear him singing in the garden you would imagine that he was as light of heart as a child. But he happened to be particular about his boots. I recollect a certain occasion on which they were not polished to his satisfaction. He swore at the maid-servant who answered his furious ring at the bell, like a trooper, and sent them downstairs three successive times until they had attained the requisite degree of brilliancy.

He quarrelled with his wife in a sad way. She was a comical

little woman, with a round face. She was timid, and yet tyrannical, and she had an irritable temper. Occasionally, and I think on purpose, her husband would contrive, in spite of the evident awe in which she stood of him, to lash her into a perfect phrenzy. Then she was utterly regardless of what she said or did. Terrible scenes would ensue. Until I became accustomed to them, they frightened me out of my wits. They may or may not have entertained Mr. Grey, but I am sure that they gave the greatest amusement to the servants. While we young ones stood just outside the kitchen door listening in terror, with our hearts in our mouths, the domestics would laugh very heartily. I thought some of their jokes excessively coarse and unfeeling. I was always afraid that Mr. Grey would lose all command over himself and knock his wife down. He certainly had a very loud voice.

I recollect one evening going by accident into the drawing-room, where I found him kneeling on his wife's chest. Her language, to tell the truth, was not very choice, and he was growling, at intervals, "You threaten me, do you; you would murder me, eh?" I ran down into the kitchen, and begged the servants to interfere; but they merely ridiculed me for my pains, and I was quite relieved when tea-time came to find both my host and hostess alive and apparently in very good spirits.

But I do not care to enlarge on melancholy and yet ridiculous scenes, that reminded me of some of the odd proceedings that I had witnessed at home before my poor mother's death. Neither Mrs. Grey nor her husband seemed troubled with self-respect, and when the clergyman's back was turned his wife would tell us children stories about his misconduct that were neither edifying nor very decent.

Mrs. Grey, I may add, though no longer young, was very vain of her personal appearance. She prided herself on her foot, and occasionally displayed it for our not very reverential inspection. She accused all her female acquaintance of tight lacing, and assured us again and again that whenever she went into a boot-maker's shop the attendant was puzzled to discover a shoe sufficiently small for her. She had a great horror of grey hair, and experimented with washes and dyes in the most reckless manner. She had rich though not aristocratic relations, and talked about them with evident relish. I am afraid, however, that the esteem was all on one side, as none of them ever came near the house. Though no doubt worthy persons, they excited the wrath and derision of my guardian in no measured degree. In fact, he criticized their conduct and personal appearance in terms that under certain circumstances might have justified an appeal to the law of the land. Mrs. Grey, to put it mildly, heightened her com-

plexion by artificial means, and her eyebrows were very clearly defined. She said that if there was one thing more than another that she could not pardon in a woman, it was the use of rouge. I need scarcely add that in the presence of strangers she made the most curious mistakes as to the ages of her children, generally imagining them to be a year or two younger than they really were. Her matter-of-fact offspring, I am sorry to say, took great and vicious delight in correcting her. Whenever this was done she would turn crimson, and her eyes would glare like signal-lamps in a fog. On the whole, however, I did not dislike Mrs. Grey. She was eccentric, and passionate, and fond of playing the martyr, and at times rather spiteful; but she was hard-working, capable of self-sacrifice, though stupid and ignorant, and, as a rule, good-natured. I believe she took an interest in my welfare; I am sure that in reality she was fond of her children, though she often reproached them in absurdly bitter terms for some trifling act of folly or disobedience.

The life that I led at my new home was not altogether an unpleasant one, but it was tinged with Bohemianism. Though Mr. Grey was so smart, his children were clothed in rags. They were not allowed to show themselves in the drawing-room, or to go out of doors, until after dusk. Then they took a melancholy and furtive stroll with their mamma, who in fits of spleen was fond of styling herself their nursemaid, and of assuming the phraseology and submissive demeanour supposed to be peculiar and appropriate to a domestic. On such occasions she would term her own children "Master Phil" and "Miss Jenny," and if we ventured to make room for her on a narrow pavement, or when going down some steps, she would observe, with aggravating humility, "No; little masters and mistresses first, and poor household drudges afterwards."

I had never regarded myself as a young lady of fashion, but as I was tidily dressed I soon acquired the reputation of being quite an aristocrat, an enviable being, provided, if not with the luxuries, at least with the necessities of life, and certain one of these days to come into a large fortune. Phil and Jenny, who at the unproved bidding of lazy servants used to clean grates and scrub boards, treated me with unfeigned respect, and I believe regarded me as a princess in disguise. They admired me the more because I was allowed now and then to go into the drawing-room. There was no trace of bitterness in their innocent envy. They told me in plain terms that I reminded them of the rich young ladies they had read about in books, that I was very pretty, and deliciously clean, and that they liked to touch me.

"When you first came," they said, "we were afraid of you,

we felt quite shy, we thought that you would be too proud to speak to us, and we were ashamed that you should see us with our torn clothes and grubby faces."

"We have two big brothers," continued Phil, "but we have not seen either of them for a long time. Lionel, the eldest, is married. He is very rich. He does not come here, but he sends me such nice presents. Mamma is very fond of him, and says that she wishes so she could see him again; but papa will not let me mention his name. He would be very angry if he thought we had any letters from him; but if mamma asks him for money he always sends it.

"Ernest left us more than two years ago.

"One night he and papa had a terrible row, and he went out of the house and has never come back. We had gone to bed, but the noise awoke us up, and we were so frightened that we got up and stood on the landing in our night-gowns and listened. Papa was talking very loud, and called Ernest a 'drunken scoundrel.' They were both in the dining-room. Presently we heard Ernest come out into the passage, and papa came out after him and tried to bolt the front door. Then Ernest ran down the kitchen stairs, and we knew that he was going out through the back yard. Papa went out after him very fast, but presently he came back alone and we knew that Ernest had got away. The next morning at breakfast neither papa nor mamma said a word, but mamma seemed very much put out, and her eyes were red, and she told us to gobble up our bread and butter as fast as we could, and not to say anything, for fear there should be a row. We have not seen anything of Ernest since he went away, but mamma has had letters from him on the sly, and she says that he is living with Lionel."

My poor little companions, though excessively ignorant—for they could neither read nor write—were frank, simple, and amiable, and we soon became great friends. As neither their father nor mother had ever corrected their mode of speaking, they had a peculiar and uncouth phraseology, and, owing to coarse work they had the rough hands of a common servant. Whenever their father met them in a passage, or going upstairs, he would rebuke them sternly, though not quite reasonably, for their ragged and dirty appearance, and if by any chance they were sent out on a message, and he passed them in the street, he would ignore his own children altogether.

The house in which we lived was a pretentious villa standing on the outskirts of the town. It had a pretty garden, and the drawing-room, into which my little friends peeped occasionally with evident awe, was showily if somewhat shabbily furnished. The rest of our dwelling was almost bare. Fires and candles were forbidden,

on account of the expense they involved; so, in the winter, we generally spent our evenings in the dark. But I used to notice that Mr. Grey was very fond of salmon, and that, when the rest of the family had cold mutton for dinner, he had a knack of fancying a partridge or a couple of woodcocks, all to himself. We were supposed to dine together, but, to speak figuratively, the worthy clergyman sate above the salt, and everyone else below it. He said grace with considerable solemnity; but, while his wife, like us children, drank table-beer, or toast and water, he would fill his glass from a black bottle with tin-foil round the cork, or from a handsome decanter in a silver stand. During dinner, he would hold forth on the comparative merit of wines which we knew only by name, and which we should have thought very nasty had we tasted them. "Take my advice," he would observe to no one in particular, but as if addressing a large and attentive audience, "avoid the cheaper clarets, and never grudge a high price so long as you can get a superior article. A red wine of some body, followed by three or four glasses of sound old port should be your drink in winter; in the summer you will find the light Rhine wines very cool and refreshing; Burgundy cannot survive the voyage; Champagne, taken occasionally, acts as an excellent tonic. As for beer, it is a drink in which I have no faith at all.

We used to listen to the oracle with much awe, and some surprise. As regards Mrs. Grey, she would turn very red indeed, and, when wrought to a pitch of bitterness, would exclaim, "Give me some toast and water, and let us imagine, if we can, that it is one of those rare and expensive wines which men cannot do without, but which are quite unnecessary for us poor women."

I do not know that my holidays were very happy ones, but I had enjoyed them more than I could have thought possible; I had made two real though rather small friends; I had gained some odd experiences; I had in part recovered my spirits, and I was really quite sorry when the time came for me to return to the Clock-house.

Before I set off, Mrs. Grey kissed me affectionately, and gave me a new prayer-book and a bright shilling. "I would let you have more," she said, "only I am kept so short." Phil and Jenny cried bitterly, and begged me to accept a tattered but valued copy of "Robinson Crusoe." As for my guardian, he presented me with an enormous plum-cake that was the admiration of the whole school. It seems almost ungrateful to add that the said cake had been bought on credit, and that it was the proximate cause of a county court summons, and a judgment passed "in default." With this interesting fact I was made acquainted in a moment of effusion by Mrs. Grey.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EXTRACT FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF MISS AURORA THOROLD.

"I HAVE just parted with a girl called Cecilia Darlington, who however, by the express desire of her relations has always been known in the school by the name of Lindhurst. She has been under the care of my mother and myself for more than six years. She has caused me much perplexity and some trouble. Her character is peculiar. I look forward to her future career with misgiving. I believe that she has a fair share of mental capacity; but she is obstinate and slothful to a degree. A superficial observer might imagine that she was almost an idiot. She has several very odd and disconcerting tricks of which I have tried in vain to cure her. She seems incapable of fixing her ideas upon any one subject for long together, or of comprehending the simplest explanations. When very young she showed considerable promise; she was active, pains-taking, and intelligent. By degrees she changed for the worse; her behaviour during the last three years has grieved me beyond measure. She has set a melancholy example of stupidity, slovenliness, and indolence. I have punished her—at times with severity—but in vain. In fact, so pained have I been by her conduct, that I have felt justified in resorting to the harshest measures to conquer her unruly spirit. It is with the deepest sorrow that I record the disappointment of all my hopes. Bodily pain and temperate remonstrances alike failed to produce any satisfactory results. I fear that the girl is incorrigible; I have observed her closely, and I cannot believe that she is the idiot for which, in her obstinacy, she would only too willingly pass. Her cast of countenance is intelligent, and her eyes are expressive. She is reticent, avoiding the company of her companions, either from pride or ill-humour. I am afraid she is troubled with a quarrelsome and peevish temper. Her health is not particularly robust, which may, in part, account for her aversion to active exercise. She is fond of reading, but her favourite story books are of a trashy and uninstructional kind. I have felt it my duty, more than once, considering how little interest she has shown in her tasks, and how small a desire she has evinced to please, to deprive her of works which can have no other tendency than to encourage wild fancies, and to foster the growth of an unruly imagination. That she is of a sullen and vindictive disposition is plain from the more than usually obstinate manner in which she has conducted herself whenever I have judged it necessary to administer punishment in any shape. I may add, that in the education of girls I am opposed to the employment of the rod, except under circumstances of great provocation. At least a dozen times, however, even within the last twelve months, have I been compelled to resort to extreme

measures in the case of Cecilia Darlington. I believe this strange, unhappy girl, is capable of forming attachments of a certain weak and unreasoning kind; but she has failed to conciliate the good will and affection of my most promising and lady-like pupils. She certainly has in her some strange, indefinable element of repulsion. Hers are those strong and stubborn passions which require to be held in check by a very firm hand indeed. Truly it is hard that any schoolmistress should be burdened with so discouraging and helpless a charge,—with a girl whom it would be almost justifiable to consign to some institution for the insane. But I have done my duty to the best of my power, and I have taken all possible pains to render my unhappy pupil amenable to reason, and to break her rebellious spirit. I may add that in the matter of her education I have not been entirely my own mistress. I would decidedly never have undertaken it of my own accord; but I have been influenced by many considerations into which it is not now necessary to enter. I trust, I fervently pray, that Cecilia's after-life may falsify the promise of her childhood; but it was with a heavy heart that I saw her leave this house, believing, as I do, that her peculiarities of natural disposition, combined with the unfortunate circumstances under which, in consequence of family troubles, she will be compelled to enter upon the business of life, expose her to temptations and trials, the powers of which her sullen, passionate, and vindictive temper will serve only to augment. Poor child! I am sure she has my best wishes; but it is painful to reflect on the humiliation and troubles with which, in all probability, her path will be beset. One word more. Lest I should be thought partial, I will admit frankly that Cecilia Darlington had one merit, that of punctuality. I may add, further, that I never detected her in any act of cruelty, or had occasion to reprove her for falsehood, or irreverence and levity during hours of worship. With these concessions, however, I am reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that all praise must cease."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MEMOIRS OF A SNEAK (*resumed*).

I AM at Culverton, and I have changed my name. The disreputable Sam Hofner is now Hubert Rawlinson, an old school-fellow of Sir Harry Darlington's.

I have been induced by various considerations to modify in some slight degree my plan of operations. I had originally intended, in accordance with a suggestion of the Baronet, to have taken up my quarters in a snug little retreat, romantic and conveniently situated, which he has lately had prepared for my recep-

tion. I had meant to have kept my visit a secret; there were certain matters which I was anxious to discuss with Sir Harry alone. I had wished, in concluding terms of peace, to guard against the intervention of a third party, especially as that third party was likely to take the form of a clever woman. But love makes us reckless. I pined for the bright eyes of her ladyship, so on second thoughts—that is, soon after I got out of the train—I determined to give my little Baronet a bit of a surprise. I proceeded at once to his ancestral home, and nearly frightened him out of his wits, besides putting him in a frantic but perfectly harmless passion. I was in a fever to know whether my enchantress were still in the country, or whether she had allowed herself to be inveigled up to town by Ada. Sir Harry said he rather thought she was in the garden, and that in all probability she would turn up before long. On this I became quite amiable, and did my best to restore the little fellow's peace of mind. I gave him to understand that he might reckon on my discretion, and that I intended to avail myself of his hospitality for some time to come. After this, we proceeded to business, and our money matters settled, I began, so to speak, to put myself in tune for the part that I had determined to play.

My efforts, you will be glad to hear, have been crowned with complete success. When I come to think matters over, I am very well satisfied with the results of my visit to Culverton.

A certain delicious little creature—I need not be more explicit—is dreadfully smitten. She is very nice, but I am just a wee bit disappointed. She is hardly as fresh as I thought. She is beginning to show signs of wear and tear, but she'll do, at all events for the present, and as long as her husband bleeds freely. He is a thorough coward, and if I can go on for another year or two as I am doing now, I shall be a rich man. And then, what will my movements be? Shall I retire into private and respectable life, with my clever, unscrupulous, fascinating little Ella? No, I rather think not. However, I am content to let the future take care of itself.

On the whole, I have enjoyed my trip into the country amazingly. I am on the best possible terms with my little enchantress. We have had some very pleasant rides together. We have had some very agreeable walks together. We have been out sketching; we have visited ruins; we have re-arranged flowers in conservatories; we have watched sunsets; we have listened to the birds singing; we have sentimentalized, looking up through waving branches at the clear blue sky. In the evening, despite my little Baronet's black looks, we have strayed across the meadows, and on our return home we have sung the tenderest of love music in the soft twilight.

So deliciously and yet innocently do we spend the long-drawn days and fragrant evenings of summer.

All this is very romantic, and as yet it is not dull. I think I could stand a good deal of Ella Darlington—in her amiable moods. She can be a thorough little devil when she pleases, but I am thankful to say that she vents all her ill-humour on her husband. I should not put up with much nonsense of that sort from any woman, I can tell you. Always keep your lady-love well in hand. She will like you the better for showing a little judicious firmness. Wives are always blindly attached to husbands who kick them downstairs. Meek men are invariably plagued with viragoes. Give a woman an ell—but I am getting prosy. Her ladyship is a pleasant change after the Adas, and creatures of that kind to whom I have been accustomed.

She is a dear, unsuspecting little pet. It is wonderful how these knowing women allow themselves to be fooled. I can't help laughing—Hubert Rawlinson, an old schoolfellow of Sir Harry's. What a shame to tell the little duck such fibs.

I am an artist—so she thinks—and so, in fact, I am, though I have retired from the active duty of my profession for some years. I am well connected—with the Rawlinsons of County Sutton, an old Catholic family. I am an ardent lover of Nature—especially in the form of pretty women. I am poetical and gifted with a voice sympathetic in tone rather than extensive in range. I can sing a little, not much, but I am heard to advantage when whispering “soft nothings,” as it is the fashion to call very naughty and definite somethings, into the ear of a nice girl.

Ella is a demonstrative little darling; she makes no secret of her admiration, in fact she avows it with a readiness that is somewhat disconcerting. I am not fond of women who throw themselves into your arms. Half the pleasure of an *amour* is the sport afforded by the chase. I am afraid the dear creature must already have caused her husband a good deal of anxiety.

“Dead Sea fruit,” says the proverb, “turns to ashes in your mouth.” True enough. Whatever the charms of a woman may be, she is generally disappointing on a close acquaintance. It is astonishing how flaws reveal themselves, even in gems of the purest water. A week or two is often enough to disgust you with your idol. Lady Darlington is grace and vivacity itself; but coyness is a delightful feminine charm, in which she is altogether deficient. But really I am too fastidious. What with her ladyship's undeniable beauty, cleverness, accommodating manners, and money, she is certainly a most enchanting creature, though she may not quite come up to my imaginary standard of excellence.

I have been having a little talk with Sir Harry.

The poor Baronet seems bursting with spleen. I recommended him—so bilious was his cast of countenance and way of expressing himself—to try a dose of blue pill.

“Look here!” he blurted out one morning, “I can’t stand the way in which you go on with my wife.”

“Your wife?” I returned calmly. “I don’t understand you. What wife?”

Sir Harry looked daggers.

“Let us understand each other,” I resumed, after a pause. “Lady Darlington, as we will call her for convenience sake, for I suppose that it is to her you allude, is about as much your wife as she is mine. Of course you will understand that I speak in a legal sense. Single ladies are not bound to respect the opinion of married men, who, in defiance of equity and reason, claim to be their husbands. You are slightly puritanical in your notions; set your mind at rest. Believe, as if you like we will believe of you, that we are virtue and propriety, personified. You need not be afraid of our creating a scandal. Trust an old friend and leave us alone. But for goodness’ sake, don’t let us have any nonsense about the rights of an injured husband, and so forth, or I shall have something to say about the rights of an injured wife. You know what I mean. Should you ever wish to renew your acquaintance with a certain old flame, she is at your service or rather at mine. By-the-bye, I may as well inform you that I intend to be your guest for some time to come, and that I expect you to find me in pocket money. So long as you are reasonable I shall be the same. Don’t fidget yourself about her ladyship; it is not likely that I shall do her any grievous bodily harm, and should you by any chance wish for the address of a certain Lucy Clements, why I will give it you and welcome.”

I lit another cigar. The Baronet left the room in a passion, and so our conference ended.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FROM ELLA.

How many chapters ago was it? I forget now, but these were my words: “Ella Darlington is in love.” I daresay you were surprised and rather shocked at such an avowal. But, to be serious, I have an explanation to offer. You have not yet heard the context. I hope, in the course of a few paragraphs to have entirely regained your good opinion.

You recollect what Miss Josephine said in her last letter about

the advisability of my going up to town on a certain day. You will recollect too that I had my suspicions, and that I decided on remaining at Culverton.

Had I not done so I might never have met the supposed object of my affections, but I frankly own that I am as far from a solution of the great mystery that I have set myself to unravel, as ever.

I begin to fancy that Miss Josephine has dealt faithfully by me, after all. To be sure Harry never went up to London, as she prophesied he would; but I daresay he would have done so had he been able to follow out his original plans. I think the visit of our unexpected guest must have disconcerted his movements.

I spent the morning of the day on which I received my deputy's letter, in the summer-house by the lake. I effected an entrance by stratagem. You may remember my once borrowing a certain key from Miss Sophia Matson. Well, I borrowed it a second time, without asking her leave; took an impression of it in wax, and had a duplicate prepared.

This, you will say, was a mean trick, but in love and war every thing is fair, and considering how my husband and maid had treated me, I did not feel under any obligation to be scrupulous.

Frankness and fair dealing are all very well in the abstract, but most theoretical moralists will agree with me that cunning must be met by cunning.

I took a novel with me, and soon made myself quite at home.

The room was a little chilly, but I was afraid to light the fire that was already laid in the stove, lest the smoke should be seen from outside. So as it was a bright sunshiny morning, I opened the window and warmed myself as well as I could in the sunbeams.

The hut—I examined it closely—showed no signs of having been inhabited as yet. A small cupboard had been put up in the room since my last visit, and on opening it I found a loaf of new bread, a cold fowl, a jar of pickles, three bottles of light wine, knives, forks, plates, &c. Well, I could stand a day or two's siege, if need be.

The meat and the bread being both quite fresh, I arrived at the conclusion that they had been brought up from the house that very morning. Sophie, clever girl that she is, no doubt had been very busy, before I got up. Evidently the visitor, whoever he might be, was expected in the course of the day. Well, I could wait and see what happened. I was in a lazy mood, and luckily I had no engagements of any kind.

I settled myself comfortably, and proceeded to reflect.

The chances were that Harry and his friend, or acquaintance or

bugbear,—I hardly knew what to call him—would meet outside the cottage, and come in together. Then, at all events, if I found out nothing else I should see the party with whom I had to deal, and this would be a help to me in my future investigations.

Or Harry might come alone, with the intention of waiting for his visitor. In that case I would wait too, and so I should gain the small advantage to which I have already alluded, in a slightly different way. Harry is a coward, and he would never be able to shake me off if once I were determined to stick to him. Brute force? Pooh! he has too much good sense to be violent.

Suppose Sophie Matson were to come? Why, I should playfully lock her in and insist on her keeping me company. I should be in raptures of delight at my husband's ingenuity. Oh, the clever old darling, to have converted a tumble-down hut into so agreeable a sitting-room. What a delicious surprise for his own little Ella. Sophie might make what excuses she pleased, I should be inexorable. I should not let her out of my sight as long as I thought proper to remain on guard.

Suppose my husband and Sophie came together? It was not likely they would do anything of the kind. Knowing that I must be somewhere about the grounds, and possibly within seeing and hearing reach, they would have too much tact to be guilty of so sad an indecorum.

Suppose the expected guest were to reach the trysting place alone? Why that was just what I wanted. A private interview might be of inestimable advantage. At all events, even though I failed to extract anything worth knowing it could do me no harm. To be sure the fact of my having been found on the watch, would serve to put my Pettums and his fellow conspirators more on their guard, but I had enough confidence in my own resources to believe that, let them scheme as they might, I could outwit them in the long run.

At this point I cut short my reflections, opened the volume I had brought with me, and soon became absorbed—comparatively speaking—in its contents. At the same time I took care to have the door a little way open, and to sit so that I could enjoy a good and early view of anyone coming up the path from the garden.

I waited and waited and waited, and nothing at all happened. I looked at my watch. A quarter-past one. I felt chilly, and quite hungry. I determined that I would not go back to the house for luncheon, so I picked a wing of the fowl and drank a tumbler of claret. After that I returned to my novel.

Two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock. Still nothing happened. I was full of admiration at my own constancy, but I

began to fear that I was on a wrong scent after all. It would be just as well to go home and see what was happening there. I was shivering all over. I felt puzzled and annoyed. It was more than possible that I had been outwitted, and that by this time all the mischief, whatever it might be, was done.

When I reached the morning-room my heart suddenly went pit-a-pat, for I heard the sound of voices. Harry was speaking. Could he, even now, be in conference with the stranger? Absurd! People don't plot conspiracies in a loud tone, or receive unwelcome and mysterious strangers in the drawing-room. With a smile at my own folly I turned the handle of the door. How little I guessed the consequences serious and comic that were to result from that simple action.

My husband, directly he saw me, rose and proceeded to introduce an old schoolfellow, by name Hubert Rawlinson, whose fag he had been, or else whom he had fagged at Ilchester, and whom he had not seen for many years.

Now I don't mind owning that I was in a very bad temper. I was angry with myself, and suspicious of my husband. I could not help fancying that somehow or another I had been outwitted. I was annoyed at having to welcome a stranger. I was not in the humour to be pleased with anybody or anything. I could see that our visitor was tolerably good-looking, and had agreeable manners, but for a quarter of an hour or so he exerted his charms in vain. I was dreadfully cold, irritatingly polite, aggravatingly matter-of-fact.

However, by degrees, I recovered my good humour. Mr. Rawlinson—I may as well call him Hubert at once—was an agreeable change after the commonplace country gentlemen who were our visitors in ordinary. He was so determined not to be repulsed, so resolutely entertaining, so persistently pleasant. I am compelled to own, with no very keen sense of humiliation, that he conquered me at last.

Here I feel entitled to pause and indulge in a little moralising. You are at liberty, however, to skip it if you please.

A woman cannot help secretly admiring a man who treats her bitterest rebuffs—and some ladies can be very rude—with thorough good-humoured contempt. We poor creatures, even the most strong minded of us, like to be made sensible of our dependent condition; there is something almost pleasant in being quietly overruled by an agreeable creature whom we affect to scorn, but whose superiority we admit in fact, however much we may deny it in theory. Men may not be so clever or so adroit as women, but they are less vain, less touching, more magnanimous. We poor things can be tyrannical and spiteful to a degree, but we

can seldom show much real strength. A vein of pettiness and meanness disfigures our best efforts. To use an art phrase, there is a terrible want of "breadth" in all we do. There are not many women who can subdue a man without apparent effort, but there are plenty of men who can make a woman, even of the better sort, feel her own insignificance by mere dint of reason and good-humour. Women are ingenious, fertile in resources, sly, ready to take a mean advantage, confident in their untried powers, and not easily abashed. Their vanity is such that they will attempt almost anything, even when they are pretty sure to fail. On the other hand, they are excitable, narrow-minded, and petty. Men, as a rule, are firm, calm, and undemonstrative. They put us down as a matter of course, and this fact, rebel against it as we may, is the one thing of all others for which in our heart of hearts we admire them.

But to return.

Before the first dinner-bell rang, my husband's old school-fellow and I were on terms of delightful familiarity. My Pettums strangely enough did not look so pleased as I should have expected. I am sure I had behaved most obediently in controlling my ill-humour. I am sure I made myself as pleasant as I could to his friend, the only acquaintance worth knowing, to whom he had ever introduced me. I am sure I had been a model hostess in every way, but there is no satisfying these husbands.

Yes, Hubert Rawlinson is certainly an agreeable acquisition. He is not all that a man might be, but he does very well for the country. There is a certain class of men like a certain class of boots, made with a special view to remote and unfashionable districts. They are admirable of their kind, but still they are not exactly the thing; we are glad of their services in fields and lanes and other out-of-the-way places, but they would hardly be presentable in the Parks. Our new acquaintance amuses me. He has a slight dash of vulgarity, but he is entertaining to a degree. He has no lack of assurance. I really believe he fancies I am in love with him. Well, well, if that be the case I will turn him to good account in plaguing my Pettums. The little wretch deserves some punishment for the way in which he has treated me of late. He has his amusements up in town—and I choose to have mine down in the country. I have not yet forgotten Sophie Matson. If I don't tease him out of his seven senses my name is not Ella. Yes, Hubert Rawlinson, I know you are a scamp; I know that you fancy you have made an impression on my too susceptible heart, and that you would ruin me if you could, but I am not quite a fool. I will punish you for your presumption, and Harry

for his generally bad behaviour at the same time. I am never so happy as when I am plaguing someone, and to plague two of you naughty men at once will be really delicious.

And yet, my poor Hubert, I don't really dislike you. You have good spirits; you are accomplished, though not so clever as you would have me believe; you dress well; you are decidedly good-looking, though rather too dark for my taste, as I am dark myself; and you have whiled away some hours that in my husband's society would have been wearisome indeed. But you have too much self-confidence; you discover, or, rather, imagine that you discover, a hidden meaning in my most trifling words and actions; and you underrate the constancy of us poor women. For that alone, I must read you a lesson. You are mistaken, if you suppose that I am a romantic boarding-school miss, to be deluded by the first comer with a glib tongue and a handsome face. Though I may not be overburdened with scruples, I have a sense of the proprieties, and, somehow or another, the more I see of you the less does your exaggerated devotion commend itself to my taste. I am a woman of some standing in the county, and I have a respect for the opinion of my neighbours, for Mrs. Grundy, and for conventional usages. You are a very pretty little fellow; but, charming as you may consider yourself, I must decline to encourage—further than suits my purpose—your somewhat unscrupulous advances.

Oh, Harry, how wrong of you to introduce a bad, naughty creature like Hubert Rawlinson to your little Ella.

I cannot congratulate you, My Own, on your friends and relations. Most of them are bores and disagreeables; the rest are inanities. With all his faults, this old schoolfellow of yours is the best of them. He is, at all events, amusing. He is an improvement on the Brother Dicks, and the Aunt Marys, and the Sir Francis whom you allowed to worry and bore me when I was a mere chit; and he is better than the country squires and the redfaced parsons, and the wholly uninteresting and excessively tedious elderly females to whom I have been accustomed ever since my marriage. But how is it that he is so vulgar? For he *is* vulgar; you cannot deny that. He is lively, I grant; he is full of conversation; he knows a little about everything; he hides his ignorance, and coarseness, and low extraction very cleverly; his falsehoods, unlike the falsehoods of most people, are really ingenious and consistent; he quotes Tennyson, he admires Weber and Schubert, he plays the piano with a sympathetic touch, and has excellent taste, or he would not admire somebody I know; and yet you will never convince me that he is really what he professes to be, a gentleman by birth and education, and closely related to one of our oldest and best county families.

Do you seriously mean to tell me, my Pettums, that this wicked Hubert was your fag, or your tyrant—it doesn't matter which—at Elcheſter?

Fie, fie, to try and palm off ſuch ſtories on your wee wiſe. The wretch is nothing but an adventurer. I am ſure of that, for I ſaw a good many adventurers when I was at Tom Cheſton's, and they had very much the manner of Hubert Rawlinſon.

The varniſh chips at times, and then I ſee the original and rather coarſe-grained material underneath.

Why, the other night, after your friend had been drinking that Chateau Margeaux, he ſqueezed my hand, as we ſtood on the balcony watching the moonlight, as if I were ſome gawky, red-faced, ſplay-footed ſhop-girl, to whom he was paying his addreſſes. Gentlemen, my own Pet don't make love like that.

Your old ſchoolfellow? I really can't believe ſuch a fib.

Now, do tell the truth, for once in your life? Where did you pick up this very amusing, but not exactly eligible acquaintance? He ſeems quite at home here. I have heard him addreſs you ſomewhat cavalierly, and it is ſtrange that until within the laſt week you ſhould never have mentioned his name.

By-the-bye, an idea occurs to me, and a very diſagreeable idea, too. Heavens, how it has ſet my heart beating; I feel quite red in the face. Can I have ſtumbled, quite by accident, acroſs the key to the great mystery? Is Hubert, in his own perſon, the gueſt you expected at the cottage? Does he lord it here ſimply becauſe he has a hold over you?

I ſee that you are afraid of him. Do you let him do as he pleaſes, even to the extent of perſecuting your poor little wife, becauſe you are afraid to reſiſt him?

You make no answer. You look guilty, and try to prevaricate.

No, no, no more lies, pleaſe. You are a thorough coward, and a contemptible little wretch in every way; but I am not the idiot you take me for, and I will be a match for you and your very clever and fascinating gueſt as well.

Of courſe, it is poſſible that I may be miſtaken, after all; but it is equally poſſible that I may at laſt have hit upon a clue to your wonderful ſecret. If ſo, you may depend upon this, that I ſhall not deſiſt from my enquiries until I have ſifted the mystery to the bottom.

“Ella Darlington is in love.”

No, but ſhe is ſuppoſed to be, and until I have thoroughly gained Hubert Rawlinſon's confidence, I do not mean to undeceive him.

THE PEDIGREE HUNTER.

CHAPTER II.

STILL INTRODUCTORY.

"The fortune of the family remains,
And grandsires' grandsires the long list contains."

DRYDEN.

I WAS much amazed, and wondered what my unknown enthusiast could be like. Picturing him to myself, from the style of his letters, I imagined he must be a delicate, tall, weedy-looking daddy longlegs, with decidedly a melancholy tendency about him,—one of those sensitive beings who, as Pope says, would "die of a rose in aromatic pain."

After six weeks' correspondence I received one evening a note beginning thus :

"I have arrived this moment in London, and, on my way to the hotel, hasten to ask permission to call to-morrow and make the personal acquaintance of my interesting and charming correspondent, and exchange ideas on our all-exciting genealogical topics together."

He added that he had brought up some relics from his home-shrine for my parents' acceptance, and, until to-morrow, remained my enthusiastic devotee.

He had actually himself left the letter and a huge hamper. We expected to find old pieces of armour and spears arranged in mediæval forms, imbedded in roses, or some other flowers.

But nothing of the sort. When Simon unpacked the hamper before our curious eyes,—how will my readers believe me when I tell them what the contents were ?

Huge bundles of garden-stuff—carrots, turnips, and radishes, a large bunch of marigolds, stocks, sweet-peas, and the shrub "old man;" two large home-made wheaten loaves, a goose, and

a fitch of bacon. Sewn on to the latter, with bright blue cotton, was a piece of paper with these words :

“Oh, could I ever win a similar fitch,
With you, my own beloved heraldic witch.”

The shouts of laughter which followed may be better imagined than expressed.

We immediately said, this is a case of *tâter le poulx* as they say in Gaul ; or “chopping wood,” to use a Devonshire expression when an individual makes up to the parents for the daughter’s sake.

I said, “I shall say I am going out of town, and am unable to spare the time, though I should like to see him.”

“Oh! you must see him,” said everybody unanimously. “He may be very nice, though original.”

So I agreed to see him, but stipulated that our first interview should be *tête-à-tête*.

I wrote off to him and said we should be delighted to make his acquaintance, and thanking him for his bountiful present, told him we should be at home all the afternoon next day. Accordingly on the morrow, directly after luncheon, a single knock (such as a beggar gives) was heard at the door, and a voice in silvery accents asked if the family were at home.

“A nice voice, that’s one good thing,” I thought as I heard a stumping, dot-and-go-one kind of step come up the stairs ; then Simon with the broadest of grins, opened the drawing-room door and announced “Mr. Horace Garnett.”

In came a man of colossal proportions in width, a head covered with the reddest of red hair, curling like a negro’s locks, a stubbly beard of scarlet hue, a celestial nose somewhat à la Lord Brougham, with a little mound on the tip, eyes that looked as if they were knock-kneed, and a club foot. His appearance quite took away my breath, especially when he rushed up to me and shaking my hand as if he was pumping, jerked out the words, “At last, at last I have the inexpressible bliss and felicity of being face to face with my enchanting correspondent.”

“It is always a satisfaction to be personally acquainted with those you do not know,” was my Irish answer, for I was at a loss what to say, and felt alarmed at so much energy.

It was a scorching hot day, and his forehead looked like the grass on a dewy morning, and whilst he drew out a bird’s eye bandana to make himself more comfortable, I had time to take in more fully his appearance and costume.

He had on a tail-coat, a spotted satin waistcoat, black trousers, a frilled shirt with a diamond brooch in it, and a black silk cravat in which his shirt collar kept playing at hide and seek, and in his button hole was a piece of that powerful and sweet smelling stuff commonly known as "old man," from the leaves of which peered a rose-bud.

I plunged into mediæval ages and genealogical talk at once, to stem the rising torrent of complimentary expressions which I felt were coming, and I talked so fast that he, poor wretch, could not get in a word edgeways.

I told him I was sorry my mother was out, but that she had a very particular engagement. After a while he asked me to go into the park, which I declined on the plea of expecting some friends.

After a relapse into heraldic conversation he finally got up to take leave, wondering, I expect, I had not asked him to dinner. I offered him some wine, but he did not wish for any, and after making me a most highflown speech brimming over with outrageous compliments, and squeezing my hand as if it were a sponge, he took his departure, saying the world would be sunless to him till he saw me again, and that he would write as soon as he got to his hotel.

He hobbled out of the room to my great satisfaction. I received the letter, but the contents must not be breathed in Gath. All I know is I wrote and "declined with thanks," and here ended this very romantic correspondence.

After this I thought correspondence alone did not seem to forward me in my ancestral hunt. I could not get on the right scent, and though I had collected a valuable quantity of heterogeneous manuscripts and data, yet I wanted proofs and links to set it all shipshape, and tack the leaves together which should cover my ancestral tree with foliage and fruit.

I am afraid I have as yet not done much to show my readers the way in which it is advisable for them to set about the business. I abandoned my way of hunting, and went and consulted a *wise man*, as they said in days of old. He took me to the Record Office, and other offices, and showed me the way in which I was to plough the broad field of genealogical research, and put me on the right track; over which track I shall endeavour to carry my readers, and to conduct them along paths little frequented and ground almost untrodden, and indicate the various landmarks which may guide them to their journey's end. By so doing I hope to incite them to make similar researches in the interesting and noble art of establishing their pedigree, to rescue the ancestors of many a fine old well-nigh extinct family from oblivion,

and restore them to memory and fame again, for, as Lord Bacon has said in his essays, "It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect. How much more to behold an ancient noble family which had stood against the waves and weathers of time," and surely, though all families are not of ennobled origin, and cannot boast of aristocratic titles, it is a reverend and desirable thing to preserve the memory of ancestry tracing from time out of mind; for if any one feels a pride in the reflection of his descent from ancient worthies and barons of old, it may prove some incentive to maintain the credit of the family name, and to achieve a reputation deserving of it.

CHAPTER II.

REGISTERS AND REGISTRIES.

WELL! my oracle, or wise man, told me that I must look up all the old manuscripts at the British Museum, study the Heralds' Visitations, go to the Record Office and read the Exchequer and Chancery Post Mortem Inquisitions for all counties till the reign of Charles II.; consult the subsidies for counties, after that the Fines or King's Silver Books, next the Chancery and Close Rolls, and finally the Bills and Answers in Chancery, and so on.

! All this was Greek to me.

I was, moreover, told I must haunt Herald's College, and procure a ticket for the Literary Department of the Will Office, Doctors Commons.

It seemed a ponderous and colossal undertaking. I began to feel faint-hearted; but, adhering to the family motto, "*Dum spiro spero*," I thought I *would* try and unravel all the mysteries of the art. But, first and foremost, it was necessary that I should learn to read the old Court hands, for when I had some Cottonian and Lansdowne manuscripts brought to me, at the Museum, they looked like Hindustanee. However, I met these with that capital little work called "*Wright's Guide to the old Court Hands*," and set myself to learn all the various hieroglyphics the old calligraphers had rejoiced in during the mediæval days. Having accomplished this feat, I set to work in right earnest, and after two or three years succeeded in tracing my ancestry, not only lineally, but collaterally, back to the year 1236.

But I am wandering from my promise of explaining the art of pedigree-making as it ought to be done. So I will now set about it, in as little dry-as-dust a style as I can; and, instead of fol-

lowing most books on the subject, and beginning at Domesday and all the escheats, which, of course, the tyro cannot understand, I will commence with going no further back than grandparents and parish registers, and so trace *up* to Domesday.

We will now imagine ourselves seated with a tyro genealogist, who is anxious to trace his pedigree for two reasons: first, he has a little fancy that in the distant horizon there is money or land somewhere which he ought to inherit, and if he can trace out his lineage he may find his fancy become a tangible reality; but that, of course, is a secondary consideration to the other reason, that of ascertaining his ancestry, and who and what his forefathers were. For, being blessed with a large family of children, and having married a little bit of blood, he feels a desire to have a long genealogical tree, with leaf after leaf of lists of famous knights and other worthies of his name, hanging up in his hall, which his children can hand down to their children's children, as a valuable heirloom, bearing proof that *their* great great grandfather was not of mushroom growth!

So, instead of marching forward with the age, I invite my readers to go backwards with me from 1869, through the days of chivalry, to the very dark ages, and, if we possibly can, find marks so far as the epochs of barbarism, and trace one's origin to one of Queen Boadicea's followers or Canute's servitors. One would not mind owning a barbarian for one's progenitor.

Having learned from Mr. Reuben Ffossilstonehaugh (the name of the personage whose pedigree I am about to trace as an example to my readers) all the particulars he knows of his birth, parentage, and family in general, and the coat of arms he bears, we may be presumed to gain at least a knowledge of the county or residences of his family, whereby we may find some hold to work upon. His arms (if he bears any) must be considered an important point, for the distinction of families using the same name is only to be ascertained in many cases by the armorial bearings.

Mr. Reuben Ffossilstonehaugh told me he had a seal in his possession which he had been told belonged to some of his ancestors. On examining it I discovered it was a shield quarterly. In the first quarter three cross crosslets; in the second a sword in pale, within a bordure engrailed; in the third a griffin's head erased; and in the fourth three herrings narant. The crest, a war-horse passant, and the motto, "Optimum pati."

From so many quarterings heiresses evidently had been plentiful in the family, and looking into Burke's Armoury we find under "Ffossilstonehaugh" that a Rutlandshire family of that name bore the same arms of the first quartering and crest as

those on the seal just described. But Mr. Ff. had not the faintest recollection of ever having heard of any portions of his family living there. In fact he seemed quite ignorant of the antecedents of his belongings.

The next enquiry was, Had he no family bible or family letters, papers, etc., of any description? because much important evidence may be thus obtained. It is strange that notwithstanding their importance, which is universally acknowledged, how irregularly the entries in bibles are kept. Mr. Ffossilstonehaugh thought he recollected that there was a family bible once, but he had not seen it since he was a boy, and as his parents were dead and he had no relations that he knew of, he could not tell what had become of it. Most likely it was lying in some old bookseller's shop in Tottenham Court Road, or other region, where such commodities are dealt in.

It is very necessary that every family should preserve a record of births, marriages, and deaths, and thus the confusion and litigation in which the inheritance of titles and property are frequently involved would never occur.

Those already possessing old bibles containing these entries or any family manuscripts cannot be too careful of them, for, in consequence of the destruction of many parish registers, they may in all probability contain the only proofs in existence by which their descent can be traced. Letters, and the innumerable documents treasured up in families afford most valuable assistance to pedigrees, and have at all times been used and received as evidence.

It was an ancient practice to enter pedigrees and family particulars in family bibles, and this is a custom which ought to be imitated by all persons.

The earliest account of this description met with is dated 1533, and contains the particulars of the births of the children of Sir William Cavendish, of his marriages, and of the deaths of his wives.

As it is very curious, perhaps a few extracts may not be uninteresting or out of place here.

"Elizabeth, my first childe, was borne on Wensdaie between 3 and 4 of the clock in the mornynge, viz., the seventh daie of January, in the 25th yeare of the raigne of King Henry VIII. the domynicall letter then D.

"Memorandum, that Margaret my wiffe departed this present life, Wensdaie, being the ninth daie of the month of June, the domynicall letter D, anno the 32nd of King Henry VIII., between

7 and 8 of the clock in the mornynge, on whose soul Jesu have mercy.

“Memorandum, That I was married unto Elizabeth, my second wife, at the Black Fryers in London, the morrowe after All Souls’ daie, then being Thursdaie, viz., the third daie of November, anno the 34 of Kinge Henry VIII., the dominicall letter then D.

“Another childe I had by the same woman,* with which she died, being a woman childe, and my eighth childe. At the christnyng of the childe the Queen’s Majestie was god-mother, and the Duke of Suffolk and the Bishop of Winchester god-fathers, and at the bishoppinge.”

For the good of people in general, I recommend all heads of families to enter in their bible their own marriage, giving the maiden name of the husband’s mother, and the maiden name of the wife’s mother, and each child that is born, and every marriage or death as such take place.

But we have wandered far away from Mr. Ffossilstonehaugh. As he had no family documents he knew nothing, except that his father’s name was Stephen, that he used to live at Barbon, near Kirby Lonsdale, in Westmoreland, that his mother’s name was “Mary,” and he had heard that she came from somewhere near Seelburgh in the same county, that he believed her maiden name was Field, but he was not quite sure; he thought they were yeomen, and by tradition descended of a very good and ancient family; but as both his parents had died when he was quite a child, and he had run away to sea because the people he lived with were very unkind to him, he had in consequence lost sight of all his kith and kin.

The first thing now that was to be done was to write to the Incumbent of Barbon, to know if there were any parish records there of the name of Ffossilstonehaugh about sixty years ago and previous, and if there were, how long the name figured in the registers?

A very polite reply came to the application, saying Barbon was only a hamlet of Kirby Lonsdale, and as the church was quite modern, all the registers would be found in the church of Kirby Lonsdale itself. Accordingly we disbursed the sum of two-

* It is curious, the different use made of the word woman in the time of Henry VIII. to that which we make of it at the present day, and affords an instance which the genealogist may be glad to have in illustration of its import.

pence in writing to the vicar there, a penny for the letter, and a penny stamp enclosed to ensure an answer.

In a few days we received the reply, saying that the entries of the names were numerous among the births, marriages, and burials, and that they extended over a period of 140 years, and as Kirby Lonsdale was the parish for a great many hamlets, and that, from some old tablets in the church, they seemed to have been very important people in the last century, and had held hereditary lands; but that the registers had been very irregularly kept, and entries appeared often made twice over, and in some of the baptismal registers the father's name was not even given, and the fee for search was 1s. for the first year, 6d. for each succeeding year, and 2s. 6d. for every certificate. We had the search made for forty years back, from 1790, and a great bundle of registers came to hand, and we found the birth of a Stephen Ffossilstonehaugh, the son of Roger F. and Lettie his wife, born 1771, also a John, a Michael, a Sarah, and a Dorothy, all born within a year of each other, and of the aforesaid Roger and Lettie, by which means our friend ascertains he had a goodly array of uncles and aunts. Among the deaths we found John, the son of Stephen, aged ten, and Sarah, daughter of Stephen, aged fourteen. On looking back further we came to Roger Ff.'s birth; he was entered as Roger the son of Egidius Ffossilstonehaugh; and two years before that entry, there was the marriage of Egidius Ff., and Faith Goodwin, daughter of Peter Goodwin, gent., of Beggin Kirby Lonsdale. There was no other name of Egidius in the entries, so it was probable he came of a branch settled in another part of Westmoreland, and had lived there after his marriage, having possibly come into money or possessions there through his wife, especially we judge so from one of the quarterings of the coat of arms being that of the Goodwin family.

We wished now to find the maiden name of Mrs. Ffossilstonehaugh's mother. "Somewhere near Sedburgh, where he believed she sprang from," was a wide circle to search in, and the quickest way to set to work now was, that guessing about the year, she might have married his father, to have the marriage register of Sedburgh searched. This was done, but no entry of the marriage was to be found, so then I deemed it expedient to write to the diocesan of Richmond Archdeaconry, in which diocese was Sedburgh and the environs, (there are seventy-seven parishes in this diocese,) and request for a search of Stephen Ff. and Mary Field's marriage about such a year, in some hamlet of the parish of Sedburgh, and get what is called a Bishop's Transcript. What is a Bishop's Transcript? will be asked. Transcripts of every birth, marriage, and burial register which is correctly copied and for-

warded to the bishop of the diocese—a most excellent provision—which in case of fire happening in the parsonage house, or any other accident destroying the parish register, would still afford the same evidence as if the originals had been extant, besides proving a check to any alteration, erasure, or forgery, which a record of so much importance as a parish register is subject to. These transcripts, as already stated, were first ordered in 1597, and subsequent ordinances have omitted their punctual transmission. It is however certain that in some dioceses no attention whatever has been paid to the subject, and in no single diocese are the *transcripts* perfect.

Here, you see, we had made a great stride in the search, and at length had found the great grandfather; but to get at the parentage of that worthy seemed a more difficult matter. “We must try some wills,” was my advice, but before setting out on our travels to Doctors’ Commons for a “Will Hunt,” it will be as well to have a little more talk about parish registers, which are very important, though imperfect documents, records of which have been kept from very remote ages.

The bible gives in the book of Genesis the genealogies of the patriarchs from Adam to Noah, and from Noah to the twelve patriarchs.

In the 26th chap. of Numbers we find the number of all the males of the children of Israel from twenty years old to be 603,550, for Moses and Aaron assembled all the congregation together on the first of the second month, and they declared their *pedigrees* of their families by the house of their fathers, and in the 7th chap. of Nehemiah we read that Nehemiah obtained permission from Artaxerxes, after the captivity of the Jews in Babylon, to go up to Jerusalem and rebuild the city of the sepulchres of his fathers; after which he relates, “My God put into my heart to gather together the nobles and the rulers and the people, that they might be reckoned by genealogy, and I found a *register* of the genealogy of them which came up at the first.”

And this register was of so great authority, that some of the priests at Jerusalem sought their register among those that were reckoned by genealogy, but it was not found; therefore were they as polluted, and put from the priesthood.

Parochial registers seem to have begun about the middle of the sixteenth century, shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries, and the dispersion of the monks, who had been until that time the recognized recorders of those events. The bards, or ancient Druids, were much given to composing genealogies, and rehearsing them in public assemblies, in which they were very skilful.

There have been various opinions as to the precise period when

parish registers were first kept in England ; but we find in 1538, the 30th Henry VIII., a mandate was issued by the Vicar General for the keeping of registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials in every parish, before which date there were no parochial registers. The register of some few parishes have entries for two or three years prior to 1538, but there is reason to believe such entries were not made until the institution of registers in that year.

In 1597 it was ordered that certified transcripts of the registers should be then and thenceforth forwarded annually to the registrar of the diocese.

In Cromwell's time the registers fell into general disuse, as the established clergy were frequently ejected from their livings, and marriages were celebrated before a justice of the peace, and not in the church.

By an ordination of the Parliament, the custody of the registers was given to some person elected by the inhabitants and parishioners, and the result was that scarcely any registers were kept throughout the kingdom.

This mischief was rectified at the Restoration, but the evil of having no parochial records for a period of twenty years, is incalculable.

The next important regulation was the Marriage Act of 1754, which directed the ceremony to be performed in a church or chapel, and the entry in the register to be subscribed by the parties in a proper form.

Prior to this Act, a religious ceremony was not necessary to the validity of a marriage, and parties coming together and marrying *per verba de presente*, were married beyond their power to separate.

One must therefore bear in mind that it is of great importance, that any evidence of parties living as man and wife before 1754, is as available as a marriage register for genealogical purposes.

Although parish registers have been instituted for nearly 300 years, we shall be much disappointed if we expect to receive from them the assistance which we ought to obtain, from the negligent way in which they have been kept, the repetition and gross errors in entering them precludes the possibility of substantiating a pedigree traced through a period of two centuries, for though furnishing important links of evidence, often when revealed only serve to show how much still remains to be discovered.

Independently of the casualties, especially in the burning of churches during the Commonwealth, much hindrance is caused even to this day in making and transmitting the transcripts, as well as no proper preservation of the originals, which have been

lost, cancelled, stolen, left in public courts of justice for examination and never reclaimed, burnt, and even wilfully destroyed.

There is another circumstance, the inattention which has too frequently been given to the subject by the party making the entry, as may be instanced in these few extracts from parochial registers.

Baptisms. "An infant chrisaned, 1570." "The Queen's footman's child, 1554. Joane Filia Populi."

Marriages. "This day were married by Mr. Holloway, I think, a couple whose names I could never learn, for he allowed them to carry away the license."

"Inezels, man and maid, was married on Lady-day, 1706."

Burials. "A Mayde from the mill."

"Black John."

"Apprentice of Mr. Kiford."

"Goodwife Lee."

"A Tinker, of Berrye in Suffolk."

"1716. The oulde girl from the workhouse."

"Barberry, an old maid."

"1660. A child of Adam Earth."

"1606. A sucking man-child."

The "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1811, remarks that in many country places the clergyman has entered the names at his leisure, whenever he had nothing better to do, and perhaps never entered them at all. Misnomers have occurred in every page, and the registers have often been lent about the parish to any of the friends of the incumbent, or the churchwardens, who from curiosity or worse motives have been induced to borrow them.

In an Essex parish the clerk not having ink and paper to make an extract for an applicant observed, "oh, you may as well have the leaf as it is," and coolly taking out a pocket-knife gave the applicant the entire two pages of the register.

Bigland, in his "Observations on Parish Registers," mentions in one parish the clerk was a tailor, and had cut out more than sixteen leaves of the old register in order to supply himself with measures; and in another parish the register being in the custody of a parish clerk, his daughters, who were lace makers, were allowed to cut it up for a supply of parchment to be used in their manufacture.

Dr. Thelwall, of Newcastle, wrote in 1819, that "the records there were shamefully kept, as he had seen in the possession of a friend a great number of extracts from the register of a certain parish in the neighbourhood, and on questioning how he became possessed of them was informed, they were given to him by his *cheesemonger*, and that copies were forwarded by the clergyman of the parish to the proper office in a bordering diocese, and had been allowed, through the negligence of their keeper, to obtain the

distinguished honour of wrapping up cheese and bacon." And in an "Account of the Present State of the Ecclesiastical Court of Record, by W. Downing Bruce, 1851," we find that the Parish Register of Kirkby Malgeard, Yorkshire, for 1653, was reported by the curate as lost or stolen, and that it was discovered by him (Mr. Bruce) tattered and torn behind some old drawers in *the curate's* back kitchen.

Connected with the parochial registers are the churchwardens' parochial accounts of receipts and payments, and often serving to prove the descent of estates through different owners for three centuries.

It has been already stated that registers were instituted in 1538, but of the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the parochial accounts begin at a very much earlier date, and may materially assist the genealogist in his trace of private families through these distant ages.

The following extracts were made in searching for the pedigree of Caxton, the printer, whose family lived near Westminster Abbey, and they prove the names and burials of that eminent man's father, and grandfather.

"1478. Item, the day of bureying of William Caxton, for ii torches & iiij tapirs at a lowe masse xxd.

"1491. Item, atte bureying of William Caxton for iiij torches vis viiid. Item for the belle atte same bureying vid."

In addition to the parish churches, there were before the passing of the Marriage Act, many chapels in and near London, which exercised the privilege where marriages were licensed to be celebrated, and gave rise to great abuses. Of these the "Fleet" and "May Fair" were the most notorious. May Fair Chapel was the resort of the higher class of society for clandestine marriages, and in those registers (from 1728 to 1754) now kept at the Consistorial Court of London (except three volumes, which are in the church at St. George's, Hanover Square,) appear amongst other great marriages, that of the Duke of Kingston, and the celebrated Miss Chudleigh, and of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, who, in 1744, ran away with the Duke of Richmond's daughter.

Such of the Fleet registers as could be discovered by Government, are deposited at the Bishop of London's Registry in Doctors' Commons, where they may be examined.

The evidence respecting the marriages in the Fleet as given by a witness on the trial of *Doe* d. *Passingham* v. *Lloyd*, was taken down by Mr. Gurney; and as it is curious, and in all probability quite unknown, I will give a transcript of it, verbatim.

"Wm. Stiles Jones—I lived in Fleet Lane. I knew the houses called 'Marriage Houses,' and register books were kept at them.

The houses extended beyond the rules of the Fleet ; Dr. Dean and Dr. Wyatt were clergymen who celebrated Fleet marriages. The marriages were set down in a book kept at each of the marriage houses by the persons who acted as clerks. Mr. Lilly had a marriage house, and Mrs. Owen used to ply for him, but not very decently, for she got anyone to be married who would. When Lilly died Owen kept a marriage house on her own account."

On his cross-examination he said. "If the clerk was out, the servant of the marriage house entered it into the book. Two of the houses were the sign of the Sawyers, and the sign of the Salutation and Cat, in Newgate Market. Another was the Bull and Garter. Lilly's was more of a private house, and had no sign."

The examination of Mrs. Owen, stated. "I kept the Fleet registers, but on going to America, sold them ; I used to grant certificates to those who wanted them."

Benjamin Panton, a witness said, "I bought the whole of the registers of Fleet marriages ; they are between 500 and 600 in number, and are more than one ton in weight."

The manner in which these marriages was celebrated, the conduct of the persons who assumed the power of registering them, and the numerous false entries in them of marriages which never did take place, have thrown such an odium on them, as to take from them even the authority of a private memorandum, although the marriages celebrated in the Fleet were undoubtedly valid.

There will be found in the Bishop of London's Registry, Doctors' Commons, the *registers of the chaplains attached* to many English embassies abroad, which have been transmitted there for preservation by the Secretary of State from the year 1740, to the present time.

Protestant dissenters of all denominations have been accustomed to register the births of their children at Dr. Williams' library, Red Cross Street, and in some years there have been as many as 1000 entries in each year, but the number has diminished since Sir Thomas Plomer refused to receive the books as evidence.

Since the Act of Parliament, in 1832, *all* registers are transmitted to Somerset House, which renders modern pedigree tracing comparatively easy work.

Before we leave this subject, the books containing the entries of the grants of marriage licenses must not be forgotten, as important genealogical guides, for connected with them are the *original affidavits*, made by parties applying for licences, which contain the names, descriptions, residences and ages of the parties to be

married, the church where the ceremony was to be performed, and occasionally the names of the parents.

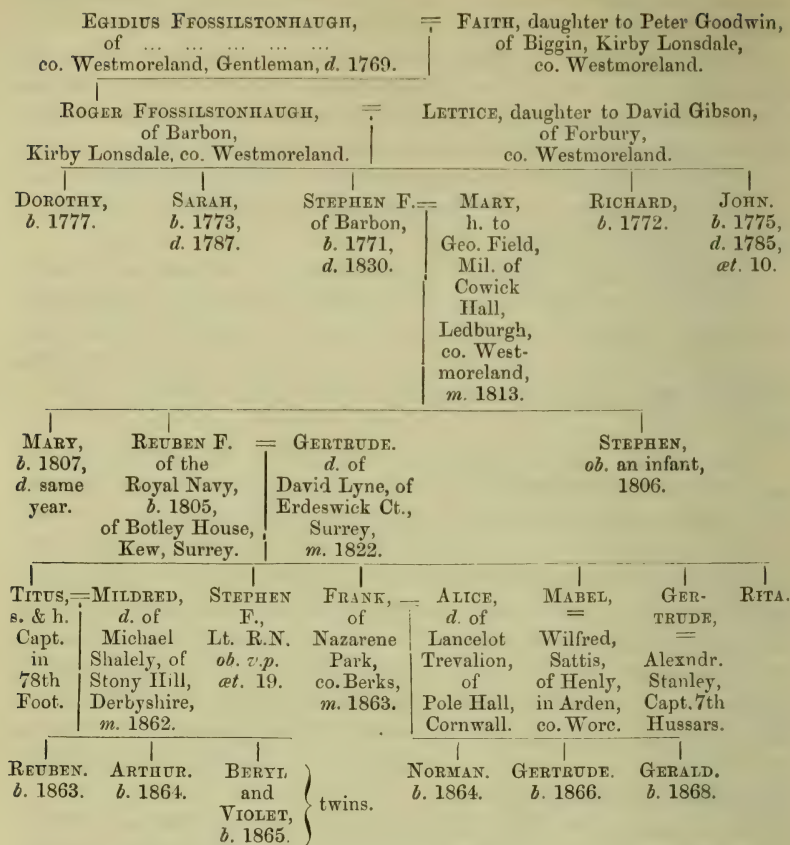
Many licences, or rather transcripts, of a date prior to the Reformation, are to be found registered in the Vatican, in the Castle of St. Angelo, and the office of the Dataria at Rome, but there is great difficulty in obtaining leave to have these archives looked into. Those licenses subsequent to the Reformation, with the affidavits, ought to be found in the registries of the several Archbishops and Bishops.

In London there are three distinct offices where searches should be made. First, the Bishop of London's Office, as regards his Consistory Court; secondly, the Vicar General's, which has authority over the whole see of Canterbury; and thirdly, the Faculty Office, which has jurisdiction over York as well as Canterbury.

The License Records commence in 1630 at the Faculty Office, but at the other offices they do not commence until after the fire of London, in 1666, all earlier records having been burnt.

The documents preserved by these offices, are the affidavits made by persons applying for licenses, and the bonds entered into by them at the same time; and the marriage license, by naming the parish where the marriage is to be celebrated, enables one to obtain evidence to prove such marriage, and as the majority of persons in the middling and higher walks of life are married by license, it will be advisable when search is being made for evidence of a marriage, to go in the first instance to the Marriage License Offices, and search the books.

To return to Mr. Ffossilstonehaugh. Having obtained all the information he required before visiting Doctors' Commons to search for some Ffossilstonehaugh wills (a description of which will be given in the next chapter), I will just draw out his pedigree as far as we have traced it at present; Mr. F. having given me a schedule of all his living representatives.



CHAPTER III.

DOCTORS' COMMONS.

From the foregoing plate, we perceive that Mr. Reuben Ffossilstonehaugh had climbed his genealogical tree as far as his great grandfather's branch, and of course naturally wished to climb higher to trace that worthy's sire; and from the register proving his death to have taken place in 1796, we think it most probable that he left a will which might give an account of his relations and of the lands they held (which would again bring the parochial registers into requisition) and also very likely of some of the maternal relations; therefore Mr. Reuben Ffossilstonehaugh and your humble servant will betake ourselves to the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons, and if my readers will not mind the

trouble of accompanying us there in spirit (which is a very easy feat now-a-days according to Mr. Home) they may find much amusement as well as instruction.

But we will rest a little after our walk, and before commencing our search, take a glance at the place itself, and all the proceedings there.

On going in, all seems hurry and confusion. Rapidly from the top to the bottom of the page, run the fingers of the solicitors' clerks, as they turn over folio after folio of the bulky volumes they are examining at the desks in the centre, long practice having taught them to discover at a glance the object of their search; quickly move to and fro those who are fetching from the shelves, or carrying back to them the said volumes; rapidly glide the pens of the numerous copyists who are transcribing, or making extracts from wills, in all those little cells, or boxes along the sides of the room.

But as we begin to take in a little more clearly the busy throng occupying the central space, we see persons whose appearance and manners exhibit a striking difference to those around them, there is no mistaking that they are neither solicitors, nor solicitors' clerks acting for others, but persons who are searching for their own interests.

We find plenty to attract our attention, and bring a smile or perhaps a tear. There are few places where the careful observer of character has so many opportunities of watching the various passions and feelings of the human race, as in the search room at Doctors' Commons, so absorbed become the searchers in the business they are about, that for a time they forget all else.

Amongst the busy throng, we find gentlemen of the College of Arms who alone are privileged to make notes, and woe betide the daring man or woman who is seen surreptitiously to scribble or make notes; one of the occupants of the little cells rushes out and pounces on him or her like a spider on a fly. A good plan is to have a bostonite tablet in a wide pocket, erect it against your leg, and it is easy enough to scribble rough notes which you can polish up after closing books.

Look at that weather-beaten sailor just returned from far away over the seas, he finds his parents dead, and hastens to see whether there is anything *small* left him, as a token of forgiveness from his father, with whom he had quarrelled before going to sea. At yonder desk we see a poor miserable looking woman (a widow perhaps) who with a scared and anxious look, comes as a last hope to Doctors' Commons to see if in her father's will there is some slight legacy which will keep beggary from her door, and help to educate her poor orphans; most likely she had married without her father's

consent and has come in the faint hope that though he would not see her, that dying he forgave her, and left her some tangible token of pardon. She has never seen him since the day she left home a happy hopeful bride, though discarded child ; a smile comes over her wan sad face, the old man *did* forgive her and she finds there *is* something left to her to keep her from poverty, and she rushes out another and a brighter being.

Then again you see a face exulting with hope and expectation, gradually grow darker and darker as the contents of a will is revealed ; or your eye rests on a beggar-man in gait and attire, hardly able to read, spelling over every letter, and mumbling to himself all the while. In short, one might almost write a novel from what the imagination will conjure up from the varied expressions and transformations the faces undergo as they take in the substance of the wills ; over some will pass gleams of vicious delight to see that some one has been cut off with a shilling, though they themselves have benefited nothing ; over another face will steal an agony of expression on discovering that they have been forgotten or neglected, when perhaps they had centred all their hopes on some expected legacy to free them from debts, which like millstones round their necks were dragging them down to beggary. Then we see the inveterate fortune hunter who has searched the wills of his or her ancestors scores of times in the vain hope that there is some clause hitherto not observed, which will enable them to make a claim. Again there is the imaginary claimant (generally of the female sex), she has her pedigree by heart, has certificates by the score, but there is always some marriage, birth or death that stands between her and fortune. Lawyers by the dozen have by the plausibility of her story taken up her case, but have all found it useless.

She alone works on and on, getting thinner from disappointed hopes, more aged than her years and with grey hairs prematurely round a face which might have worn once a happy contented look, but which by the constant wear and tear of anxiety has now a discontented querulous expression.

Many, very many of these characters may be seen in Doctors' Commons ; another far from uncommon case is the disappointed relative. A relation has lately died well off, and has always promised to do something for John, Thomas or Kate, etc. They hear nothing of the expected legacy, and have a vague idea that by going to Doctors' Commons and paying their shilling they will see the will ; and all they will have to do will be to apply to the executors and get their money. With what eager eyes the big book is searched ; remarks perhaps are heard about "the poor dear old man, how quietly he went off at last," "what a blessing he did not suffer

more," etc. Gradually, as the end of the will is reached, the changed expression of the face is marvellous, the regrets are changed to, "stingy old beggar," "the shabby old fellow," etc., and so on.

A great many fast looking and highly got up young men may always be found here, looking very much out of place, and seeming in a frightfully nervous state of mind, lest their delicate lavender kids should be soiled by coming in contact with the dusty old folios; they are penniless younger sons or government clerks looking out for rich wives to support and keep them in luxury and idleness; they go there to see what the grandfather, or the father (if he be dead) has left to some fair Julia or dazzling Rosalind who has bewitched him, but to whom he cannot afford to pay his devotions unless they are set in gilded frames.

Often they find the fair one's money (with whom they have been wasting so much time) is placed in the hands of trustees, and so tied up, that no husband can touch it. Or perhaps some rich widow is the attraction, and a devoted admirer rushes off to see how the departed has left "the bereaved one;" perhaps finds to his chagrin, that by the terms of the will of her jealous old dog-in-the-manger husband, all the property goes to some hospital or charity in case of re-marriage, and he feels uncommonly sold, and determines to withdraw his attentions before he goes too far.

There is a most amusing story told which occurred in the county of —, and the truth of which can be vouched for, as it came out in evidence afterwards.

A gentleman had for some time paid his addresses to a lady in every way suitable to him, when a lover's tiff took place, and the gentleman related his troubles to a friend who advised him not to despair, repeating the old saying, "there are more fish in the sea, etc.," and recommended him to look out for a rich widow. On the spur of the moment our friend made a bet he would go to Doctors' Commons, find the particulars as to the fortunes of *three* rich widows, and marry one of them within six months; he found the names of three, saw each, made his choice, and married one of them within the specified time, thereby winning his wager; but a suit for breach of promise was brought by his first lady-love, and he had to pay heavy damages; the gentleman who lost the bet having split, and eventually married the jilted lady.

It is through *wills* only that families in the middle-class of life can trace any descent prior to the introduction of parochial records.

Few, if any documents contain so great an amount of genealogical details for the testaments of men of property almost invariably name two, and frequently three or four clear descents,

and refer to relations and kindred who never could otherwise be attached to the pedigree.

The Will Offices, therefore, and the Courts of Peculiars, are the great sources from whence the modern genealogist must derive his materials; made at a solemn and impressive moment, and with a feeling of sanctity of the instrument, they are scarcely ever inaccurate or false, and in perusing their details we seem to hear again the words of the departed telling his own story or referring to facts now dead.

In tracing a pedigree, it is necessary to examine not only the wills in the Prerogative Office of Doctors' Commons, but the several Diocesan Courts, and private jurisdictions called "Peculiars,"* and should be enquired for in all places, where any members of the pedigree hunters' family have resided, for in ancient days, the customary place to prove wills was in the neighbouring Ecclesiastical, Manorial, or other Local Courts, having jurisdiction over the deceased's residence; for it was and is chiefly, where the party dying had goods in various dioceses or peculiars that a prerogative probate was and is necessary.

At the present day, this necessity of a prerogative grant is very much occasioned by parties having shares in the public stocks, the transfer books of which are kept in London. Lists of the Peculiars, and various other courts throughout all England, will be found in Gwynne's "Law Relating to the Duties on Probates," 1836, page 201.

The earliest registers of wills are those preserved at Lambeth Palace, and they commence in the year 1312.

Transcripts of wills, dated from 1383, are in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. In the Bishop of London's Registry at Doctors' Commons they commence fifteen years earlier, and at Lincoln forty years prior.

All wills of persons living within the Province of Canterbury, are generally proved in the Prerogative Court, but it was optional with the executors to prove at any Archdeaconry, Diocesan, Peculiar, or other court within the jurisdiction of which the deceased last resided. In cases, however, in which the deceased died possessed of personal property in divers dioceses, the Prerogative Court had the exclusive right to the will.

The jurisdiction of the Bishop of London's Court, extends over the city of London, and the counties of Middlesex, Essex, and part of Kent, so that in court it remains optional to prove either at the

* Peculiars are particular parishes having jurisdiction within themselves, and exempt from the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts. The Courts of Peculiars amount to about 500 in England and Wales, but their jurisdiction is still somewhat obscure

Bishop of London's Archdeaconry of Middlesex or a Commissary Court.

Some wills of an earlier date than those in our Ecclesiastical Courts are to be found on the Rolls of the Court of Hustings, as Guildhall, or some of the Chancery Rolls in the Public Record office, and these are the oldest in the kingdom which are *of record*.

Many probates of wills were granted during the Commonwealth of which no registration is to be found, even in the Prerogative Office, and these probates are frequently found amongst ancient family evidences.

Abstracts of will from every register from the different counties, divisions, etc., are now, under statute 42 George III., sent to the Legacy Duty Office.

It is contemplated in course of time, and when space permits, to remove all the wills from the different jurisdictions to the Prerogative Court, or elsewhere as may be appointed by Government, and now, even every year, many county wills are brought from their country homes, in which, though, they have never smelt the fresh country air for centuries, but breathing only the mouldy damp of the cellars in which they have been sleeping so long. It will be a work of years to get them into order, and a great God-send to genealogists it will be when they are so, who I am sure would willingly subscribe to have a jubilee on the occasion.

It must be remembered in proving a descent by means of a will, the *probate* is no evidence, the original testament must be produced from its repository, if it be in existence; even the books of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, containing the *transcripts* of original wills cannot be received until evidence has been given, that *proper search* has been made for the original will.

It was the practice anciently in Ecclesiastical Courts to return the original wills to the executors when probates had been granted; they are now therefore generally lost.*

Letters of administration however are received as evidence. It was the practice anciently to file an inventory of the deceased's effects in the Ecclesiastical Courts. These inventories have been of use in our courts in substantiating a pedigree by proving or disproving the identity of parties, from the evidence of wealth, poverty, locality or connections mentioned in them.

The bonds given by administrators to the ordinary of the diocese or his officer, are valuable in pedigree cases, since they give positive evidence of the deceased's next of kin, and are of the utmost use in tracing genealogies.

* They may occasionally be picked up in some old historical and genealogical bookseller's shop, or found amongst the treasures of an antiquarian who has bought them at some old bookstall.

Having explained as much as we possibly can the nature of the proceedings in this court, we will, with the reader's permission, join in Mr. Reuben Ffossilstonchaugh's search for his great great grandfather's will. Firstly, we must purchase at one of the stationers' shops outside a shilling stamp, as no money is taken within, which stamp when procured, we take to the little box on our right hand as we re-enter the room, and hand it over to the very urbane official there with the well cultivated whiskers and moustache, and whose sedentary life and little occupation seem to agree with him vastly well from the sleek appearance he rejoices in. This well fed worthy asks us "what name;" we give the noble patronymic, which he scribbles on a piece of paper, the size and shape used by gentlemen for shaving purposes, and with a polite bow and stereotyped official grin, bids us to please take it to No. 6 on the left; we accordingly cross over to No. 6 and hand the aforesaid piece of paper to a deeply tinted, golden haired clerk, who says, "what year?" upon which we give him a number in round figures, liking plenty of sea room.

This ruby-crowned gentleman points out where the indices live, and we proceed to search in those containing the desired years, and carrying them one at a time to the centre desk we stood among the anxious throng there and soon got absorbed and excited in our chase.

We searched for over a period of seven years but could not find the identical Egidius Ffossilstonehaugh, so we conjectured that his will must have been proved in the Archdeaconry of Richmond, in Yorkshire, as most parishes there are in that diocese. Having ascertained that all the Richmond wills had been imported lately to this, the chief office, and found we must purchase another stamp, as the one we had was not available for the Richmond wills, but being determined to have our *shilling's worth*, we looked over the indices until we found one of the name; upon finding one we took the index up to the ruby official and showed him the name. He immediately scribbles some hieroglyphic on the same piece of paper and commands us to take it to No. 4. We proceed to the little cell with that number painted on it, when a little imperial-chinned man, of stature small, takes possession of it; he gives it over to another being similar to himself, who darts off with it into realms unseen, and presently re-appears shouldering a huge time-eaten looking folio, bound and clasped. He thumps it down on the desk and calls out the name of the testator. We then proceeded to read it, and found it was the dying emanations from some collateral scion of the old house which gave us a link or two in our chain of facts. Having procured another stamp for the Richmond wills we were told to go

to another cell and hand in the pass paper. We were then requested to go and sit down in the reading room where the document would be brought to us. Whilst waiting for it, we amused ourselves by taking stock of all that therein was, and being of a communicative turn of mind we will enlighten our readers with an account of it. In one corner is a table in which sits a functionary registering orders for copies of wills and receiving the money for the same; in the centre is a long table with forms on either side, where all modern and country wills are seen. Lawyers and their clerks are principally the occupants of this room; now and then you see relatives of some lately deceased personage donned in their garbs of mitigated or unmitigated woe, as the case may be, come to satisfy themselves that the will has been rightly administered. And now and then you meet some well dressed dame or gentleman who has come here merely on an errand of curiosity and nothing else; just to see what so and so died worth, as he was considered passing rich, etc. In this room hanging on the wall is a huge map of England, in which all the different dioceses of the different counties are marked in divers coloured inks, by which can easily be told the peculiar jurisdiction or diocese in which the wills of persons dying in any parish are likely to be proved.

The Richmond will being finally brought to us (a most crumbly, dusty, musty state it was in) we devoured the contents greedily, and our labour was rewarded and our hearts gladdened to find it was the self-same of our search. We committed the contents to the tablets of our memory until we got outside the court, when we pulled out our note-case and wrote the particulars down. Feeling satisfied we should derive much information from the perusal of some of the earlier wills, I told Mr. Reuben Ffossilstonehaugh that there was a department of the Probate Court allotted for literary enquirers, and that by a written application to Lord Penzance, the Judge of the Probate Court, stating the purposes it is desired for, the applicant receives a ticket in the course of a few days permitting him to read, copy or make extracts from all old wills downwards to 1699, during the space of six months, when it can be renewed. Only four persons are allowed to this department at a time from the smallness of the space. Whilst on this subject, a few words of appeal to the authorities holding dominion over Doctors' Commons, may not be out of place here, even if they make no effect on the heads and hearts of these grave and reverend seigneurs. Any literary person has the privilege of having a reading ticket for the literary department there, and can inspect, take extracts and make copies from any will proved in that court from the earliest dates to the year 1699, but after that the usual

fee of one shilling is charged and no extracts allowed. All country wills are under the same ban, and I would suggest, that all persons engaged in purely literary pursuits should have access to all wills in town and country to 1799. This would be a great boon to the literary world, and would be such a great gain to the reading public and to all historical and biographical societies—for it is well known that writers and literary people are in general very poor, and if they have to search for many wills the expense is beyond their means, hence the errors we find in all our historical, topographical and genealogical works, and which are singularly deficient and incorrect in many important points, whereas if the privilege I plead for were granted, the writers would have no excuse for not making their works correct in every respect. In these days of enlightenment, when the march of civilization is striding with seven leagued boots all over the globe, why should England be behind hand, while our transatlantic brethren the Americans throw open their records to every enquirer, whether literary or otherwise, and every facility is offered to the antiquarian and genealogist?

I venture to use my humble pen in advocating the extension of this *great* privilege, believing that every antiquarian, historiographer, etc., will unite with me in my appeal, and that the literature of the country will be a material gainer, and if the subject were taken up by our writers, and proper representations made to government, I am confident they would meet with a successful issue, and our county histories and biographies would then be treasures worthy of such a nation as ours.

THE HOUSE IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

SOME years ago I kept a linendraper's shop. It was not a large shop, as times go, but being in a leading thoroughfare it brought me in a fair amount of money in the course of the year. So that I may truthfully say I kept my shop, my shop kept *me*—and kept me comfortably.

To assist me in my business I had the services of two respectable men, both capital salesmen, both of gentlemanly appearance and address—which indeed is necessary in our trade, dealing almost entirely as we do with ladies. As for Harley, the eldest, he was, from a linendrapering point of view, perfection. His pride in his persuasive powers was so great that he would think it a very poor transaction in which he did not induce a customer to expend three or four times the amount she had originally intended. Marston, the younger, was equally clever but scarcely so cool and wary; that is to say, he was rather too susceptible when female loveliness was in question.

For my own part I had nothing to do but be my own shop-walker. My part, it was to look pleasant, hand customers chairs, “wash my hands in invisible water,” or open my plate glass doors to admit of the ingress and egress of the fair ladies who patronised me. Occasionally I would unbend so far as to carry bulky parcels to carriages waiting in the roadway, when there was no footman in attendance. For I had carriage customers: plenty of them.

Whether they came in carriages, or whether they came on foot, however, all my customers were treated with equal civility by myself and assistants. It will not do to make any distinctions in business. Politeness must be the order of the day, whether the sum spent be a sovereign or a sixpence. Perhaps, for instance, a shabby little old woman, apparently not worth the latter coin, would lay out an amount that made even my well drilled shopmen stare. Whereas her successor might probably be some rustling dame of aristocratic demeanour, who, after having turned over the whole stock, would walk out, having bought nothing.

It may be imagined, served as I was by assistants so diligent, that I prospered. I did prosper. Carriages thronged to my little shop, from the stately barouche of May Fair to the wicked brougham from the wood named after Saint John. The yard measures were never idle. All day long, parcels of choice moire antique or delicate *mouseline de laine* changed hands across the counter; to the clearance of my shop and the replenishment of my exchequer. These, as trade circulars informed the public, were the results of “attention and excellence combined.”

One rainy morning—I remember it well—the shop was less thronged than usual; in fact it was nearly empty. The reason, of course, was the weather: for our sensitive English ladies, even when protected by close carriages, dread nothing so much as wet. That morning, in particular, it was pouring as it only knows how to pour in London. The few customers had gradually departed, when, on a sudden, there dashed up to the kerb a showy-looking street-cab, a four wheeler. The reader may perhaps have observed that some cabs, drivers, horses, and vehicles are smarter than the generality. This was one of them. From it descended two ladies, fashionably dressed. Of course I was immediately on the spot with the capacious umbrella we kept for that purpose behind the glass door, and quickly escorted them into the house.

I am a bad judge of people's ages, especially of ladies' ages; but the elder of these two I should have put down at eight-and-twenty, the younger at barely twenty-one. The latter was simply the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Her companion, though by no means bad-looking, was not different from hundreds of other well-dressed females you may see about the West End any fine day in the season.

Of my two men, Harley was unfortunately busy in re-arranging some stock which had been disturbed by a troublesome customer; but it was without misgiving that I consigned the ladies to the care of Marston. Since, the place being empty, I believed I should be able to keep my eye on him.

The visitors, however, had no sooner seated themselves and mentioned the first article which they required, than a great noise occurred in front of the windows. I went out to see what was the matter, and found that the disturbance was caused by a drunken man. He was by far one of the dirtiest, most sottish vagabonds I had ever beheld. He had taken into his tipsy head to be offended with some ticket or announcement which appeared on my articles, and he was holding forth, to a rapidly increasing crowd, on the rascality of tradesmen in general and linendrapers in particular. The figure I presented may be imagined: standing there, with the rain pattering on my bare head and discolouring my spotless necktie while I reasoned with the inebriated brute. To add to my exasperation the mob jeered, as mobs will jeer when they see decent people in trouble, and it was sometime before I could persuade the fellow to take his departure.

When I returned I found the ladies I had left inside had made considerable purchases. The articles bought, I saw on looking over the bill, were of no little value in the aggregate. They were lying on the counter, packed in a large parcel, ready for removal. But here a difficulty arose. Marston informed me, with much hesitation, that the ladies had not come prepared with so much

money as was required to settle their account, having taken a fancy to many things they had not originally intended to buy, "would I therefore kindly send some one with them to their residence, in charge of the goods, when the cash should be returned?"

What was I to do? There were the things made up. I could not be guilty of the discourtesy of refusing such a reasonable request; but I inwardly wished my too complaisant assistant at Hanover. As it happened, our solitary porter had been sent on a distant message. I could not spare either of my other *employés*, so in the end I consented to go myself, and was invited to take my seat inside the cab.

Under any other circumstances such a *tête-à-tête* with two pretty women for half an hour would have been agreeable; but as I always defer my amusements till after business hours, I did not appreciate the situation. To say the truth, an indefinable feeling of uneasiness began to steal over me as I sat there in the cab with the package on my knees.

As for the ladies, they chatted gaily with each other, occasionally addressing a remark to myself, to which my thoughts prevented me from giving more than a monosyllabic response. Then, perhaps putting me down as a churlish fellow, they confined their conversation to themselves.

At length our drive came to an end, and we stopped before a house. That is to say, we drew up at a door placed in a high wall. But there was nothing remarkable about that, as hundreds of private houses are thus concealed in the semi-aristocratic locality that lies north-west of London.

In answer to the cabman's ring, a man in black, apparently a servant out of livery, presented himself, after much unlocking and unbolting. "A manservant to answer the bell," thought I, "well, I am sure of my money from people who live in such style as this." We tradespeople have, I admit, an absurd veneration for people who keep butlers and footmen. But so it is, and I suppose will be to the end of the chapter. Notwithstanding, however, all my respect for wealth, as represented in this manner, the same feeling of fear came over me again as I was about to cross the threshold. I hesitated. "Pshaw!" said I to myself, "what nonsense is this?" and went in.

I should mention that the cabman was directed to wait; I presumed to convey me back to town.

The man in black leisurely proceeded to refasten the door. There were certainly an unusual number of locks and bolts for a private residence; but that, I thought, was no business of mine. While the man was so engaged, I had leisure to look around me.

What I saw, was a lawn surrounded on all sides by the high walls already mentioned. In the centre of the lawn was an ordinary looking house: ordinary, that is, but for its height—three stories. Another peculiarity about this house was, that the windows of the upper floors did not display the usual arrangement of blinds and curtains, but were whitened. Again I thought that was no business of mine. Finally, I observed before entering the house, that there were several tall trees on the edge of the grounds, which gave a still more secluded aspect. This, joined to the whitened windows and the utter silence prevailing, imparted to the whole place a most depressing air. For the third time I thought, but this time with a slight shudder, that it was no business of mine.

Nothing could exceed the politeness of the ladies. No sooner was I fairly inside than they insisted upon relieving me of my parcel. Then in the most coaxing manner they entreated me to go upstairs to the drawing-room and partake of some refreshment, when they would rejoin me and settle accounts. I did not like to lose sight of the goods in a strange house, but a glance at the beautiful ingenuous face of the younger of my hostesses, disarmed my reluctance and I went up to the door pointed out to me.

I found myself in a shabby looking room, with shabby furniture half concealed by dirty chintz. No pictures, no mirrors, no knickknacks, lady's needlework, or anything else one expects to see in a drawing-room. And as for the carpet on the floor, I wouldn't have given a shilling a yard for it. The windows of this room were in the direction looking on the lawn. As the shutters, however, were pulled half way up, I could not see out. The reader will know what I mean if he have ever been in an artist's studio and observed the arrangement of his shutters, so as to admit only of a top light. But this was evidently not an artist's studio. What did the people mean then by having their shutters half closed? Upon inspecting these shutters more narrowly, I found that they were not movable, but were *nailed in their places*. At last I gave it up and retreated to a chair by the empty fireplace, where I wondered that such elegant ladies should be contented with such a miserable drawing-room.

The refreshment spoken of was a long time in coming. Meanwhile I mused on the little train of incidents which had brought me where I was. One thing seemed to me very extraordinary, viz., that such bright young creatures as those I had just left should live in such an out-of-the-way place. The building was more like a convent than anything else: yet those young ladies looked quite the reverse of nuns. But the time was flying. I had been in the room about ten minutes and there was no appearance of either the refreshment or the ladies. An old-fashioned bell-

pull was on one side of the mantelpiece. I pulled it. Next moment I heard the answering tinkle in the basement. Five minutes more elapsed, then a heavy step was audible on the stairs. The door opened. The man in black.

I should say that he was not an amiable looking man at any time, but the gloomy surroundings gave his stern, dark face a very repulsive expression. I determined to be civil.

"Those ladies," I began mildly, "I'm afraid they have forgotten me."

"Oh no, they have not," he answered stolidly.

"Then please tell them," I continued, "that my time is precious, and I will thank them to attend to me, for I want to get back to my shop."

The reply was in a sort of rough soothing tone: "My good man, it's all right, make yourself at home. You shall want for nothing: I'll see that you're made comfortable."

"Comfortable!" I shouted. "What do you mean? I want my money."

Before I finished he was gone, and I heard him locking the door behind him.

I was now seriously alarmed. Things began to wear an ugly look. I forgot all about my lost property in the more overpowering sensation of loss of liberty. But every other feeling was rapidly mastered by indignation. Was I, an inoffensive man who had committed no crime, to be treated in this way with impunity? Not if I could help it! Then I kicked and thumped violently at the door, shouting at the same time with all my might. The door was a strong one of oak. It defied my efforts. I only got cut knuckles and bruises for my pains. Still I hallooed all the more. The noise at length brought up the man in black. As soon as he opened the door I screamed out, "What is the meaning of this? You scoundrel!" and attempted to get past him. It was of no use. The villain was far more powerful than I. He seized me by the throat and dashed me backwards with such violence that I reeled against the opposite wall, my head coming in contact with a projecting piece of moulding. Then, seeing me leaning there, apparently half stunned, the fellow went out again, locking the door as before.

I remained perfectly quiet for some time, trying to collect my scattered faculties. It seemed some monstrous nightmare. One short hour before I was happy, prosperous, peacefully following my vocation—now trapped, cheated, and a prisoner!

And, as far as I knew, I had not an enemy in the world. No one would benefit by my incarceration unless it was those two beautiful fiends who had lured me into the snare: and even they

would only be gainers by the eleven or twelve pounds which was the value of that fatal parcel.

Casting my eye round the room again, I spied in a corner a small cupboard which I had not before noticed. Instantly I was down on my knees ransacking it. All sorts of odds and ends were there. Several things puzzled me. What could be the meaning of those strong handkerchiefs, tied in the middle in such huge firm knots? Three or four pairs of steel handcuffs were equally inexplicable. At last I came to a long roll of *something*, in material and stoutness like strong corsage. What was this? Straps! Buckles! Merciful powers! *It was a straight waistcoat!* I groaned aloud. I knew where I was *now*.

The discovery, though, roused me to instant exertion. I dragged the heavy table to the foot of one of the windows. Upon the table I piled two or three of the dingy chairs, and then, at the infinite risk of my neck, climbed to the top. Quick as thought I dashed my already bruised hands through the glass, and gave one loud prolonged cry for help. Help!

I had no time for another effort. The noise made in dragging the furniture about must have roused the wretches below, for the door burst open, and in rushed *two* men in black. By them I was dragged to the ground, thrown down, bound, and speedily enlightened as to the use of the knotted handkerchiefs by being gagged till I was nearly choked. Then I fainted.

I was restored to consciousness by some one dashing water in my face. Gradually I became aware of several dark figures, gruff voices, flashing lanterns—the police!

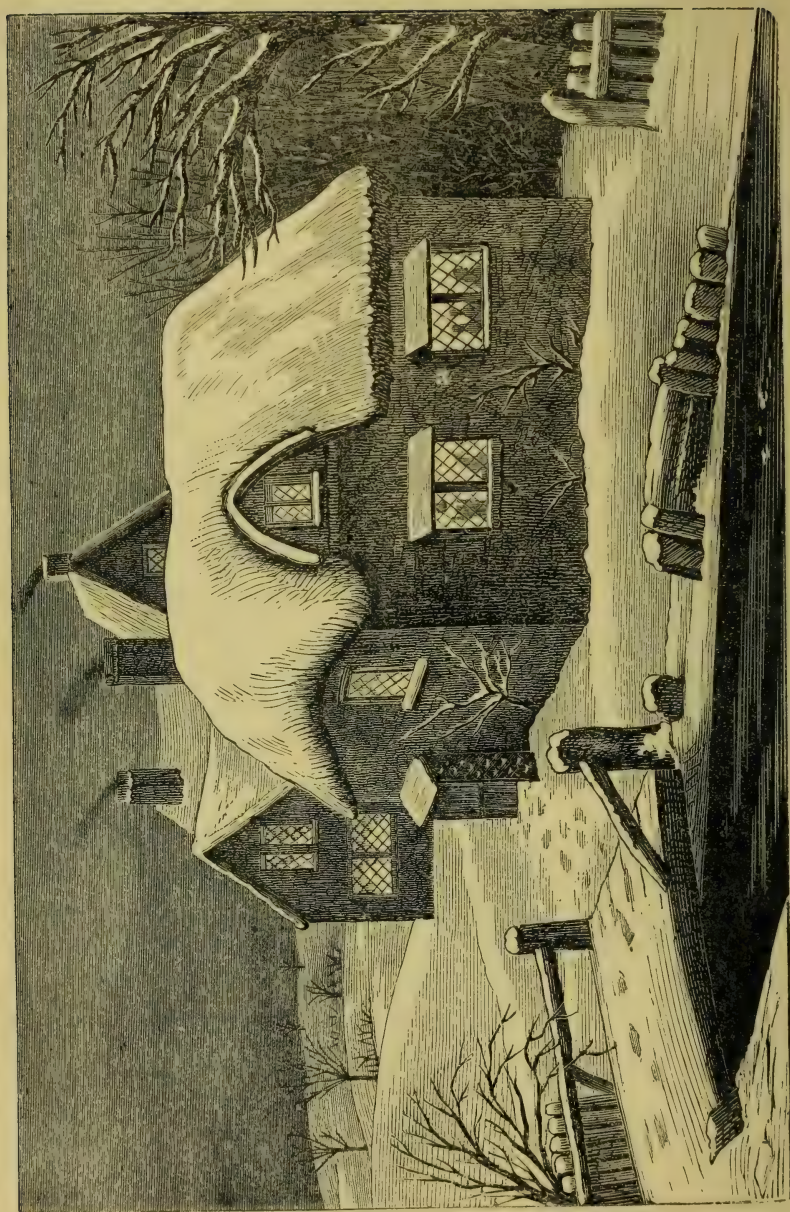
“I tell you he aint no more mad than you are. I brought him here myself. It’s Mr. ———, of ——— Street, ———.”

That rough hoarse voice was sweeter than the divinest strains of Patti or Nillson. It was the cabman. By him my cry had been heard as he was returning late in the evening to his stables.

I am happy to say that the two men in black became shortly after two men in gray, that being the colour of the uniform at one of our most noted convict prisons. Their employer, the proprietor of the illegal private lunatic asylum, shared their fate. I had also the satisfaction of knowing that my successful alarm caused the mysterious rooms with the whitened windows to give up their secrets.

As for my two lady customers, whether they were in collusion with the madhouse people or not, I cannot tell. I never saw either of them again—or my goods either. They had disappeared, after discharging the cabman, no one knew whither. As for me, whenever a sudden shiver passes through my frame, my family and friends ask no questions. They know that I am thinking of the house in St. John’s Wood.

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MOOR LODGE.

THE TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“FLEMING, OF GRIFFIN’S COURT,” “GRACE CLIFFORD,” &c.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT seventy years ago, when you and I, reader, were non-existent,—when London was neither so populous nor so morbid after sensation as it is to-day,—when the lives of men and women were taken for the pettiest crimes, and people’s hearts grew callous from the repetition of scenes which, thank God, we cannot see now even at the execution of the darkest criminal; at that time, then, in the December of the year 1799, there broke upon the City of London a story of love and murder and revenge so horrible, yet so thrilling, that men recoiled while they listened, and listened while they recoiled.

Six years before this chronicle of wild love and wilder vengeance struggled to the light, in the autumn of 1793, an old man, accompanied by a young girl, came to reside near the then isolated village of Rawdon, in Lincolnshire. Their residence was a detached three-storied building, with a wilderness of a garden at the back, and a strip of waste land in the front, divided from the coach-road by a stout stone wall.

The house has long since been pulled down, and a larger, as well as more modern one erected on its site, while a well drained and well planted park now stands where, seventy years ago, gorse, stonewort, and fen weeds flourished in the dank soil.

In those days drainage was not the science it is to-day; but still, when the last occupant of Moor Lodge, as it was called, who was farm bailiff of the estate, died of a low marsh fever, the landlord found it hard to find another tenant. The new farm bailiff refused to reside in it, and the place had stood empty for two years when one day an unexpected tenant arrived by the London coach, a thin wizened old man, who gave the name of Walters, and stifled the land-steward’s inquiries by paying half a year’s rent in advance.

He was a poor man, he said, with whom things had gone badly, and after struggling against fortune all his life, he had come down there to end his days in peace on a little annuity left him by a friend—a very old friend—who had often lent him a hand when times went bad with him.

So much of a history which events proved to be purely imaginary, Walters vouchsafed to the steward, from whom he had higgled out a good bargain of the Lodge, after which, with the keys of his new possession in his pocket, he went back to London by the night coach.

For three weeks nothing more was heard of him. At the end of that time a man passing early to his work saw the shutters of Moor Lodge open, and a thin spire of smoke issuing from one of its chimneys. Walters had come to his home in the night noiselessly and secretly, huddled together on a carrier's waggon alongside his rickety furniture. He had stolen into his own house like a thief, bringing with him his niece, a young girl whose existence formed no part of the history he volunteered to the land steward.

The man was a little wizened old man, apparently past the allotted age of humanity,—an old man with furtive eyes and an humble, cringing manner, while the girl—as if in contrast to her miserable companion—was as straight as a young poplar. Straight and tall, and slim, with white, sloping shoulders, and a round, lithe waist. A handsome girl, too, with luminous dark eyes set under a low pale forehead, whose black arched eyebrows met over her small delicate nose. Eyes set in a dead white face, as white as the leaves of a white rose—a face of a pure, perfect oval, at whose exquisite contour men turned to look more in wonder than in admiration.

She was very handsome then, in the zenith of her life; yet about her beauty there hung none of the essence or perfume of youth,—none of its springy gladness lighted up eye or lip. Her face was innocent of rippling smiles or laughing glances. But still her beauty was precious in her eyes, not because it was pleasant to be beautiful, not because men stared at her as they went by, but rather because she held it as a talisman to lure and a talisman to keep the love of one man who was all in all to her,—a love which was to be at once her glory and crown, her madness and her ruin.

The Rawdon people wondered when they saw her what made a girl voluntarily adopt such a mode of life as this girl had chosen for herself. If she was poor she had hands with which to earn her bread,—hands which, in the eyes of those humble Lincolnshire labourers, were so much more valuable than heads. But, in spite

of it all,—in spite of advice which, if somewhat meddlesome, was kindly meant, volunteered by one or two Rawdon shopkeepers, from whom she bought scanty stores for her housekeeping, Alice lived on with her tottering relative through autumn and winter, and summer and winter again.

They were very poor, wretchedly poor. To judge by appearances that little annuity Mr. Walters had spoken of to the steward must have been a very little annuity indeed. Still this strange pair lived on, suffering whatever they suffered in silence. Making no acquaintance, entering no man's house except to make their scanty purchases, and suffering no man to enter theirs. The only variation to their monotony was that now and then at stated intervals the old man went up to London to receive his annuity, he said, on which occasions he would return by the night coach, and invariably call at the steward's office in the village to pay his rent, never allowing the man to see a shilling of the received annuity beyond his master's rent, and clutching eagerly at the glass of ale the good-natured steward always provided for his refreshment out of pity to his years and poverty.

What a life it was ! What a hard, bitter life this woman sat down face to face with of her own inflexible will ! Hunger, and cold, and wretchedness. Now and then a scrap of meat ; more frequently dry bread, with only weak tea to wash it down. Butter never found its way to that miserable larder.

"Bread is very good, Alice, my dear. Bread is the staff of life ; butter is a luxury, and we cannot afford luxuries these hard times," her uncle would say to her sometimes when the soul of the girl sickened at her life of coarse misery. Then he would totter away upstairs to his room, while she crept after him, and kneeling down on her knees on the bare flooring outside his door listened to the chink of gold as it passed through his trembling fingers. Gold gracious and glittering, while she starved within the sound of its music !

What would she not have given to have laid hold on those glowing heaps, to clutch them with her hands, to carry them out into the light of day, to make bright a home where *he* should reign as a king. He who was over the seas, with the bold waves of the Atlantic rolling between them.

In the third winter they had passed at Rawdon, the winter of 1795, the old man fell ill. Fell so ill, that instead of pottering through the house in the day, or counting his hoards at night, he was forced to lie upon his bed, and dole out a few extra pence to get food to keep his mean soul in his shivering body.

"That broth was very good yesterday, Alice, my dear : but it cost too much, far too much, my child," he said to her, as he

dropped some money slowly into her hand,—he always gave money lingeringly,—“Don’t you think a little barley-water—nice barley-water—would do very well to-day? It is nourishing, my dear, and it’s cheap.”

She nodded a little affirmative nod, and took the money.

What was it to her if he chose to starve himself into the grave, she argued with herself as she went along the high road to Rawdon. His death would be more gain to her than his life; he had left her money, a large sum of money, he had told her so a hundred times, when he wanted to coax her out of a sullen mood. A sum which would make life golden to this man’s son, to the son whom his bitterness had driven to sin, and his fierce hatred made a boast of disinheriting.

For one moment came a bounding throb at the thought of her emancipation. For one moment a bounding wish, which was almost a prayer, then she walked on fast to kill the horrible joy which filled her; walked on fast, bought her barley, and—most rare purchase for her—some letter paper, after which she returned home, ran up-stairs for a moment to see if her uncle needed anything, and then, leaving the barley on the fire to simmer, sat down to write.

The day was cold, a raw, bitter Christmas Eve, and her hands were stiff, so that it took her a long time to write her letter, and at five o’clock, when she carried his barley-water up to her uncle, it was still unfinished. He was dozing when she went in, gathered in a heap in the bed, his knees almost drawn up to his chest. She spoke, and roused him sufficiently to lift his head and taste his drink; but the next moment he fell back into his original position. She laid down the bowl and went down-stairs again, with the rush-light in her hand, and finished her letter, addressing it in a free round hand, after which, in deference to the stern economy of the house, she put out her candle, drew her chair to the fire, and, spreading her thin chill hands over the embers, sat there rubbing them slowly.

At seven o’clock she went back to her uncle, and found him still asleep. She bent over him and spoke, but her voice did not rouse him this time. He was breathing slowly and heavily, his head cast back, and his lips apart, showing his toothless gums. She put out her hand and touched his shoulder, gently at first, but more firmly when she found no response. Then she put a drop of the barley-water to his lips. He moaned without waking, coughed, and turned on his other side, with a drowsy effort to carry his head out of her reach.

She crept down-stairs shuddering, half with cold, half with fear, and sat cowering again over her scrap of kitchen fire. For

a time the human soul that was in her longed, with a human longing, for a loving face to look at in her lonely vigil, a human hand to touch hers in sympathy. But after a while her iron will asserted itself, and she sat quite still, waiting for the end with sullen patience.

At the first shock she had been almost ready to flee from the house in search of help,—to go to the doctor's, to the minister's, to cry aloud in the streets, if need were, so as to bring some warm heart close to her own. Her next thought came colder; if he died, he was his own slayer. What had she to do with that? She would not touch a hair of his head,—not if he lived a century, and she had to live out its years waiting for her reward; but now the case was different, she had only to sit still and watch for the loosening of the silver cord,—the breaking of the bowl at the cistern.

She had no money to fee doctors, or buy stimulants, and quiescence was not murder.

With a horrible calmness she sat listening to the sough of the north wind, and calculating the shades of guilt between the hand which strikes a blow to carry death, and the hand which would not try to arrest him with one of its fingers.

Suddenly, above the sob of the wind, came the sound of voices singing,—children's treble mixed with the strong notes of a man. She started up, threw open the window, and listened. There were people passing along the road, villagers trooping home late, loaded with holly and ivy. They were laughing and talking as they went by; but above their laughter came the tones of the children's voices, and the free bars of their companion strengthening and roughening the chaunt. They were singing a forgotten Christmas carol,—each verse ending with the refrain "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." Until then she had forgotten it was Christmas Eve.

The music touched and subdued her,—touched her all the more powerfully, because it was the one passion of her life which could live alongside the vehement human love that possessed her.

She closed the window and went up-stairs slowly, with her lighted rush-light in her hand,—the demon within her stilled and purified. Her uncle still slept, but more peacefully than when she had seen him last,—and the hand lying outside the bed-clothes was warmer to her touch. She crept round the room noiselessly, and lighted a spark of fire in the grate. Even if he awoke angry at her extravagance—what matter?

Then she took her bonnet and shawl from a chair, put them on, felt in her pocket to see if her letter was safe, and went

down-stairs as softly as she had come up, and before she had time to give a second thought to her purpose, found herself gliding along the open coach road to Rawdon, down which the holly gatherers had gone chaunting half an hour before.

CHAPTER II.

It was close upon nine o'clock when Alice stopped before Rawdon post-office, to drop in the letter she had written to her cousin Ralph Masters, begging him to come to her or write to her at Rawdon, where his father had located himself and her, under the assumed name of Walters.

Her letter was addressed, on the outer cover, to one James Parker, a chosen friend and confidant of Ralph's, who was sure to know where to forward the letter she enclosed, which, in her zealous care that it should reach her lover speedily, was marked "urgent" on the back.

After depositing her letter, she went straight through the main street of the wretched little town, past the church, whose belfry clock was clanging out nine as she went by, and on to the entrance gate of a neat red-bricked house, shrouded in a cluster of evergreens and fir trees, breathless with the haste in which she had come, throbbing with the impulse of a repentance the glow of which had not had time to cool. She opened the gate, and went in, neither lingering nor hesitating, until her hand was upon the door-bell. Then she began to fear and waver, looking timidly in the face of the servant who answered her summons, and who glanced with a servant's contempt at her poor thin shawl and coarse dark bonnet.

"Is the rector at home?" she asked, speaking, with involuntary cowardice, in that low, deprecating way which is sure to whet the insolence of servants.

"No; the rector is not at home," the man answered, shortly, half out of contempt of the questioner's poverty, half out of anger because Alice's ring had disturbed him in the enjoyment of his supper. "Neither is it likely he would see anyone this time of night, young woman."

"Well; is his wife at home?"

"The rector ain't got no wife," he said, gruffly, and as he said it he partly pushed to the door, with the design of ending the colloquy by closing it in the visitor's face. But Alice stayed him by laying her hand against it.

"Do let me see some of the family," she said, entreatingly. "My business is urgent."

A door to the right opened, letting out a stream of light into the hall.

"Who is that, Charles?" a girlish voice asked.

"A young woman, miss, as wants master," Charles answered, his saucy tone ebbing down to one of quiet respect.

Encouraged by the sound of the sweet feminine voice, Alice, without pause or reflection, passed the servant, and stepping into the hall stood before the rector's fair young daughter, whose foot was still on the threshold of the drawing-room door.

"I am very sorry papa is out," Miss Ward volunteered, without waiting for Alice to speak. Then, half crossing the hall, she added, "Can I do anything for you? Give him a message, or anything?"

Alice looked round mutely at the lingering servant, whose curiosity was active enough to keep him from his supper. Miss Ward interpreted the look with quick good-nature.

"It is very cold out here," she said, with a little shiver. "Will you come into the drawing-room?"

She led the way through the open door, into the room she had left a moment ago, a pretty, cosy, home room, bright with twining ivy and scarlet-berried holly, in honour of the good Christmas-time, all lighted and aglow with the ruddy warmth of the blazing yule log, before which a silky-haired, long-eared spaniel lay basking in the heat.

"Do come to the fire, it is very cold out of doors to-night," Miss Ward said, looking pityingly up at Alice's dead white face, and the proud, sloping shoulders, which tried hard not to shiver under her poor thin shawl.

"Will you not sit down while you leave your message?"

Her voice was very soft and kind—a voice whose soothing tone had such a sweet repose in it that it went straight to the heart of the scornful girl before her. Such women as this pretty Lincolnshire maiden were new to Alice's experience. Her knowledge of girls of her own age was the scanty knowledge picked up at a third-rate day school, amongst tradesmen's daughters of the second class, who were always taunting her poverty with their new clothes, or the glories of their gimcrack drawing-rooms. But Miss Ward had neither the vulgar beauty, nor the vulgar plainness, of those school companions above whose looks Alice used, with a haughty scorn, to rank her own.

White-handed, and white-browed, with wavy ripples in her golden hair, and fair country roses on her cheeks, there was an essence of purity about the Lincolnshire Rector's daughter, a soft graciousness, a tenderness of eye and tone, a fair simplicity, not to be reached by the dauntless-eyed, hard-browed "Girl of the Period," who stands in her place to-day.

"Do sit down," Miss Ward entreated anew; "you must be cold and weary, such a night as this."

"I have no time to linger," Alice answered. Then, with shamed haste, "I came from my uncle's death-bed, to beg a drop of wine to keep him from perishing of weakness. I have no money to buy nourishment to save him from death, and yet I cannot see him die."

"My poor, poor girl; why did you not come to us before?"

Miss Ward's white hands fell soft and warm on the chill fingers of her visitor, kindly clasping hands, such as none had ever been to her, since Ralph Masters was driven across the seas.

"Because I never thought of it until the last," she said, looking away from, not at, the tender blue eyes bent upon her, "and then I came in haste, such haste, that I forgot it was to beg help from strangers."

"Oh, but we are not strangers; I know your face quite well at Rawdon. You live at Moor Lodge, do you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, you see you are not a stranger," Miss Ward smiled reassuringly.

After which she went down stairs, and with her own hands put up such dainties from her well-stored Christmas larder as she thought would please the palate of a sick man, while Alice stood in the red glow of the yule-log, her hands clasped together under her thin shawl, wondering why such golden lights should linger round the path of this fair young girl, while nought but solemn grey shadows reached hers.

"Did you think I was very long?" Miss Ward asked, when she returned with the basket on her arm. "I have put up a few little things just for to-morrow, but you will let me bring more the next day, will you not?"

"No, I would rather not; indeed, I would rather not," Alice cried hastily, stepping back from the fire to the table.

"Is it because you think my request intrusive?"

"No, no! it is not that," Alice answered, still hasty, still flurried, and busying herself in settling the basket on her arm, "only I am so accustomed to be alone and——"

"And what?" Miss Ward smiled, laying her white hand on the hand of her visitor.

"Well, why need I shrink," Alice said, with a sudden drawing of herself up, while over cheek and forehead rose the flush of a strong shamed pride, "Well, why need I shrink, seeing I came here to beg? I have no home, Miss Ward, such as I should wish to see you in. Besides, I dare not; my uncle would not suffer me, and I dare not gainsay him."

And then, with the warm clasp of the girl's pitying fingers on her own, she went out alone into the dark cold night, speeding homeward with the weight of the laden basket pressing heavily on her arm.

She let herself in with the house-key, and crept upstairs to her uncle's room, where he lay still upon the bed, his face turned to the wall, and his knees drawn up towards his chest. She went near and bent over him,—bent to listen for his breath, and touched his hand to see if he were dead or sleeping. Then, having satisfied herself that life was still there, though faint and feeble, she unpacked her basket hurriedly, uncorked a wine bottle and put a spoonful to his lips. The taste of the good strong port revived him so far that he roused sufficiently to open his lips for more.

All the night through she sat by him, cautiously administering small quantities of the stimulant, until an hour before day, when she fell into a sound dreamless sleep, from which she awakened to find the misty dawn of Christmas morning in the room, and her uncle sitting up in bed, feebly calling her.

His wandering furtive eyes were on the open basket and the wine bottle on the mantel-piece, his angry voice querulous and weak.

"How dare you rob me in my sleep?"

"Rob you," she retorted contemptuously; "I need have only left you there to die, and then I could have robbed you to my heart's content."

She came right over to his bed, and told her story, and then the quivering old voice grew tremulously cunning and coaxing as he gathered himself up under the bed-clothes again muttering and whining, "Ah, they were good people, good people, Alice, my dear, charitable people, to give to a poor old man, and 'charity covers a multitude of sins.'"

To all of which the girl made no answer but a shrug of her fair slanting shoulders, as she sat down by the fire in sullen silence.

CHAPTER III.

ONE night in the fall of the year 1796, a man crossed the moonlighted common, on which Moor Lodge stood, lonely and grim; with only one faint glimmer of light shining out of its otherwise darkened windows. A tall broad-shouldered man, a traveller evidently, from the small leathern case strapped crosswise on his shoulders, a soldier as evidently, by his erect military carriage, and even military tramp.

It was nine o'clock when the stranger rounded the gable of the lodge, and paused before the gate. Nine o'clock past, for he had heard the town clock of Rawdon chiming out nine, as he crossed the common.

The moonbeams lay white on the waste of garden, white on the trailing bindweed and pale wild blossoms which strayed rank over the neglected beds and walks, bathing the stretch of fen he had passed, and the grey stone building in front of him, in its clear cold light.

He laid his hand on the fastening of the gate, keeping his eyes on the glimmering rushlight on the parlour table, which burned dim and distant like a light gleaming out of a fog. He lifted the latch slowly and stealthily, made one step inwards, and then retreated as stealthily as he had entered, closed the gate softly, and sheltered himself behind one of its broad granite pillars.

"That moon," he muttered, looking up in angry discontent at the sky, "I was a cursed fool to forget she was at her full to-night." He took off his hat and wiped his forehead, hot with the glow of the warm September night, and the dews of a long march, for he had come all the way from London on foot, spending four days upon the road. He drew the case round from his shoulder to his chest, opened it and drank a draught from a bottle of French brandy within, which had never passed His Majesty's customs. Then drawing a long breath of refreshment and relief, he folded his arms across his chest, propped his shoulder against the granite pillar, and waited with his eye on a ridge of black cloud that lay banked up against the horizon, towards which the moon was sailing lazily.

Pale and clear the moonlight fell on his thick curly hair, and dark upturned face, on his brown folded hands, showing across the back of the left one, which was clasped over his right arm, a deeply marked cicatrice, extending from the wrist to the forefinger. He might be thirty or thereabouts, less perhaps, only that a rough tumultuous life made him look a trifle older than he was; a reckless dissipated life in early youth, a life of daring and danger in his fuller years.

Half-past nine! The town clock was beating out its half-hour chimes on the still night air, the moon was drifting slowly into the darkness of the heaped up clouds on the horizon, while Ralph Masters, leisurely and cautiously undoing the fastenings of the gate, again, stood alone in the dilapidated garden, alone with the light September wind trembling amongst its wilderness of weeds. He looked an instant slowly round him, first at the tall dark front of the house, then at the still glimmering rushlight in the parlour, towards which he began softly to pick his way over the

dragging stems that lay thickly in his path. How lightly he could walk for a heavy man. How carefully he crept forward to the window, crouching and sheltering under its old fashioned protruding stonework, so as to obtain an undetected view of the inside.

Only two people were within, Alice and her uncle. The old man changed and stooped from his long illness of the previous winter. He had got over it somehow, stumbled up again to his feet, tottered out into the sun in spring and summer-time, dawdling about and pottering as was his wont, only palsied and feebled to almost the weakness of a little child, yet still hugging his money, still caring for the things of this world, hoarding up riches, not seeing who should scatter them.

Eagerly the eyes of the man without went over the worn pinched face and the long thin hands, which were chafing each other slowly as if they were chill even on that warm autumn night.

Eagerly, and with a fierce longing unstemmed, unchecked, his piercing grey eyes, furtive too as well as piercing, like the older grey eyes into which they looked unseen, marked the change on the thin face, the stoop on the narrow shoulders and the wan slender fingers. Then his glance went on to the girl, dwelling upon her slowly and intently. She too was altered since he had seen her last, grown thinner and whiter; the bloom of seventeen supplanted by a frozen beauty that might be very strange to look upon, but was too cold to suit his taste.

She sat close up to the candle, knitting, in silence, coarse worsted socks for her uncle's winter wear, her snow-white fingers in relief against the brown worsted. Smooth slender fingers, which he had often pressed in days when the devil had not so strong a grasp on him, as he has to-night. Yes, her hands, at least, were still the same, snowy and soft as in those times, five years ago, when her beauty was richer and brighter than to-day.

"Don't you think it is getting late, my dear?" the old man began, awaking out of the oppressive silence, only broken by the click, click, of the girl's knitting needles.

Alice nodded without speaking. Then there was another pause, during which the needles went on clicking as before.

"Don't you think it's time to go to bed?" her uncle repeated more sharply. "Do you see any use in sitting here burning light, which costs money?"

"No," Alice assented shortly, but without stopping her work.

"Then why don't you go to bed?"

She flung down her knitting on the table.

"I can't go to sleep like a child at nine o'clock," she said in a tone of sullen opposition.

"Nine o'clock! why it's ten, girl," he answered, with shrill irritation.

"Well," she said, indifferently. "I cannot go to sleep any the more for that."

She walked over to the window, threw it up, and stood looking out into the night; the moonbeams shimmering white on her faded dark dress. Her uncle blew out the light, and sat watching her, keenly, suspicious of her perverse rebellion.

"What makes you want to sit up, Alice, my dear?" he asked, in wheedling inquiry.

"Nothing," she said, curtly. "The same thing as I go to bed for, get up for, or live here for from day to day—nothing."

But no, not quite nothing. She remembered when she lived here for him, for the lover across seas who had never given her one line in answer to her letters. She had written him two, one as she thought from his father's deathbed, another bearing more certain, but less welcome tidings.

"Aye, aye. Well I thought, may be, you might be thinking about some nice young man, dear!" her uncle mumbled, in the same wheedling persuasive tone, as though anxious to wring out a confirmation of his suspicion. "When young folks get moonstruck, they're mostly in love, my dear! I was moonstruck for a woman myself once," and the wheedling voice changed into a horrible dry chuckling laugh.

Alice remembered the woman with a shudder; remembered her after ten years of married life, gaunt and bony, and haggard before the beauty of her youth should have departed.

She turned, and looked at her uncle, looked at the palsied trembling figure, slowly gathering itself to its feet, and then tottering over to where she stood.

Were the glory of manhood and the beauty of womanhood to come to this? Would Ralph grow like him, thirty years hence? A horrible mummy, shrivelled and parchment-skinned, bitter and querulous. Would she grow like a wizened crone, with all the beauty faded, of which she had once been so scornfully proud?

"Aye, aye. You're moonstruck, Alice, my dear," he came muttering and wheedling again, his furtive eyes peering out into the moonlighted garden.

She turned and stared out likewise, silent and sullen.

"Well, it's not worth your while to leave an old man like me at the last, child," he said, altering his voice from sly persuasion to complaint. "Still you might tell me who it is," he went on, shifting his glance from the garden to her face still set forward sullenly. "The rector's son, maybe," he said, fixing his unsteady

eyes on her, with a searching glance. "The nice young gentleman who brought the note for you one day."

She turned round with angry eyes.

"He came from Miss Ward, from his sister, the only woman in the world, except my mother, who ever said a kind word to me. She wanted to come to see me here, as if I could see anyone in this house, as if I could show her my home, beside her own. I went there to beg," she continued, bitterly recalling her bowed pride, "and is it likely gentlemen's sons come to marry beggars?"

"You won't be a beggar, Alice, my dear, no you won't," he said, with a kindlier accent. "I have remembered it, and put it all down, thousands of pounds, my child, thousands of pounds."

Then she thought of Ralph, and what those thousands of pounds were to do for the son his father had disinherited, while he outside, the man for whom she had starved and watched, grudged her the gift, and cursed the giver between his set teeth.

"When I'm gone you must get a lover, my dear, who will take care of you," he went mumbling on, with a vague look forward into the future. "A lover who will be a wise man and a careful," he said with a solemn shake of his head.

"Write that down too," she said, shortly and defiantly; her great dark eyes looking, not at him, but straight before her, at the untrimmed branches of honeysuckle clustering round the window.

"I'd write it down, only you are growing so wise, my dear," he said, with a little upward smile at her, half imbecile, half cunning. "You have forgotten the old love, have you not, Alice—forgotten it quite?"

The sudden question came like a blow; the blood flew up to her cheek fierce and hot, yet she steadied her voice wonderfully while she answered,

"The old love has forgotten me; why should I remember?"

"Yes, yes," her uncle assented, "of course he has; Ralph was always unstable as water. He was a bad man, my dear; a forger and a thief," he went on, hissing out his words with palsied energy.

"Uncle, uncle," she cried; "have mercy! Remember his temptation; remember his punishment!"

"Hadn't I mercy? Why, I could have hanged him, child, hanged him as a common robber," he said, coming sidling up to her, his thin hands propped on the head of his staff. "His temptation! what was his temptation?" he asked, in a slow argumentative tone, as though he was anxious to talk the question over with her calmly; "the temptation of playhouses and hells. What was his punishment? Not the felon's cell. He had earned but a free passage to another country, and five-and-twenty pounds

in his pocket. Five-and-twenty pounds of good English money ! Alice, my child."

"The prodigal son got half his father's inheritance," she said, with slow scorn.

"And how much of it did he bring back, my dear?" her uncle questioned, with covert mockery.

"How much do you expect Ralph to bring back out of his five-and-twenty pounds?" she retorted, a quick light flaming in her luminous dark eyes.

Her uncle's furtive glance steadied itself on her face, his long bony forefinger was pressed on her arm, an arm in which the pulse beat hot and angry.

"What do you mean by his coming back?" he asked. "Let him come back if he dare; I'd hang him then, hang him, as sure as there's a God in heaven."

All the mockery had died out of his voice, and his tone was dry and sharp.

"I swore it that night when I spared his life—swore it when you were begging it from me on your knees."

How pitiless were the eyes looking up into hers! The same pitiless eyes which had looked down on her that horrible night five years ago, when she knelt, passionately praying for a life, praying to a father for the life of his own son.

He had sinned, and been punished. He, the idol of her soul, had been driven away from her into banishment, because he had touched a few paltry guineas, which were his own of right. She shuddered, and shrank away from the glance of the shifting cruel eyes, from the touch of the warning bony finger. Shrank away, fiercely silent, for, in her long years of bondage, she had learned a silence fiercer and harder than the fierceness of words.

He gathered up his eyes and peered curiously after her where she stood in the shadow of the window frame, mute and still.

"What are you gone there for, Alice? Why don't you answer?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Because it is nothing to me now," she said; "nothing whatever." She walked straight out of the shadow into the full moonlight, and stood close beside him, whilst her lips told their lie steadily. "Now had we not better go to bed?"

She stretched out her hand, shut the window, putting the shutters to, and dropping the heavy iron bar across them noisily. Then she went upstairs slowly, taking her steps rather with the leisurely pace of a woman than the elasticity of a girl, and behind her came her uncle, slower still, shuffling along, half by the help of the crazy banisters, half by the help of his headed staff.

She shut her door fast, and bolted it, and stood in the middle

of the room listening to him clambering up, pausing, and going on, then pausing again when he came to the creaking stair, which jarred under the stroke of his stick, then on again, grumbling and muttering, groping his way to his dreary room with the unlighted candle in his hand.

CHAPTER IV.

It had chimed twelve o'clock from the tower of Rawdon church, and the less sonorous bell of the great clock in front of the Abbey stables, and the lights in the Abbey itself had gone out one by one before Ralph Masters ventured to give a low clear whistle—a soft, well-remembered whistle, which brought the blood hot to Alice's face. She strained out surprised and trembling, every limb quivering with intense hope, but with a caution as intense she never spoke a word.

There was the shadow of a man lying along the lighted walk. The figure of the man himself standing bare-headed beneath her window with a bearded, up-turned face, and rings of dark curls clustering round his temples.

"Alice," he said, in a voice as low as his whistle.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," she answered in a throbbing whisper; "go to the parlour window and wait."

She drew in her head hastily, stooped, took off her shoes, and still trembling, still cautious, slid out with them in her hand.

She knelt down before her uncle's door to hear if he slept. For a moment the blood surging in her head prevented her hearing, but with that strong will which years of self-restraint had fostered, she knelt on until the beating in her brain ceased, and she heard the thick breathing of the sleeper within.

With a sigh of relief she rose and stole downstairs, carefully avoiding the creaking step lest a groan from its crazy boards should disturb her uncle.

Groping her way with outstretched hands to the parlour window, she undid the bar softly, lifted the frame with slow caution, and stood back to let Ralph Masters step into the moon-lighted room.

He put out his hands and drew her towards him, quivering and flushing under the burden of her great joy.

"Oh my darling, my darling, so long lost and yet come back to me at last." Her burning cheek was against his breast, her clasping arms clinging round his neck.

He stooped down and kissed her on her forehead and lips—

kissed her and stroked her silky brown hair softly as he used to do of yore.

"You are rarely glad to see me, Alice," he said, "and a welcome is something to a man after a long march."

She withdrew her head from his shoulder, and looked up at him anxiously.

"Did you walk far to-day, Ralph?"

"Ay, thirty miles or more," he said, "though it's not so much to a fellow who's used to travel."

"Oh, it's cruel," she cried bitterly, "to have money close to my hand and yet not be able to give you a shilling."

Masters' piercing grey eyes shot fire.

"Does he keep his money here?" he asked with eager interest.

"He does, heaps of it. I have listened to him counting out guineas of a night when he thought I was asleep."

"Ay, d—— him," his white teeth gleaming under his dark moustache; "the cursed old miser, and he starving you like a mouse in a bare cupboard."

He drew her over to the window, and they sat down on the broad window seat side by side.

"Did you think about that, Ralph, when you were far away?"

"Think about what, Allie?" he asked absently.

"About my being a mouse in a bare cupboard?" she smiled, looking up into his face, her large eyes brimming over with the fulness of her joy.

"Surely I did," he said in brief assent.

He put out his hand and gathered hers into his broad palm,—his brown left hand, across the back of which lay that hideous cicatrice.

Alice's eye fell upon it instantly.

"Ralph, how did you get that horrible cut?" she asked, smoothing it over tenderly with the slender fingers of her right hand.

He laughed a low, short, reckless laugh.

"Doing a bit of privateering on the high seas. We get ugly strokes in that trade sometimes."

"You mean you were a pirate?"

"We did not call ourselves such bad names," he answered, in the same devil-may-care tone. "However, we got caught, and some of us got hanged. They would have hanged me too, because they were civil enough to say I was the biggest rascal of the lot, only I made my escape with a comrade the night before, their rascally jail not being strong enough to hold us. So, as the States were too hot for us after that, we escaped to Canada, where

we enlisted in His Majesty's service, from which I discharged myself when Parker sent me on your letters."

Any woman less infatuated than this woman would have shrunk away appalled before such free-lipped confessions; but she only drew nearer to him, whispering eagerly—

"I hope Parker does not know all this, Ralph. If he do, he holds your life in his hands."

"Pooh," he answered, carelessly. "Parker is as true as steel; you should not say a word against him, Allie, for he was well nigh mad after you once. Do you mind that time, girl?" he added, laughing downwards on her solemn warning eyes.

"I hate the man," she said, colouring half with shame, half with anger.

"Do you, by George? Well, he has grown a fine fellow, six feet high, and as big a man as I am. You'd hardly know him if you met him in the street.

"He is one of a bad set, Ralph," she answered, without noticing his encomiums on his friend's improved appearance. "I wish you would cut yourself adrift from him."

"How you women do talk!" he said, impatiently. "When a fellow lands in dock without a shilling in his pocket, and only one man in the world to give him one, how can he afford to stand off from his solitary friend. See what a life I've led since that night five years ago, when my own father threatened to hang me like a dog, as he threatened to hang me again to-night if I put my foot on English ground," he went on, clenching his fists fiercely, an angry blaze in his gray eyes.

He stood upright in his sudden wrath, leaning against the window frame, and looking out straight into the night.

Alice rose up trembling and laid her hands soothingly on his shoulder.

"Ralph, dear, hush," she said, entreatingly. "If my uncle heard your voice and came down, what should we do?"

He made no answer, but turned and looked at her—a stern, set look—which said plainer than words that he knew how to meet such a contingency.

Three months later she saw the same look on the same face, and shuddered away from it as she shuddered from it then.

Her hands dropped from his shoulder, and clasped themselves together imploringly.

"Oh, Ralph, for God's sake do nothing rash," she said.

"I am never rash," he answered, doggedly; "whatever devil is in me, he's a very deliberate devil. He is a starving devil just now too, and he wants money."

She stretched out her arms and twined them round his neck.

"Oh, my darling," she pleaded, "bear it a little longer; it cannot be for long."

"Aye, but when it is over what good?" he asked less doggedly. "He has made some cursed will or other, by which he has cut me loose with a shilling."

"He has left me enough for both, Ralph, and what is mine is yours."

He drew himself up from her twining arms with the heart of a man, in no mood for fondling.

"Do you think I am going to take a share in a few thousand pounds and be content, when half a million of my own money lies to my hand? No, I'm not going to be a cursed fool any longer, starving in a London garret on Parker's charity."

"Oh, my God, what would you do?" she cried. "Rob him again to-night and let him murder you to-morrow."

In her agony she knelt down before him, clasping his knees with her trembling white hands.

"My darling, he would slay you without remorse; he swore it to me to-night, standing where we are now. He is heartless, and pitiless, and merciless, don't cast yourself defenceless into his hands. Be patient for my sake, for mine. Oh, Ralph, my love, my life, I should go mad if they touched a hair of your head!" she cried, with incoherent eagerness.

He drew her up by her arms, and kissed her on her brow.

"What a coward you are, Allie, and what a little fool," he said, yielding to her.

How hot her forehead felt under his slow kiss, how burning, and how fevered when she laid it on his shoulder and sobbed out her relief.

"There, don't let us have a scene," he said. "The devil is gone out of me for to-night, now let us talk of something else."

So they fell to talking of the old days long ago, when he used to steal out with her in the gloaming to London Bridge to watch the flicker of the oil lamps on the water, or the moon shining on it of a summer night. And of a still wilder escapade, when she sat dazed and bewildered in the Opera House, thrilling under the grand music, dazzled by the light of the Prima Donna's diamonds, and the matchless melody of her voice, until the white moon went down, and the gray dawn spread slowly over the sky.

The cold gray dawn across which the ruddy sun rose leisurely on a lonely woman standing by the window, gazing forth wide across the common, to where the receding figure of a man was visible on its far margin.

CHAPTER V.

THREE months after the close of my last chapter, Christmas Eve, 1796, the crowded London coach pulled up before the principal inn in Rawdon to let down such of its closely packed passengers as belonged to that town or chose to take refreshment there.

Amongst them was a large dark man, broad in the shoulder, burly and resolute looking, who pushed his way along with the crowd of thirsty travellers thronging the bar and demanded a glass of mulled ale, a favourite beverage in those days with frozen coach travellers.

More than one voice shouted out the same order at the same time; more than one muffled traveller pressed forward to be served, and it is likely, as the landlady herself declared afterwards, that she would not have known one man from another of her crowd of customers five minutes afterwards, only her attention happened to be drawn to one of them by a special chance, a burly dark man muffled to the chin in a plaid woollen scarf, who took up his glass with his left hand in place of his right. A broad brown hand with a healed mark from a long deep cut across the back of it.

He drank his ale and went out into the snowy night, taking his way through the town in the same direction as that by which the coach had entered it, and so on to the high road where a white sheet of snow lay spread over field and highway.

But with scant heed for wind or weather Masters tramped on over the whitened road-side to the gate of Moor Lodge, which he had opened with such fear and caution three months before. Now he cast it back wide and walked on boldly over the rotten weed stems which cropped up here and there where the snow-drift lay lightest, until he reached the door at the back of the house at which he knocked softly thrice.

The door was opened by Alice, looking pallid and heavy-eyed in the light of the poor candle she held in her hand, but her pallid cheek flushed and her heavy eye brightened at the sight of him.

"Allie, you look ill and frightened," he said, bending to kiss her, "and God save me, how cold you are, child!" he added, as he withdrew his bearded mouth from her chill lips.

"I have been sitting up all last night and watching him all day," she said, shivering away from the cold wind of the open door.

"Come get inside," Masters answered, closing the door and following her down the passage to the parlour where a good fire blazed in the grate. She walked forward to it and laid her

candle on the mantel-piece. Masters came over to the hearth after her, carrying his hat in his hand, from which he was shaking the flakes of snow.

"Now tell me how he is?"

"He has been in a stupor all day from which the doctor tells me he may never rouse. So the end cannot be far off."

"Did the doctor say how far?" Masters asked curtly.

"Well, not over forty-eight hours," she answered.

"Let me see," he said, bending his eyes on the fire. "That would be two nights hence, eh, Allie?"

"It is awful to count out a life, Ralph," Alice said with unwonted softness.

He looked up in amazement.

"What the devil is up now? Are you going to turn pitiful and puling and bring him to with your confounded nostrums as you did last year?" he asked roughly.

She made no answer, although he stared at her until she turned her eyes away, after which his own dropped again upon the fire.

"How the deuce did you get this good fire up in such a beggarly hole, Allie?" he asked, after a minute, as though he had been trying to solve that problem by staring at it.

"Miss Ward sent me firing, and money, and wine; oh, she has been so kind to me, Ralph. Coming here to sit with me, and helping to kill the long, lonely hours."

"Who the devil may Miss Ward be?" he asked, sharply.

"The Rector's daughter."

"That is it, is it? By George, Allie, I thought you were too wise to sit listening to a canting she-preacher, who would frighten you with bogies as we frighten children."

"She is no she-preacher," Alice answered, standing on the defensive.

"I never saw you soft before, Alice," Masters said, propping his broad shoulder against the mantel-piece, "and I never thought you could be soft, especially about a woman."

"If you knew Miss Ward, Ralph."

"Well, let it be," he said; "I don't know her, and I don't want to know her; but tell me something I do want to know. Has the old boy upstairs had a lawyer with him?"

"No; I think he has settled everything long ago."

"Then he settled nothing afresh?"

"Nothing."

He turned himself round, and held out his hands towards the fire. The girl took up the poker and stirred it.

"Would you like a glass of wine, Ralph?"

He brightened up at her offer, and, while she went to fetch the wine, made himself snug by drawing over a chair to the corner of the table nearest the blazing grate.

"It's good stuff, this, Allie!" he said, smacking his lips after swallowing the first glass, which he gulped down at a mouthful. "I wonder would it give my father strength to walk down stairs if he knew I was here drinking the rectory wine," he went on, his glance bright with that evil recklessness which laughs at danger. Then, more seriously, with his eyes set on the girl's face, "Do you know he has been looking me up in all the old haunts lately, Allie? He, or rather his friend Calthrope, the attorney."

"Would Calthrope be so wicked, Ralph?"

"There are rascals in the world who would do anything to please a rich man whose pen could write their name in his will before a few thousands of pounds. It happened this way. It seems an old chum of mine, with whom I quarrelled long ago, saw me, or a man who looked like me—fortunately he was not able to say more than that—passing under Temple Bar one night, six or eight weeks ago. So the scent got up, and Calthrope's clerk was down to pump Parker, and said his employer would give fifty pounds for the truth. But Parker told him I had gone up Toronto way a twelvemonth ago, and he had never heard of me since."

"Parker again," she said, shivering with fear; "Ralph, dear, that man is not to be trusted."

"Bah!" Masters answered, pouring out another glass of wine. "I'm worth more than fifty pounds to Parker, girl, when I owe him two thousand."

"Two thousand pounds," she repeated, in open wonder. "Where on earth are you to find two thousand pounds?"

"Upstairs, yonder, where the gold lies in heaps, girl," he answered, with a short, bold laugh. "So soon as the breath is out of my father's body, that money is mine,—and yours," he added, after a pause.

"Unless he has made a will," Alice's eyes said plainly, though her lips said nothing.

"—the will," he cried, answering her eyes, "I'll settle that," and he knocked the coals up into a blaze, with the thick top of his boot.

Then he dropped his head upon his hand, and fell to thinking, staring absently at the blaze he had roughly kicked into life. Alice drew a low wooden stool to the fire, and sat humbly at his feet. Outside, the snow fell steadily in broad flakes, wrapping moor and road in one wide white sheet. Down it came, drifting, soundlessly, covering the bare tree branches with its glittering frost work, while the dying lay languishing above, and the two

figures sat alone by the fire below, each thinking their own thoughts—the woman's hopeful and dreaming, the man's moody and morose, when suddenly, across the stillness of the dropping snow without, came the sound of the midnight clocks, and the sudden joyous ring of the church chimes heralding in Christmas morning. Masters stretched out his strong limbs, and took his hand from his head.

"What the devil is all that noise about?" he asked, with the air of a man ready to quarrel with bell and bell-ringer for breaking his reverie.

Alice started up, and took the candle from the mantel-piece, blowing out the end to which it had burned down, and putting a fresh one in its place, while she answered,

"It's the bells ringing the Christmas chimes. I had no notion it was so late."

Ralph was on his feet, too, drinking off a glass of wine, and filling out another from the diminished bottle.

"You are going up yonder, Alice. I'll go with you," he said, as he lifted the second glass to his lips.

She stood before him, with the candle in her hand, her other hand striving to press him back into his seat.

"For God's sake, don't be rash," she entreated.

"For God's sake, don't be a fool, Alice," he said, mimicking her tone, and chucking her under the chin with vinous affection. Then, adding, with better logic, "If he knew no one all day, how can he know me? Besides, who can tell but he may be dead up yonder all this time?"

He laid his hand on her shoulder, and turned her round towards the door. Under the impetus of his touch, she went out, and Ralph, drawing off his shoes, followed her with soundless steps.

CHAPTER VI.

AT the foot of the stairs Alice looked round and warned Ralph back with her hand; but he followed her on notwithstanding, cautiously and silently, stepping where she stepped, and avoiding the creaking stair with a carefulness equal to her own.

On the landing, outside her uncle's door, she paused again, whispering to him to let her enter first, to which he so far yielded as to stand in the shadow of the doorway, watching every movement in the sick man's room.

It was all photographed before her afterwards, in unfading lines, never to be forgotten, the stealthy creeping up the staircase,

the whisper on the landing, the dying man gasping feebly for breath, the squalid pauperism of the bed, the bare oak flooring, the snow frozen against the window panes,—covering them like a white curtain,—the empty bottles on the mantel-shelf, the dim oil lamp burning on the crazy table, beside the draught to be taken at midnight, and the broken glass designed to carry it to the dying man's lips, and the dark face watching in the doorway, while anon and anon came the chimes of the village bells, ringing their blessed Christmas welcome.

She went to the bed and touched the old man's clammy forehead lightly, raised his head and smoothed his pillow, drew up the scanty bed clothes,—his bed-covering and hers heaped together, so as to give what warmth she could to his chilly limbs, without eliciting any sign of consciousness from her patient save a little moaning sigh and an impatient casting of his hands outside the bed-clothes.

She went over to the door on tip-toe, whispering to Ralph in a low whisper, that she would be with him presently, telling him what he had learned already from his post of observation, that his father was unconscious yet, that the oil of life was but glimmering in the lamp; then she stole to the table, and poured the draught from the labelled bottle into the broken glass, standing with her back to Masters, and her face to her uncle, poured it out, and made one step with it towards the bed, when Masters laid an arresting hand upon her shoulder.

"You're too good a nurse by half, Allie. Why —— it, woman, let the man die in peace," he said, with a low, coarse laugh; and as he laughed he snatched the glass from her hand, and flung its contents under the grate. He took his hand from her shoulder, and met her surprised eyes fearlessly. "Do you think I'm going to see him patched up with nostrums, as he was patched up last year?" he whispered, in a low, set tone, his grey eyes wandering from the girl's face to the half rigid figure stretched upon the bed. "Go along down stairs, Allie, and leave out a fresh bottle of wine," he went on, his strong brown hand again pressed on her shoulder; "I mean to have another pull at the rectory port before I go back to London."

"Will you come down with me?" she asked, without stirring an inch.

"Not just yet; not till I find what I came up here to look for—that cursed will."

He drew her over to the door with firm but not ungentle force. "Go down, there's a good girl," he said, coaxingly, half urging, half lifting her across the threshold; "I'll be after you in five minutes."

He locked the door behind her, closing her out in the darkness, where she knelt down alone before the keyhole, watching and fearing, as she had been wont to kneel, listening to the chink of the yellow gold as it fell from her uncle's hand. Now there was no chink of gold, only the creeping to and fro of cautious footsteps, followed by a soundless silence, while Masters bent above the bed, and slid his hand under his father's pillow, from whence he drew out a bunch of keys; after that, footsteps again, the stealthy fitting of keys into press or drawer, then the rattling of papers under the hand of the searcher. She heard them fall scattered on the floor; she heard them gathered up carefully one by one, then Masters' step crossed the room slowly and lightly.

He was coming to the door; he would be face to face with her presently, with the lighted candle in his hand!

She rose up swiftly, and slid down stairs, groping her way along the unlighted passage to the room below, where the fire was burning dim, and the empty wine flask lay upon the table. She snatched it up with speed, and laid another bottle in its place. She set Masters' chair straight, and put the table to rights with a quick, womanly hand. Then she cast fresh wood on the sinking fire, and sat down to wait her cousin's coming.

She heard him unlock the door above; she heard him descend the stairs without touching the creaking step, and come along the passage to the room where she sat.

CHAPTER VII.

ALICE had thrown the door half to on her entrance, so that it stood ajar. Masters kicked it back on its hinges with his foot, passing through with the candle in his right hand, and an open bundle of papers in his left.

Alice stood up and faced him.

"Did you find it, Ralph?"

"Yes, curse it!" he said, sullenly, laying all the papers on the table but one, which he flung across to Alice with a gesture as sullen as his voice.

On an outer covering, the seals of which Masters had ruthlessly broken, was written an endorsement, "To be given after my death to my friend William Calthrope, attorney-at-law, of Barnard's Inn, Holborn." On the inside paper, the veritable will itself, was inscribed, in a crabbed stiff hand, "The last will and testament of George Masters."

Within were only two legacies to individuals, one of ten thousand pounds to his dear niece Alice Greyson, another of five

thousand pounds to his friend and legal adviser, William Calthrope, attorney. Then the will went on to give a list of the various properties in the testator's possession: houses, bonds, deeds, and securities of various kinds, from which the legacies were to be discharged. The remainder of all his property whatsoever to be paid in clearly specified sums to the trustees of certain hospitals and charitable institutions, having, he declared, made the said hospitals and institutions his heirs in preference to his only son Ralph Masters, whom he disinherited and cut off with a shilling. Whereupon followed a declaration of his son's offences, to which was appended the name of the testator and the witnesses, in due form.

The will was dated a year and a-half back, signed in Mr. Calthrope's office, and witnessed by two of Mr. Calthrope's clerks. Below was a codicil unwitnessed, and dated nine months after the will itself, desiring his friend and executor William Calthrope, to pay over to his dear niece Alice Greyson, the further sum of five thousand pounds, in consideration of her attention to him in his late illness, &c. The said five thousand and ten thousand pounds to strictly belong to herself and her children, and not to be in any way subject to any other control whatsoever. The whole fifteen thousand pounds to be invested in good security, and the interest only to be paid over to her for her life, such payment to cease, and all claim on both legacies to be forfeited totally, if she married his son Ralph Masters, towards whom, as the writer quaintly put it, "she had inclination in time past."

Alice sat before the candle reading it line by line. She was not an apt scholar, and the hand was cramped, while Masters, with his shoulders propped against the mantel-piece, stood watching her, watching the play of the blazing pine logs on her shabby dress, on the outline of her sloping shoulders, on her pale pure profile, thinking all the time of a more blooming face than hers, of young cheeks flushed with roses, of soft brown eyes, in which shone a tenderer light than that flashing from the luminous eyes bent over the paper.

How was he to get rid of this woman? How was he to shake himself loose from her, when his hand was upon the yellow gold of which he had dreamt when tramping the deck of a privateer, as well as when marching across the snows of Canada. She knew too much; Parker had warned him of that fact, as she had warned him of a similar fact regarding Parker. In proportion as her love was fierce, so might her hatred be fierce also. He knew something about women; if not about the best of women, at least about women in some sort after the type of this woman.

"She is not one of the suffering sort who go about the world

that men might trample them underfoot," he said to himself, as he poured sundry glasses of the rectory port down his arid throat, "but rather of the kind to turn and bite the heel which crushed them."

How was he to get rid of her? He had been puzzling the question out over the fire an hour since, while she sat innocently at his feet, looking up into his false eyes. He had talked it over with Parker in tap-room confidences. He had thought of it by night and by day since he had come first to Rawdon.

How was he to get rid of her? Must he marry her? Must he take his life and spend it alongside of her life?

There had been no question of marriage between them since he came to her last, but there was an old compact, to which he knew she held, and supposed he held likewise. Under this compact, unspoken of, but tacitly acknowledged, they had met, with, at least on his side, a feint of their old caressing fondness, and, although he had lied in his heart when he kissed her lips or stroked her silky dark hair, the lie had been a hidden lie, to which his tongue gave no utterance.

He drank off another glass of wine, wiping the moisture from his lips with his brown left hand, and asked himself again the question—Must he marry her? Must he bind her to him legally, purchase her silence by making her his wife? And the same voice which asked the question, answered, "No; he must not, and he dare not!"

He was a bad man who lay up yonder, dying—a hard, griping, pitiless old man, vengeful, unforgiving, but nevertheless he was a better man than the son he had cursed and exiled. He at least had gratitude. He at least had memory and reward for the woman who had begged wine for his parched lips, while the man yonder, the man for whose sake she had watched and starved, thought of her only as a burden and a clog.

He stood watching her out of his cruel eyes, smiling down on her with his sensuous cruel lips, as her cheek whitened and her brow contracted angrily over the codicil which struck down her castle at a blow.

In long winter nights, in tedious summer days, she had gladdened her joyless life by dreams of pouring out her gains before him. She had hugged to her heart the romantic glory of crowning the man she loved with gold, of laying her treasure at the feet of her clay idol; and now it had come to this. The devil she had served had left her on the threshold of her triumph, fallen and discrowned.

She stood up in the ruddy glow of the pine-logs, pale as death, her hands stretched out beseechingly towards her lover.

"My love, my love!" she cried, and in her voice there was the echo of a despair unutterable.

Masters came forward a step, and caught her to him, drawing her into his embrace with simulated tenderness. He kissed her scarlet lip, he kissed her cold white cheek until the roses came, he whispered to her softly. She shrank a moment and struggled, her upturned eyes wavering and hesitating.

"Bah!" he whispered low. "It is nothing. It is mine of right; mine, Allie, and yours—riches, and love, and honour."

His lips went downwards to hers with a swift warm kiss. With a desperate yielding, she flung the noxious will, with its fatal codicil, on the blazing pine-logs. With a desperate yielding, she surrendered herself to his lingering caress.

The blaze flew upwards, a golden flame, the thick paper hissing like shrivelling parchment, flew upwards too, and fell down again, leaving only a few quivering sparks, and a scattered heap of grey ashes.

The close clasp of Masters' arms slackened. Half involuntarily, Alice drew herself away from him, and stood looking up into his face with a shamed sense of guilt; while down upon her, out of his false eyes, gleamed a shrouded gleam of triumph, as the tempter said in his heart, "Is she not as guilty as I?"

PROFESSOR DÖLLINGER.

THERE can be little doubt that in the contest which is approaching between the Ultramontane party and the Liberal portion of Continental Roman Catholics, the learned Professor Döllinger of Munich seems destined to play a part scarcely second to that which Luther played more than three centuries ago in Saxony, as the opponent of the sale of indulgences—a part, the result of which was that disruption of the Catholic Church which is known as the Reformation. A short notice of the career of this distinguished historian and theologian at the present moment may therefore not be out of place.

John Joseph Ignatius Von Döllinger was born at Bramberg, in Upper Franconia, on the 28th of February, 1799, and was educated at Würzburg. Little is known of his parentage; but he incidentally tells us in one of his lectures that his grandfather was in the employ of the Prince-Bishop of Würzburg and Bamberg, in the middle of the last century. Having passed through the successive stages of the minor orders in the Roman Catholic Church, he was ordained a priest in or about the year 1822. After several years passed, first as *curé* of a parish in Franconia, and afterwards as a Professor in the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Aschaffenberg, he was appointed in 1826 one of the “Faculty” of Theology in the University of Munich. The results of the French Revolution were keenly felt in his youth and early manhood. There was at that time no master mind among the Roman Catholics of Germany, consequently the young and ardent student was thrown upon his own resources, and forced to rely on his own independent research for the acquisition of his historical knowledge, and the formation of his judgments. The results of such a course are apparent in the writings of Dr. Döllinger in after life, for all of them exhibit profound and extensive learning, and judgment free from personal and partial influences, a habit of penetrating directly to original sources, and a critical method of verification to which he indifferently subjected the works of patristic, scholastic and modern writers; accordingly he held that the spirit of enquiry ought to be followed out to its consequences co-ordi-

nately with the spirit of faith. Never, he felt sure, would fair and candid enquiry and honest criticism lead him into conflict with the voice of the Church and of divine revelation.

Dr. Döllinger's earliest work was published in 1826. It was entitled "The Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist during the First Three Centuries." Two years later appeared a "History of the Reformation," forming the third volume of the extensive "Ecclesiastical History of Hertig." He then undertook to re-write the whole work, and published in 1833 the first, and in 1835 the second volume of that "Church History," by which his name first became widely known for his learned and able defence of "the Catholic idea," and for the confidence with which many views, so often repeated as to be believed unquestionable and essential, were abandoned as untenable. Four more volumes which had been announced were never written; but an elaborate treatise on "The History, Character, and Influence of Islamism," appeared from his pen in 1838; and a "Compendium of the History of the Church down to the Reformation," was published by him in the years 1836—43. The history of the first six centuries is given with extreme brevity; but the history of the Middle Ages, though much compressed, displays even more copious erudition than the account of the earlier period given in the larger work. In the English translation, these two histories have been somewhat unskilfully combined. Between the years 1846 and 1848, Dr. Döllinger published three large volumes on the history of German Lutheranism, "The Reformation; its Internal Development, and its Effects." "The original design," says Dr. Döllinger's translator and biographer, Mr. W. B. McCabe, "was too extensive to be completed. The work remains a fragment, and the innumerable extracts from the writings of the period—many of them rare, and some unpublished—whilst they confer on these volumes a value they will never lose, yet render them difficult to be read with pleasure. But the immense research with which the ideas of the Reformers and their contemporaries, on the doctrine and the condition of their Church, are exposed, make this by far the most instructive account of the German Reformation."

During this period Dr. Döllinger delivered courses of lectures on several other branches of Divinity besides those which specially belonged to his chair—for example, on "The Philosophy of Religion," on "Canon Law," on "Symbolism," and on "The Literature of the Patristic Age." Having handed over for some years his professorship of Ecclesiastical History to Möhler, whose lesser writings he afterwards collected for publication, he assumed the chair of Dogmatic Theology, which in his hands was transformed into a history of revelation and of the development of

doctrine. Few, if any of these lectures, have appeared in print, but the author has published from time to time a large number of occasional writings. Amongst the earliest were "An Essay on the Religion of Shakespeare," and a lecture on "The Introduction of Christianity among the Germans." A "Commentary on the Paradise of Dante," accompanied by the designs of Cornelius, followed in 1830. "Mixed Marriages, a Voice for Peace," came out in 1838, during the conflict on the marriage question between the Prussian Government and the Archbishop of Cologne. In the following years articles on "The Oxford Tractarian Movement," "John Huss, and the Council of Constance," "The Albigenses," appeared in the "Historisch-politische Blätter," over which, though very rarely a contributor, he presided as editor for many years. A dissertation on "The Position of the Church towards those who die out of Her Communion," was written by him in 1842, on the occasion of the death of the Dowager Queen of Bavaria; this was followed by a lecture on "Error, Doubt, and Truth," (originally delivered by Dr. Döllinger before the students of Munich, as Rector of the University), and a speech on "The Freedom of the Church," one of his most excellent publications, at Ratisbon, in 1849. "Martin Luther, a Sketch," was reprinted in the year 1852, from a Theological Encyclopædia, to which he also contributed articles on "Bossuet," and on "Duns Scotus." A pamphlet on "Coronation by the Pope," was produced by his pen in 1853, when it was feared that Pius IX. would be induced to crown the then Emperor of the French. In this he described historically the different instances in which that favour had been bestowed on sovereigns, and explained the errors committed on previous occasions.

From 1845 to 1847 Dr. Döllinger represented the University of Munich in the Bavarian Chamber, where, so far from being a lax and indifferent Catholic, he was regarded as one of the leaders of "Ultramontanes." Several of his speeches have been published from time to time. In the latter year he was deprived of his professorship, and consequently of his seat in the Chamber, where the ministers who had been raised to power by Lola Montez dreaded the influence of his eloquence and character. Having been elected a deputy to the National Parliament in 1848, he spoke and wrote with great effect in favour of religious liberty; and the definition of "the relations between Church and State," which was carried at Frankfort, and was afterwards nominally adopted both at Vienna and Berlin, is said to have been his work. "The same spirit," says the author already quoted, "and the same principles which made him in religion the keenest of controversial writers, and the most earnest advocate of reforms, guided him in political life, and

made him the exponent of the highest Catholic views, and the champion of ecclesiastical freedom. He regarded the oppression of the Church as the safeguard of absolutism in the State, and the faults and errors of Catholics as a fruitful source of the divisions and disputes among Christians. In his desire to reconcile religion with society, and Protestantism with Rome, Dr. Döllinger admitted no compromise, but, acknowledging the just claims and real progress of the modern world, and the evils that afflict the Church, he sought to distinguish that which is essential and true from those things with which it had been surrounded, from ignorance or superstition, from interest or unbelief."

In the spring of 1849, Dr. Döllinger returned to Munich, and was restored to his professorship, and also to his seat in the Chamber, which he, however, resigned some two years later, in order to devote himself to the completion of his literary plans. Several works of his pen now appeared, each complete in itself, and all superior, both in style and matter, to those by which they had been preceded. The publication of the "*Philosophumena*," by Miller, in 1851, gave rise to a prolonged discussion, in which many Catholics sought to weaken the testimony of the author, whilst Protestant writers endeavoured to use his authority for the purpose of throwing discredit on the Church of Rome. In answer to both parties,—especially to Gieseler, Baur, Bunsen, Wordsworth, and Lenormant,—Dr. Döllinger published, in 1853, "*Hippolytus and Callistus, or the Roman Church in the third Century*,"—perhaps, of all his writings, the one in which his ingenuity of combination, his skill as a logician, and his lofty tone in handling the interests of his Church, are most conspicuous. The classical learning shown in this work was more abundantly displayed in his introduction to the history of Christianity, which appeared in 1857, under the title of "*Paganism and Judaism*." In 1860 appeared a volume, entitled, "*Christianity and the Church in the period of their Foundation*," which has been considered by most persons as the author's masterpiece.

Another work of Dr. Döllinger, entitled, "*The Church and the Churches*,"* published in 1860, while it shows a rare breadth of view and power of recognizing the good points of other systems besides that in which the author has been brought up, exhibits, as we must own, no traces of any tendency in the direction of Protestantism, as such, nor any affinity to what he considers the Lutheran or the Calvinistic "heresy." Neither has he apparently much sympathy with the Eastern "orthodox" Church, or with

* An English translation of this work, by Mr. W. B. McCabe, was published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett in 1862.

the Anglican community, which he clearly shows to be a mere State-Church in its origin, and essentially a compromise. He looks throughout to the See of St. Peter as the common centre of Christendom; and, though he strongly desires to see the holder of that See released from the burden of the Temporal "Power" (which "Power" he deems, in reality, its "weakness"), yet he shows, from first to last, no symptom of being disposed to hold that the Catholic Church can exist, in Germany or elsewhere, apart from the Papacy. Of course, it is impossible, now that the Infallibility of the See of St. Peter has been laid down as *de Fide*, to assert positively how far any definition on the subject will induce him to change his attitude towards the Papal throne; but, judging from his published writings, it appears that he will leave it for the ecclesiastical authorities to silence his voice and to exile him from the Church if they will, and that in such a case he will be content to remain passive, in a sort of lay communion, or at the most to act only on the defensive. In any event, it is scarcely probable that the learned Professor has taken, or even meditates to take, the step which the *Tablet* and other ultramontane journals accuse him of having taken in pride and self-will, and avowed himself a Protestant. To do so would be to run counter to a public life of half a century, upon the honesty and sincerity of which no one hitherto has ventured to cast a slur or a reproach. It is more probable that he, and those learned and zealous men who think and act with him in Austria, will take up the attitude of the Gallican clergy in France a century ago, and that, after years have been spent in controversy and strife, mutual explanations will be made, and points will be conceded by one of the parties for the sake of peace, and so an actual and formal schism will be avoided, although by all "ultramontane" authorities Dr. Döllinger and his friends must be regarded as involved in *material* though not, perhaps, in *formal* heresy. The letters and other publications of Dr. Döllinger upon the Temporal Power of the Papacy and the Definition of the Dogma of Infallibility by the Vatican Council, must be too fresh in the memories of our readers to need recounting here.

FOR LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.

Truth is indigenous in some,
 In others it will scarce take root,
 But he would only tell a lie,
 When he imagined it would suit.

It became known that Elton Asprey had returned home. Now Elton Asprey had enemies; his good fortune had made some enemies friends. But all people have not sweet dispositions. A man's accession to fortune naturally makes his neighbours jealous. Of course it is not that they envy him, no; but their ideas of justice are outraged by an anomalous system of inheritance. That a man in an inferior rank of life should, because he is the son of a rich man, be raised by a governmental lift from the sunk-storey to the drawing-room floor, is to them a thing to be deplored. They are all for men earning their blessings. Poor people who have no chance of inheriting anything are anxious to make life what Locke would have made the mind, empty to begin with. Men whose uncles or grandfathers are rich are the a prioriists of the science of political economy. Some people look upon the inheritance of a feature as an inequality which is intolerable to any system of good government.

Besides, Elton Asprey had never been popular. He was not the boy who used to throw stones at old women in fun, from behind the wall of the grammar-school. He was not the boy who used to get over into old Miss Bumpington's garden and trample down her flowers and steal her apples. He was not the boy that used to go and tickle with straws the noses of those advertisement men who walk about in boxes—somewhat like turtles, and who are perfectly harmless, but whose rage is exquisite. He was not the boy that had spilt the ink over the rector's black and white trousers. No, he had none of those endearing qualities which make a boy loved and popular. People say they like to see boys full of fun. But Miss Bumpington did not say so. Humour is a grand quality; it is peculiarly human. Animals know what pathos

is, but none know what humour means. The hyena laughs, but it is its growl. No animal smiles except man, and he sometimes grins. But humour which hurts your corns is not excellent to you. Miss Bumpington was impervious to many of the jokes of the boys of the grammar school; so much so that she said she would pay the taxes twice over to get the Grammar-school removed.

Well, as Elton Asprey had not those qualities which make a boy popular, he had others which make a boy disliked. He had been too clever, he had taken the school medal; he had been as proud as if he had been as much above the other boys as he was actually below them. It was impertinent his being at the Grammar-school at all. But if he had been an imbecile that would have been overlooked. People can forgive presumption if it is coupled with incompetence. Many familiarities might be stood from a eunuch.

The boy's unpopularity was continued to the man. Some things we do not grow out of. Many people were prepared to dislike him and to toady to him, to abuse him, and to fawn upon him. Mr. Eden's son, now an authority as to what was fashionable or "the thing," but who had been a stupid boy with a very small head, was prepared to look upon Elton Asprey as a friend, although he had formerly been one of those who felt most acutely the degradation of being associated with the son of a woman who hemmed handkerchiefs. Eden evidently, notwithstanding his small head, had a good heart. Many people, who possibly thought their chance of success in becoming a friend of the new proprietor of Wistmere Hall, stood at zero, were not so ready to become friends. This was perhaps well. The bane of this life is that people will desire things they can't get. These people on the whole would rather not be a friend of young Mr. Edward Fenwick. They had no doubt he was very like his father, and it was those people who, when it was known that Elton Asprey had actually returned to Queensberry, were most active in denouncing conduct upon his part which no one could approve. Mr. Eden took a more moderate view of the heinousness of the crime, indeed Mr. Eden shook his little head and gave a sly laugh. But who shall say that Mr. Eden was right? Nay, is it not evident that he was wrong, very wrong? Naturally people felt angry with Mr. Eden for condoning by a laugh even, such wickedness.

People had said he would turn out like his father, and here was proof of it. He had actually come from London and had brought a young woman with him. A young woman, an actress!

She was good looking! very good looking. That made it worse. There might be a sort of virtue in having an ugly mistress. It was a refined kind of asceticism. If it was not what Catholics

call "fasting," it was "abstinence." Abstinence is taking one kind of good thing.

Then Marie's face told against her; she looked so modest. That was unpardonable. To be full of vice and look virtuous is to add a lie to the vice.

People were sorry for Mrs. Asprey, very sorry; she was evidently deceived. Her son had no sense of shame. He had actually taken the actress to his mother's cottage. Could anything be more shocking? It is perhaps well there is ill-will in the world. It is a microscope in the moral world. Some of those microscopes are warranted to magnify any small specimen of the genus peccadillo 400 diameters at least. If the devil could be got under this microscope it seems certain that people would never have anything to do with him again. It is said that some individual who was a teetotaller, upon being shown a drop of stagnant water under a microscope went forthwith and broke the pledge. Such is the wonderful power of science.

Ill will did much to blacken Elton Asprey. His father was had out of his grave that his shadow might fall on him. We all stand in the light or in the shadow which our fathers leave. It is body which leaves a shadow. It is soul that leaves a light.

Lights and shadows have little lives. A spark moved becomes a line of fire, a line moved becomes a flame. The retina keeps the impression of darkness or of light for a little, so the world does. So what was excellence was regarded as error—what was virtue was looked upon as vice. Some people would have forgiven him, saying—"young men will be young men." There are people who think that sin must come out somehow. Doctors used to believe in "bad blood," and they bled for it. Those people believe in a little bad blood in the soul, and they allow a man to do evil that he may exhaust that commodity. "Then he will settle down," they say.

Many people that had no ill will believed the reports. Everybody was talking about the marvellous events of the last month, and everybody mentioned the name of the new Squire. Then came the story, not openly! modesty would not do that sort of thing: it was only hinted at. Modesty was questioned, and modesty, still professing an anxious desire to avoid such subjects, told all. There could be no doubt of it. Of course modesty would have liked to believe that it was not so, but some people had taken the trouble to make enquiries in London, and these were confirmatory of what modesty had said. It was very shocking, very.

The vicar heard the story only the day after Elton Asprey had come to Queensberry, and the vicar, with the stiffness of somewhat

indignant virtue added to the stiffness of ordinary courtesy, went to discover for himself if these things were so.

Whatever he said or did he was seen shaking hands with cordial stiffness when Elton Asprey opened the door for him, and the next day but one Miss Erle left Mrs. Asprey's cottage and became a guest at the vicarage.

There were comments upon this. Most people thought the vicar had been bribed. Those people were dissenters. Some people thought it was because there was very little room in Mrs. Asprey's cottage that the vicar had asked Miss Erle to be his guest, for even stiffness can be considerate. Those people were church people. And they were probably right.

One person heard all these stories. One person who hated Elton Asprey more than all the people in Queensberry together. That person was Frank Fenwick.

When a man hates well he has almost as good a motive to action as when he loves well. Frank Fenwick thought he had reason to hate Elton Asprey. Had he not? He stood between him and the girl he loved. He stood between him and the property he ought to have inherited. He had frustrated a scheme which would have given Kate Musgrave to him for a wife. He had shown himself to be stronger at Frank Fenwick's own game—a game played with muscles. He had shown himself stronger to forgive. He had offered him a handsome allowance which Frank Fenwick was too poor to refuse. He had no pride. He knew that Kate Musgrave loved Elton Asprey, and for all these reasons he hated him.

Mere gossip is idle; it annoys but it does no harm. It is like the tooth-ache; it is like a fly, it tickles. Hatred is like a wild beast, it tears. It is like a cancer and will have life if it can.

Frank Fenwick thought of revenge. His character is given in the lines which are at the head of this chapter. If a man's character is known, you have the plan of his campaign in life. You know how he will face circumstances.

CHAPTER VII.

WE MAY MODIFY TRUTH AND YET NOT LIE.

FRANK FENWICK called at Wayburn House. He told Mr. Musgrave he had come to say "good bye." Mr. Musgrave was sorry for the lad, and so was Kate. It is not pleasant to have seen the heaven of competence open, and then, even while you look at it, to feel the hell of poverty gape below you. It is all very well to say the loss of money is nothing. Many men are better without it. But it is the loss of a world of hopes; it is the blank No.

of Fate to a hundred wishes. Money gives to some men possibilities of having a soul. Some men it gives the only valuable thing in life—time. So many people are ruined for want of time. They must live now, and so they have to work at what they can't do, while there are things they can do shut out from them. Doctors sometimes tell their patients that if they could travel with the climate, like the swallows, they would not die. Money to that man would be life. In our competence we have all too disdainful an idea of money. We say a man can be poor and yet honest. If he is honest he is greater than any mere rich man. We have not tried to combine probity with impecuniosity. Mr. Musgrave knew all this, and he felt sorry for Frank. He was very glad to hear that the boy who used to defend "brute-force and say it was wisdom,"—this is the way Mr. Musgrave stated the principle of democracy—had come to his right. He had liked the lad, and he hoped he would become a Tory. He did not doubt it, for he looked upon a man of property as mad who did not want to conserve that property. He was glad of that, and yet he was sorry for Frank. He liked the one and he did not like the other. But that was no reason why he should not be sorry for the lad. So when Frank called, Mr. Musgrave said :

"If ever I can do anything for you I will. I'm very sorry for you."

But Mr. Musgrave did more. He knew Frank Fenwick loved his daughter; he knew that he had proposed to marry her at a time when he expected to be very wealthy—at a time when any such alliance would have been disapproved of by Frank's uncle, and by all his friends. He knew that the affection upon Frank's side was genuine, and he was sorry for him because his love was in vain. He did not wonder at Frank loving Kate. He did not wonder at Kate not loving Frank. Had Kate loved him he would have endeavoured to dissuade her from marrying him, but he had a somewhat shrewd idea that Kate would have had her own way. A man learns much by experience. But still he felt sorry for Frank; and when he came to say "good bye," before he left Wistmere Hall, Mr. Musgrave not merely promised to do anything he could to help him, and meant to keep his promise, but after he had said so he found he had a letter to write, and left Frank alone with Kate.

Mr. Musgrave meant to be kind. One of the misfortunes of acts of generosity is that they often turn out to be very cruel. If kindness always went as it was meant to go—if it was always understood as it was intended, all would be well. This, however, is not often the case. Frank Fenwick, when he found himself alone with Kate Musgrave, remained silent for a little.

Kate spoke first.

"I am sorry you are going away."

"Are you?"—he said it quickly, and bent forward. "Why?"

"Why?" Kate paused, and then she said with a smile, "You dance so well."

"Is that all?"

She was silent.

"Miss Musgrave—Kate! Am I to go away without any hope? I have no right to speak to you now; I am poor. But I did speak—I told you I loved you when I thought I was rich. And I do love you. I would sin my soul away for you; I would be your slave; I would make myself love-worthy; I would become it, because I love."

Kate did not speak.

"Kate—I may call you so, it is the last time, perhaps—will you never love me?"

"No," she said.

"Will you not try?"

"Love is not built, it grows."

"It may be cultivated."

"It requires to exist."

"Could I not make myself worthy? Some day I might have those qualities which would command your love."

"They will command it in another."

"I could be good, if you would love me."

"That would be a bad reason for being good."

"You will not love me?"

"No!"

"Then you shall not love another. I know why you won't love me; it is my cousin you care for. He is Edward Elton Fenwick, of Wistmere Hall, Esquire. I am only Frank Fenwick. But you shall not love him; he does not care for you—he loves another. Do not believe me, ask anyone. She acted in his play. He saved her life when the theatre was burned down. She is beautiful and an actress. It is natural that he should love her. He came to Queensberry yesterday, and Miss Erle came with him. He is indebted for his life to her care; she is indebted to him for her life—life for life. Why should they not marry? She is very beautiful; he is said to be very clever, and is very rich. He has come into a large fortune; he has ousted me, and he never says he is sorry. He knows what I expected; he does not care for my feelings. He is a hero, yet he has no heart. He is my cousin, yet he will let me leave the Hall without one friendly word. This is the man you love; this is the man you would sacrifice everything for. Oh! you doubt my word? Did I ever lie to you?"

Did I ever say a word that was not true? You can go and ask anyone—you can go and see for yourself. I hear you have become friendly with Mrs. Asprey since her late sore disappointment: the loss of a husband and the gain of a fortune. You can go to the cottage and see for yourself; you may find your poet-hero with his love. You will admire her. She does not paint; her hair is her own. These are all misfortunes to you. Then, again, I believe that her mother was somebody; she is dead. She married a nobody, but both she and the nobody are dead. Miss Erle's friends would doubtless all appear if she was about to marry Mr. Fenwick of Wistmere Hall; and then there would be no *mésalliance*—an important thing for the proprietor of such large estates. If he married Miss Erle he would be said to have married well. Your chance is small."

"Do you say all this to prove your love?"

"No; to disprove his."

"Well."

"Well, will you not let me hope? I have still some private means; I am not utterly poor. You know I love you. I will wait for you; I will do anything."

"You said you would sin away your soul for me; that is everything."

"With you, let me ask you again, I can become worthy. I shall, only give me a little hope."

"I cannot," said Kate, rising from where she sat.

She went to the door and left the room. In her own room, upon her bed, she wept and prayed. It was a day full of sorrow. She did not go to call on Mrs. Asprey that day, as she had meant to do.

Mrs. Asprey said, "I thought Miss Musgrave would have been here to-day."

"Tell me again all she said, mother."

It was Elton Asprey who spoke. The last word was marred by the gentle closing of the door of the room. It was Marie who left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME INSANITY IS DUE TO INCREASED MENTAL ACTIVITY.

DR. YATES was very much excited. He was on the best terms with science, so that his excitement was of a pleasurable kind. He had been walking up and down the little gravel walk in the garden, and said aloud—"Geoffrey St. Hilaire is right. In a race

as in an animal, characteristics from clay become iron—from water become ice. In the young you can mould them, in the old you cannot. It is the same with a race as with an individual. Characteristics are constant and permanent in proportion to the age of the race."

He had said this aloud, and anyone passing in the road might have heard him. There was no actual harm in what he had said, but men ought to be careful of their reputation. If one has very little of it there is more reason for prudence. Still Dr. Yates cannot be said to be altogether void of that regulative faculty, for after giving vent to the above sentiments in a loud voice, he let his voice fall, and said in a murmur :

"I wonder if she's like. Coming here, dear me, and her father dead. Poor child! she is very nearly eighteen—no, seventeen. I wonder if she is strong; I always thought her mother weak. Dear me, coming here with Elton Asprey. I wonder if she knows anything about those old times. I wonder if she ever heard my name mentioned. I hope not. I know what I'll do, I'll adopt her. Elton Asprey does not want any money now; he has enough of his own. I'll go to Messrs. Hepworth and Hicks to-morrow, and see about it. I wonder if she would come and stay with me?"

The old gentleman dusted his eyes with his handkerchief; he would have said it was "dust" that had got in. He would have said dust is an irritant; it causes a flow of tears. But he knew that memory is an irritant, and causes the flow of tears too. However, he said "dusted."

When the doctor had done so, he went into the house. He entered his study. He rang the bell.

This was extraordinary conduct.

Dr. Yates never rang the bell. When he had an order to give he generally went out at the door and called to Mrs. Bristow. He said :

"Mrs. Bristow is old. Her legs are weak; my voice is strong. My voice will go and meet Mrs. Bristow, and save her the trouble of coming up-stairs."

Upon this occasion Dr. Yates rang the bell. This was inconsistent.

Mrs. Bristow thought Dr. Yates must have taken a fit.

When she entered the room, Dr. Yates was standing upon the hearth-rug.

"Mrs. Bristow," he said, "I wish to speak with you. The work of this establishment is too heavy for you. The work of this establishment will probably increase. You must have some

assistance. I know your objections to other servants; but you must have assistance."

Mrs. Bristow did not speak.

"I want all the rooms thoroughly cleaned, Mrs. Bristow, and I want all that furniture taken out of what you ironically call the 'best bed-room.' It is to be re-furnished. I am about to put away all these papers, so that you can begin at once."

Having said this, Dr. Yates left the room. He thought it was possible Mrs. Bristow might offer some reasons for things remaining as they were, and Dr. Yates had made up his mind not to listen to reason. He felt that he was "ratting," that he had been conservative even of the dust,—that he had said there is an order in disorder, which is better than the disorder of order. He wished to assert, with what he thought truth, that order was relative to the minds of people, and that every new system of order which was established would be relative disorder for a long time. He said this with regard to his papers, but he said the same principles would apply to the theory of legislation. Now, therefore, he felt he had "ratted,"—he had ordered the abolishment of dust; he had become a radical, and given the command to clean; he had become unmindful of Mrs. Bristow's legs, and done his duty as a member of an enlightened community, and rung the bell. Dr. Yates left the room, but he had to return for his hat,—for he kept his hat in his study. As he took it up and passed through the passage, he murmured to himself, "Samuel Yates, this must not happen again. There is a hat-stand in the lobby." This was another blow at the past. He walked down the street with his hands behind his back;—he was thinking deeply;—he went to the upholsterer's.

Mr. Elliot, the upholsterer, was a man who wanted to raise the masses, as he said, "with the lever of education."

He said this at the Mechanics' Institute lectures, when he introduced the "learned lecturer."

He was a vice-president of the Institution. As a man who knew what education was, he professed to have a great respect for Dr. Yates. He had asked Dr. Yates upon more than one occasion to become the President of the Institution; but Dr. Yates had always declined. Dr. Yates looked upon a Mechanics' Institute as a sort of stupid music-hall, where somewhat incompetent performers travesty the Arts and Sciences.

When Mr. Elliot saw Dr. Yates enter the shop he regarded it as an honour;—he thought the doctor had come to speak of the object they both had so deeply at heart,—that of raising the masses by a lever of education. But the doctor had not; he had come to look at furniture.

"The very best bed-room furniture you have got, Mr. Elliot."

Mr. Elliot displayed his wares. Dr. Yates asked a great many questions;—he even asked if Mr. Elliot was sure these chairs were "fashionable?"

"Fashionable!" Dr. Yates' past staggered under that blow.

Mr. Elliot was astonished to see Dr. Yates sit down in the easy-chair, to ascertain if it was comfortable. But it was not only bed-room furniture that Dr. Yates required; he wished drawing-room furniture. No wonder a report went abroad that Dr. Yates had gone mad,—that somebody who was passing in the road near Hill House, had heard the doctor talking nonsense to himself in the garden. And that he had gone and ordered Mr. Elliot to send up everything he had in his shop to the Hill House without delay.

In truth, Dr. Yates was particular that there should be no time lost, and that some of the things should be sent forthwith.

Having given these orders, he went home again, and left his hat in the lobby,—took his slippers out of his study, and went up into his own room to take off his boots. This was new; "he never used to do these things," Mrs. Bristow said with tears in her eyes.

Dr. Yates, having put on his slippers, looked in upon Mrs. Bristow, who was busy in one of the bed-rooms. She laboured desperately. She was under a constraining sense of fear. She kept on saying,—“after twenty years,—after twenty years.” She seemed sorry to part with the dust, it had been there so long.

"That's right, Mrs. Bristow," said the doctor. "Open all the windows. Let us have lots of fresh air. The furniture from Mr. Elliot's will be here immediately."

"I've sent for my niece, sir. She'll help me."

"Very good. She's a nice girl. Can she wait at table?"

Wait at table! Mrs. Bristow trembled. There was a horrible sense of mystery in all this; something awful was about to happen, and she could form no conception of what it was.

The doctor went down-stairs, and said, as he entered his study, "Now for reform. I have been tyrannized over by mere habit too long. I have been subjected to the inconvenience of dust in consequence of the despotism of custom. I must become acclimatised to a clearer atmosphere. It is an interesting subject, acclimatisation. Some things won't acclimatise. The Jerusalem artichoke cannot be propagated in England by seed. I wonder how I'll do without dust."

He went on talking while he packed away books and papers,

when all the tables and chairs were free from their loads, he began to dust the books, and he was still busy when the clock struck seven, and he got down from off the steps saying: "It's time to go and meet them."

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT THE DARKNESS COVERS.

ELTON ASPREY had come home, and Marie Erle had come with him. Dr. Yates and Mrs. Asprey had met them at the station. It was almost dark when they met. The engine-driver had over-shot the station, and perhaps it was well. There was not even a lamp to throw light on the faces.

Elton Asprey had said:

"Mother, this is Marie Erle."

Dr. Yates would not go to the cottage with them; he would come the next morning. He had business to do. He was "dusting." Elton Asprey would not believe him.

The next day Elton Asprey spent in-doors. He had much to hear, much to tell. His mother told him of all Kate's visits,—of Kate's love. It was that day Mr. Errington called. He asked Marie to go and stay at the vicarage, and she consented. She said quietly to herself,—“I wish I had not come. I did not know it would be so hard.” And then she said to Elton Asprey,—“If I go to the vicar's, he may get me some place as a governess. I could teach little children. I must get a character first, and, perhaps, being at the vicarage will make one for me.”

Elton's mother said to him that night: “She nursed you through all your illness. She acted in your play. How beautiful she is.”

“She's an angel, mother.”

“And then, you love Kate.”

“As I do my life.”

“I know now why Marie Erle goes to the vicarage.”

“Why, mother?”

Mrs. Asprey did not answer, she stood up and said: “I wonder if she's asleep.”

She went out of the little sitting-room into the little bed-room Marie occupied. It was scarcely a room. Mrs. Asprey opened the door softly and went in. She closed the door after her. She knelt down beside the bed and laid her head on the pillow beside that of Marie. There was no sleep there, only tears. She kissed

the girl's cheek. She felt the tears. She heard a whispered "thank you," and she went away again.

CHAPTER X.

A ROSE GARDEN IN A WILDERNESS.

THE next day Elton Asprey went out early. He had, by letter from London, communicated his desire that a certain sum should be settled upon his cousin Frank Fenwick. He had given many other directions, only some of which were within his province as heir-at-law, and it was, therefore, necessary that he should consult with Messrs. Hepworth and Hicks.

Messrs. Hepworth and Hicks were regarded as very able lawyers. It is almost impossible in most instances to discover upon what grounds such current opinions rest. They probably have some foundation. The clear head for which Mr. Hepworth got the credit, the great shrewdness that he was said to display, were, in Elton Asprey's eyes, fictions. He had not learned that a lawyer is a man who can find things when they are wanted in law books. Yet, so it is. Perhaps he was impatient that day. The sun shone, and it made gold of the dust in Mr. Hepworth's private office. He wished to be outside,—to be in the woods,—anywhere but in the midst of dust. However, he was kept there two whole hours. And then he walked away out into the country.

He had gone to the churchyard first of all; he had stood by William Goodeve's grave, and whispered, "My hero, not my father."

He had stood in the family vault and shivered; he had almost wept because he could not weep.

He had wept like a child over the body of William Erle, and he could not weep over the tomb of his own father, Edward Fenwick. He had never seen his father.

Now he had left the tomb and was out in the sunshine.

He was on his way to Wayburn. Kate Musgrave was in the garden,—a sad garden; it was full of weeds; they grow better than the flowers. There was one little piece of ground that care kept free from weeds. Kate called it her garden. She brought the care, nature brought the sunshine, and God brought the flowers.

It is surely the prettiest of tastes, a woman's love for flowers. One could imagine a maiden turned into a flower if it were not for its want of voice. There is something daintily delicious about

some flowers. Some maidens are just like a rosebud ; they become full blown just as it does ; they give pleasure by their presence as it does ; they are born to be lovely. The rose's function is to bloom ; but there comes a frost, the rose falls. We picture death a frost. A rose and a girl seem like sisters ; one might think of them as twins with all the love for one another that cognateness brings. Folk born at the same time seem not two born together but one born separate. The love of twins is the selfishness of heaven. So a rose and a maiden might be taken the one for the other. Their differences are only apparent ; their resemblances are real. The spirit of each is like. Perfume is the soul of the rose ; the soul of the maiden is perfume. The rose is made for its perfume, the body for the soul. Perfume or soul, call it which you will, is. It is not fancy, or it is a true fancy. A true fancy is the highest of facts.

Kate was in her garden that day. She thought of one autumn day on which she had plucked a leaf from a rose, and when she came again the rose was gone. No frost had done it. Frost is sharp, but it does not cut through a stem. This little memory brought tears into her eyes. It was so altered now, she thought. The pilfered rose was a proof that eyes looked at her when she did not dream of them. When one is chased by eyes it means something. It means blushes.

When she found the rose gone, the garden seemed the fuller of roses for the theft. But now she was standing by the rose-bush. There were no roses, only little leaf buds, and her cheeks were pale. She seemed to sleep where she stood. Some birds can sleep on the wing. They have the wind for pillow and for bed too. A reverie is an open-eyed sleep ; sleep is a blind reverie. Though thought is sometimes our servant, in sleep we are the slaves of thought. Sometimes the wind is so docile it will grind our corn for us, at other times it crushes our ships between rocks. The sea holds a ship as it were a nut with its white lips, and cracks it with its stone teeth. This is the wind's doing. So in dreams, we are bound hand and foot and carried hither and thither at fancy's will. Thought may be a whirlwind.

Kate stood there in her reverie letting her thoughts take their own way ; but the sound of a foot awakened her. It was a foot close to her. She did not turn to look ; she knew who it was without looking. The reverie seemed to have become real ; her thought seemed to have created. She knew he was close to her. She felt herself blushing, but she stood quite still. She did not move even when she heard his voice say,

“ Kate.”

It was just the reverie, only she was happy.

"Kate," the same voice said, "Kate, I love you."

She turned round then. She looked into his eyes; her lips were open to speak, but she said nothing.

"I love you, Kate. I have always loved you. I love you now. I went away because I loved you. I come back now because I love you."

He ceased speaking. She put out both her hands towards him. He took them in his; he drew her towards him; he put his arm round her; he kissed her lips, and she lay at rest against his breast. It still all seemed the reverie. But it had been a reverie of night with its mask of black clouds covering the sky. Now it was a reverie of day, broad day, with its leagues of laughter.

"Say it again," she whispered; "speak again."

"I love you."

"I thought you would not come. I was thinking of you."

There was a long pause.

Sometimes words are of no use. When you know you are understood, when you feel that there are some other more subtle influences at work which make you and the person with you think the same thoughts, words are thrown away. Besides, words are for memory, not for act; they are for thought, not for feeling. Men are content to feel. When they think they talk. The deeps of life, as of water, are still.

The sun shone on those two. They were happy. There were no questions. Questions are roads to misery.

All that Frank Fenwick had said,—all the thoughts which had been tormenting a poor little heart as the winds of winter torment a late-blooming summer flower. All was forgotten. There was not room for any doubt. Each instant had its freight of pleasure.

A woman feels rest for the first time in her lover's arms. A man feels strong to do and to suffer at such a time. When such moments are remembered men wish that the acme of life had been its end. But it is not intense pleasure that is the end of life. We get glimpses of it to let us know there is a heaven. What rest there must be in God's arms for a weak humanity. What infinite opportunity for the labour which earns rest in the world which lies beyond the valley of the shadow. Kate whispered gently,

"I adore you."

It was more like the inarticulate murmur of happiness. There was a music in the words. All that is great is music. Poetry is music. The bees' hum, the birds' song, the winds and the ocean, all are songs.

The sound seemed to dwell in his ear long after it had ceased.

Who can guess how much a man can live in a moment? We all judge of life by its extension, not by its intension. We say a man lived sixty years; but that means nothing. Tell one a man had three great moments, and it was as if you told of the peaks of a mountain range. You have described the range and the life. Elton Asprey lived intensely for a time. Such moments are like the seeds which have life. Many seeds die; many moments are barren. Such moments might be seeds from which eternity would blossom.

There were two whispers uttered close together. They were only,—

“I love you, Kate.”

“I adore you, Elton.”

CHAPTER XI.

A CONFESSION AND A FAVOUR.

MARIE ERLE was at the vicarage. She asked leave to teach the vicar's little girl. Poor child, it was a sickly little thing:—a weak spine. Marie's teaching was not orthodox, but it was lovely. Perhaps that is better. She used to make the child laugh and cry: sweet laughter and sweet tears. Tears are like the rivers of the world, which wear it away, crumble it down; they crumble down character. Laughter is like the earthquakes of the world which build up mountains and continents. So does laughter. Marie had great patience and told such pleasant stories. One story she was never tired of telling and the child was never tired of listening to. It was one about a giant; it was the one Elton Asprey had told to the child that fell and was hurt at the theatre. Marie had once heard it. The child liked to listen to her, and Mrs. Errington loved Marie because the child did.

The vicar, who had formerly had a very low opinion of the stage, modified his opinion; he enlarged his exception list. This was a great thing for Mr. Errington to do, for as he was a stiff man he had a stiff code. The ten commandments were on tables of stone, but they were broken. Mr. Errington had them engraved on iron.

His wife used to say to him,—

“I wish, dear, you would speak to Miss Erle. I'm sure she's not happy.”

“Her father is only just dead. It would not be seemly,” Mr. Errington answered.

“But there is something more than that, my dear; I know there

is. It seems so sad that she should be so quiet, and her smile is so pretty."

"A very proper decorum upon her part. I think highly of Miss Erle, very highly."

Marie used to go and see Mrs. Asprey very often. They never spoke about what had taken place one night as Marie lay in bed in the little room at the cottage; but they were closer to one another for all that. They were very close and very dear to each other. They both had huge sorrows. Once Marie said to Mrs. Asprey,—

"I'm trying very hard, but I don't succeed very well. I think I will have to go away."

"Where?" asked the other.

"I don't know yet," she answered. How sad it is that even in brave fights men are beaten. How sad it is that one's best is not always success in good.

One day Dr. Yates called at the vicarage and asked if he could see Miss Erle.

Dr. Yates waited until she came down from the nursery. But Dr. Yates was not quiet; he was walking up and down the drawing-room when Marie entered.

He shook hands with her and without sitting down he said:

"Miss Erle, I have come to do two things. I have come to make a confession, and to ask a favour. You don't know much about me, I'm sorry for that."

"I do know a great deal about you, Dr. Yates. Elton Asprey when he was getting better used to talk about you. I heard about the 'course of nature' and how you used to say 'our.' And he told me wonderful stories about your bees."

"Did he indeed. But I don't mean that. The course of nature and those great children of nature, events, is all a secret to me, although I do pretend to know something about it. We are all a good deal of humbugs, Miss Erle. We even humbug ourselves a good deal. However, it is perhaps best so. If there were no vice, how would the police get their living? It is a tendency to anarchy which develops great statesmen; and it is all the ill-temper of the winds and seas makes great captains. Perhaps humbug makes that class of men satirists. But as I was saying before I began to lecture, I don't know much how events are brought about. To say 'by God' is unscientific, and to say 'by law' is un-philosophical. It is a dilemma! What would you say?"

"I should try to say by God."

"Well I think so; you shall judge. I was once young, Miss Erle. It is a very difficult thing to believe, I dare say, but I was."

He paused.

"Did you ever hear my name, Miss Erle?"

"I think I have."

"Perhaps you know all about it. Did your mother ever speak of me?"

"Yes."

"Did she think ill of me?"

"Oh no!"

"Thank God for that." Dr. Yates muttered this, but Marie Erle heard him.

"Well," said Dr. Yates with a somewhat loud voice. He was trying to talk down the voice within him. "Well, Miss Erle, my confession is unnecessary. There is no use my going over it again. You see, Miss Erle, I am an old man, and very solitary. I have my books and I talk to them, but a little contradiction does one good. If the flint has it all its own way there won't be any sparks. The opposition of the steel is of advantage; so it is. Books are all very well, but they are too docile. I haven't much necessity for striking out new ideas. They are sparks. Some ideas have set men's minds on fire; minds are combustible. We have had revolutions: they were conflagrations all set a going by a spark idea. But my lecturing wearies you."

"No, indeed it does not; I like to try to think."

"Well you see, just as people who keep very few sheep can't improve the breed, just as amateurs cannot compete with nursery gardeners in the production of new and useful varieties; so neither can the man who lives a very one-sided life, who has not a large stock of impressions expect to do anything great or breed new and important varieties of the stock ideas which we find are laid away in books, just as we find palæosaurs in the rocks. Still I have had an idea, Miss Erle, and that idea was to ask you a favour."

"I think I may promise to grant it; what is it?"

"Do you very much object to my lectures?"

"No! I like them."

"Well, will you come and be lectured to? Will you come and stay with me? I did love your mother before she was married, and if she hadn't married a better man I should have been sorry ever since that she could not love me. I'm an old man, Miss Erle, but I hope you won't think very badly of me if I say I never have been very happy ever since. I don't know what you mean to do, but if you would come and stay with me I wouldn't lecture much, and you could do just as you liked. I've got your room all ready. Will you come?"

"You are very good."

"No I'm not. People in Queensberry would tell you a very

different tale. They think I have something to do with the black arts."

"I will come if you will have me. But I mayn't stay long."

"You may stay just as long or as short a time as you please. I shall try to keep you though."

"And I to stay. You are very good."

Dr. Yates went away happy. It soon became known all through Queensberry that Miss Erle was going to "keep house" for Dr. Yates who was somehow a distant connection of hers. Everybody thought it a very excellent arrangement, and everybody now understood Dr. Yates' visit to the upholsterer's. Everybody sometimes means a very few. Some said it was better than going and acting again.

The vicar and his wife were pleased. They thought that thus they would always have her near them. The poor child cried. It was not at a story this time but at a little bit of real life. At a parting.

When Marie went away from the vicarage the vicar said less stiffly than was his wont, "Good-bye my dear, I hope you'll bring Dr. Yates to church." Some men's sense of duty is a rod.

CHAPTER XII.

WHISPERS IN THE WOOD.

It must have been about eleven o'clock. Every shadow in a wood is pointing to the time, if any one would take the trouble to make the dial, and say, "that tree with the hirsute of lichens marks twelve on the dial-plate of this shadow hand, a shadow that falls from the tall red pine." But no one takes the trouble, and all the time-marking is lost. That day the wood was full of shadows and lights. Bright rays went everywhere; they came between the stems of the trees. There was a light haze in the wood which might have been glass; the stems of the firs might have been mullions. The light fell through the roof; the roof was not yet sun-proof; the buds were babies. Yet some of them began to make green the woods. Little sheaves of green bristles grew on the larches; little buds came out green on the hedge-rows. Buds seem like the closed hand; leaves are like fingers.

It must have been eleven o'clock. The sky was blue over head, white clouds went about in it. Who can tell but that the little spot of sunshine which forms our day may not have wild storms all about it, and be like a garden in the midst of a wilderness. It is often so; still the storms outside only make us

feel our comfort. The security of a pleasure is certain to make it distasteful. That is why a boy likes to steal his fruit. Some lunatics will not eat unless they have purloined their dinner. Vice is a sort of relish! Virtue is tasteless. Virtue is like bread, both are useful, but both are insipid.

It must have been eleven o'clock. Any one who had gone through the Wayburn woods that morning, if they had taken the pathway which leads through the grounds to Wharfside, and had left the path a little way before it reaches the old mill, and kept on the face of the hill which rises above the road, would have seen the lake. From that point there is a view of the islands which look like green stones set in silver. The lake might be a brooch, but they would have seen more than the lake. They might first have heard the sound of voices, and then as they stood beyond the mill they might have seen Elton Asprey stand beside Kate Musgrave. He was looking into her eyes. Her face was turned towards him. It was she who spoke.

"I know now I love you. For a long time I said 'no, it is not love!' but when I said so my face burned. I used to cover it with my hands. Then when you went away I was sad, and still I said 'it is not love.' I did not know; to read about it is not to know it. I used to read your poetry, I could say some of it, but then I thought I remembered it because it was good. I thought you so good and brave; I know not why. And I dreamed of you. I used to think that wrong; I prayed that I might not dream of you; that was foolish, but I liked to make God a confidant. Is that blasphemy?"

"No."

"Oh! how strong you are; your words are like iron. When you speak I know it is right. Some people's words are light. It takes a great many to say a thing; yours are strong, when you speak it is a blow."

"A blow?"

"But it does not hurt. One's heart is hard like iron, your words are like a hammer, you weld it into a perfect heart. Do let me speak, I never dared to speak about love before. Even when I thought about it I was afraid, and used to try to work and think of other things, when I used to think of you I went and sat with papa. I thought that would frighten the thought away, but even the thought of you was bold. Oh! what a luxury it is to have no dungeons with chained secrets in them. The world is just the same at night as it is in day. But at night it is hideous; in day it is beautiful. It is double day now. I shall pray now to dream of you; it would be treason not to let you come into my dreams. Say I don't speak blasphemy again, I like to hear your

‘no,’ it sounds so firm and true that I think God could not gainsay it.”

“I sometimes gainsay it myself; it is of sand.”

“No, it is of iron, I feel strong when you speak. I know now that I should die if you did not love me; I would die. Just tell me once again that you do love me. No! please don’t, I would not even seem to doubt you. You said it once, it makes me glad now. Will you tell me about yourself; I know nothing of you but yet I know all. Tell me what you do and what you think, and yet you told me all when you said ‘I love.’ Was it you who took the rose last summer?”

“I have got it still.”

“Still! You must let me have it. I only plucked a leaf away, I scarcely touched it.”

“A touch was enough.”

“And now you touch me. Your arm is about me. Tell me your name.”

“Do you not know it?”

“No! not your new name.”

“Call me by the old.”

“I never thought of you by name. I thought of you as I saw you that night. Do you remember, it was the first time I saw you and you used to come out to listen to my voice? I sang to papa, he was asleep. What did I sing? I used to think of you when I sang; my fingers would stumble, and papa awoke. Is it wrong to love you more than God? I can’t help it. I have tried so hard to love God best, but I love you and papa better than God.”

There was a pause. Her eyes were fixed upon his face. Her cheek rested against his shoulder. Her head lay upon his breast. She was beautiful. She spoke.

“I can feel your heart beat. You are wise,—tell me again of your life. Men have many great hopes;—women have one. Tell me of your play. Ah! you wonder how I come to know so much. But your mother told me. And the theatre was burnt down? I should have wept and put it out. And you were ill. Oh! I wish I had known.”

“Why?”

“I scarcely know. If you had been wandering—if you had not known me,—I would have waited upon you. But I could not have borne that you should know. That would have been pleasure to do you some service, and you never to know. Elton—”

“Yes!”

“I want to tell you something. Do you remember that day, in

the garden, when you told me you loved me. That was a fortnight ago—was it not?”

“Yes.”

“Well, that day when you came beside me, I was thinking you did not love me.”

“Why?”

“I had heard that you loved some other body. Your cousin, Frank,—you know he wanted me to marry him, he came to say ‘good-bye;’ but he did not say it. He made me very miserable; he told me you were in love with Marie Erle. Now, don’t deny it—please not. That would look as if I believed it. I never did believe it, after I heard you say ‘Kate’ that day. He told me how beautiful she was, and I went up-stairs and cried; and then, all tear-stained, I looked in the mirror to see if I was beautiful. I could not see myself for tears! Was I very foolish?”

“No.”

“Why do you never speak about your cousin?”

“I scarcely know. I never speak of the manager at the theatre.”

“But then *he’s* not your cousin.”

“I would as soon he were.”

“You don’t like Frank.”

“No.”

“Then I won’t speak about him.”

A bird sang on a tree close by. A bird which had carried its music over the sea. It did not seem strange to those lovers that all the bird’s music was a love song. They might have taken their hearts for birds, and the beating for warbling which was crushed. A heart is like a bird. The body is its cage. It puts on bright feathers when it loves. The sheen of its plumage is a blush. It sometimes beats its wings against the bars.

Lovers’ talk is often stupid, when it is overheard. Sometimes it is only murmurs. A whisper seems to go straight to the heart. Although it sounds stupid, it is all-eloquent.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SEA-SHORE.

It was not long before Dr. Yates found out Marie’s secret.

She did not hide well. There is some belief in people’s minds that “to act” means to conceal emotion. This is a stupid view. To act means to feel emotion, and make it external. To act is

not to lie in act. It is to show forth truth in act. Marie could act, but she could not lie. It required no great cleverness to guess the truth. The vicar's wife had seen two sorrows in the girl. The one was a pale sorrow; the other was a sorrow clad in crimson. Dr. Yates saw it too. He walked up and down his garden thinking what he should do. He thought of taking Marie to the sea-side. It was now almost summer. He said, "the sea air may be to her what science was to me."

It was in April they went. Pleasant breezes came from the sea into the little valley all day long. They seemed to be coming home tired after having a romp with the waves, and then gentle airs went out to sea with the fishing-boats when the night fell. The little valley was between high hills. Those hills were thread-bare giants. Their coat of verdure had given way in many places, and showed white bones through. The bones of hills are rocks. A rill of water ran through the valley and wandered over the level sand as if it had lost its way. That valley, in April, is full of birds. It looked to the sun-set over miles of golden sea. The sun makes a path-way on the waves to lead the eye to it. God made a path-way in the world to lead souls to Him. They are both paths of glory. Both glory over waves.

Marie was pale. Dr. Yates used to ask her if she was quite well. He asked her half a dozen times a day. He never seemed to remember the answer. She always said—

"Yes. Quite well."

Then the doctor said—

"Never mind—this sea breeze will do her good. It will make her better. The sea breeze is a horticulturist. It will cultivate roses in your cheek, Marie."

"It will require to be by grafting, as they do at the theatre," Marie answered, and then Dr. Yates sighed. He had a way of choking his sighs, which was very effective. They began in sighs and ended in coughs. He seemed to fill a paper bag which burst. He had given up the "course of nature;"—he did no work;—he walked about with Marie;—he carried down a chair to the sands for her, and when it began to be cold, he went and brought a shawl. He himself had a fancy for sitting on the wet sands; and, if anything, he preferred a cold wind to a warm one. He never would let Marie part with her chair or her shawl for him. This was Dr. Yates, the author of the Investigation! He said he liked novels, he had not read any for many years, but he enjoyed them now; he thought they would please the poor girl, and, therefore, he did not speak truth. This was the old gentleman with the fossil heart.

Some hearts would have objected to the lie. Some people

would strain at those gnats—we call fibs—and swallow a camel—a bankruptcy. They look after the moral coppers, and think that the moral pounds will take care of themselves.

One day,—it was a soft warm day,—Marie was sitting on the sands. The sun was shining on the ripples which looked like gold braiding on the sea's hem. Dr. Yates was not with her that day. She had a book open on her knee, and the light winds turned over the leaves. She was watching the leaves as they were blown backwards and forwards. She was not reading. A shadow fell across the book. She looked up, and Godfrey St. Aubin stood before her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I startled you."

"No, you did not."

"Will you grant me one favour, Miss Erle."

Marie was silent.

"I want to tell you the whole truth. You think me a would-be murderer?"

"No, I do not."

"I am."

"You risked your life to save my father. You——"

For a time neither spoke.

"I did mean to do well, but then I was tempted and ——"

"You did well again. I know all."

"No, not nearly all. It was I who planned the robbery on the road. I meant to rescue you, and trick you into being grateful. I loved you."

The wind turned over the leaves of the book, and seemed to be reading from it in a whisper.

"I know it was mean. I thought so then. I am ashamed now. I don't know whether you think I am following out a wrong now. I tried to stay away from you. I began to work. I didn't do it well. I begin to think I am stupid. I used to give myself the credit for brains. I think I must have been wrong. However, although I felt stupid I felt honest, until a week ago, and then I thought I must see you. I followed you to Queensberry, and found out you were here. I hope you are not angry?"

"No."

"Will you let me go on? I don't mean to make promises, but I will try, as I have done, to be honest,—honest to myself. Will you tell me one thing? Will you ever love again?"

"Always."

He was silent.

There was the whisper of the wind with the leaves of the book, the noise of the ripples on the sand.

"Could you never come to care ever so little for another?"

"Never."

There was the whisper, the little rush, and a sob.

Godfrey St. Aubin was silent.

"Will you grant me one favour," he said, after a time. "I shall never speak of love again. Will you let me live near you? In the same town? May——I see you now and then? I never will speak of love, if only I may see you?"

The whisper and the rustle could be heard. The sun shone and the waves were clad in light.

"If you wish it you may, but it will not be for long."

There was a pause. It did not seem to be silence. Thoughts flew about from one thing to another as birds fly about from tree to tree. The upas tree is only a fable. But there are upas trees for those birds, thoughts. Thoughts are palsied by the grave; and Marie's words seemed to point to the churchyard. Godfrey St. Aubin stood there with tears in his eyes. Thought was not. There was only a feeling of blank, cold despair. Oh, if some of his friends at the club could have seen him they would have laughed, because they were stupid. They would have joked, because they did not understand. They were shallow and could not perceive that Godfrey St. Aubin had grown a man. Their shallowness could not understand the unutterable depth of the human heart. His seemed to himself an abyss, dark, gloomy, and out of it came a cry which had its echo in that other heart like it, an empty void, like it a home of darkness, full of nothing but echoes of laughter, ghosts of joy. Deep cried to deep. There was no silence.

He stood there looking down at her for a little, and then he said,—

"I may stay near to you until then?"

The book whispered "yes" with the leaves; the gold ripples whispered "yes" to the sand; she whispered "yes" very gently. It was lost in the little chorus of sounds.

Was it an agony or a pleasure that was in his heart? These two are sometimes very like.

He walked along the sands. It was April's best day. Swallows had come over the sea and were making the most of the summer sky. They seemed to say, "Come, let us play at suicide," and slid down through the air to the glossy water, and just as they touched it flew away again. The flapping of their wings when they rose seemed to be laughter. The sands were warm in the sunshine. The copse woods near the shores were green, and threw soft shade over the primroses and hyacinths which grew in them. The little lights which fell upon the flowers seemed to be a golden net stretched over them to keep that bird of prey, decay, away,

for shadows are in league with mould. Birds sang in the copses, and bees hummed. It is the wings of the bee that make the music. The air is a bell if we can only find the clapper. The air is a road for those that have wings. Here and there on the sides of the rough hills which rose into the clear summer sky, little houses stood. They had orchards beside them, which were some white, some pink, that day. A herd's whistle came from the green pasture lands, and sometimes the bark of a dog. The brown cattle stood in the fresh green fields, and close to where he walked the summer had brought flowers to the verge of the sea. Bright pinks grew on the grey green tufts even on the sands, and the hawthorn hedges were white with May. They ran along the side of the sea and up the hills. They looked like garlands. It seemed to be nature crowning the goblet of the sea. All was bright, all seemed happy. The sea, which stretched away to the south and west, was a mirror for the sky to look in. It was distance gazing on the deep. It was the sky going on a peaceful pilgrimage over the sea. It was the friendship of two dire enemies. It was the world's field of the cloth of gold.

All was sunshine save his heart. Space is full of light, but the world carries a towering obelisk of shadow on its back, as an elephant carries a castle. There are great columns of black night over many hearts. It is the proper monument for the grave of some great hope.

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

BELLS.

DR. YATES and Marie did not stay very long at the sea-side. The doctor thought it did not do her any good. Perhaps he was right.

They went back to Queensberry, but Marie was paler.

Dr. Yates said, "It is the hot weather." May and June were hot that year.

Godfrey St. Aubin had come to stay in Queensberry. People wondered at a brother of Lord St. Aubin's coming there after his aunt, Mrs. Fenwick that was—but people will do strange things. It was stranger still, people thought, that Mr. St. Aubin should be friendly with Mr. Edward Fenwick; but he was quite friendly. He never went to Wistmere Hall; but then he went nowhere

except to Dr. Yates. Why he should come to Queensberry at all was a mystery. He did nothing. He pretended to read law, but it was only a pretence. He didn't keep good hours, but he didn't go to amusements like some young men. It might have been better if he had. But he never had gone to the billiard room, and although he was on the books of the club he never had entered it. What he did was a mystery. He seemed to do nothing but walk about the country, generally when it was dark.

People said these things of him.

It had come to be July, and Marie was paler,—August, and there were some cold winds, but they made her shiver.

It was in August Edward Fenwick was to be married.

It was the day.

No light had shone, but the east was like the bud of a rose which is going to blow. The cold winds had gone and summer had come back—a matron summer, whose grace had become stateliness. The wind was from the west, and was soft and warm. It seemed to come from lips not from the sky. There was some stir in the town already. Edward Fenwick's marriage was a great event; and as the light broadened the noise grew greater.

The light shone gently in the little room at Hill House. It had a pink glow unlike morning light. The morning is cold; it is the evening that is warm. The morning sky is like a forehead, the evening sky is like a heart. Strength is self complete; the muscles about its mouth seem the lock of a door. Weakness is dependent; dependence is kind. Morning is lusty, evening is infirm. Morning rises like a conqueror; evening falls like one vanquished.

The light fell upon open eyes. There had been darkness on them, but no sleep. They opened on the day, still tired with yesterday. They were quite dry; they had not even the balm of tears.

With the light came sounds. They were the ordinary sounds of each day's beginning,—the creaking of a cart wheel as it went along the road, the little hum of noises which came from the town. Sounds become nebulous. There was the roll of some waggons, the call of the waggoner to his horses.

Men invent languages. Drivers make words for their horses. Some men talk what seems like nonsense to their dogs. We are all struggling to be gods. We all desire to create. The ancients thought death made men gods; but we in our day think that death annihilates deities. Still we all strive to make. The child that begins to draw makes a stroke and says that is a man; it plays with a piece of square wood and calls it a horse. This is all creation. It is the protozoa of mental life—of thought, of creation.

It is in that we were made in God's image. Marie heard the sounds but she interpreted them. She thought they were different on that day from those on others. She had heard that same waggoner before, but his voice seemed fuller. The voice is a plant and pleasure is its sap. Misery has no voice—Horror is dumb ! Thus she thought the hum from the town had less of business and more of pleasure than it was wont to have. She lay there listening. She was not strong, but she rose and drew the blind—the glory of the morning fell upon her.

The little town with its spires lay below. Her eye fell upon the spire of the Parish Church. It was the church in which Edward Fenwick was to be married. It was the church with the graveyard. The sky was full of light now. The air was still. She opened the window and a breath with perfumes in it entered the room. It seemed the flowers' greeting to the maiden. Away beyond the town there was a brightness as if sunshine were coming from the earth as well as from the sky. It was the sea and the long flat reaches of wet sand. She stood and looked. She could see the hills on which Wistmere Hall stood. She had never been there. Her cough was her excuse. She wished that tears would dim her eyes, but they were quite dry.

She went and lay down again. There was a knock at the door. It was Dr. Yates. He always knocked on his way down to breakfast. He said it was to waken her. He knew that he did not knock at sleep's door, but he used to say it to deceive himself. We all try to make ourselves independent of the big world by having a little world of our own. But the big world breaks our images !

That morning he knocked quietly. He said to himself, "A long sleep would do her good to-day." But he heard her say "Thank you" softly. And he went down. He was not going to the marriage; he had refused. Marie knew why he had refused. He alleged that he was going to set to work on the "Course of Nature." That was not true. When he got down stairs he sat down to wait for Marie. He had the poker in his hand. He sat there looking at the fire; he shuddered. But it was not cold. It was not a draught but a sound that had touched him. It was the first stroke of the marriage bells. He laid down the poker and went up stairs. He listened at Marie's door. There was no noise. Only the sounds of the bells came through the open window and through the room. The bells were having a jolly time of it, he thought. They leapt to empty themselves of their happiness. Their sides were sore with laughing ! Each hammer on each anvil bell beat out its own link of the chain harmony. The chimes seemed to stammer with delight. There was a pause

between the syllables now and then, and the next was thundered out the louder for the little silence. Then the notes chased one another. It was, which to get first into the ear. All these came through Marie's room, but there was no other sound.

He knocked, but there was no answer. Had she fallen asleep? Had the bells sung her into a dream? He knocked again. There was no sound. Only the bells boisterously happy. He entered the room. Marie Erle lay there dead. She had died when the bells began to ring. There was no misery there now, only beautiful death. She had died with a smile, and she had left it there. The light of the sun shone on her! Dr. Yates closed the door and went down stairs. He sat in his chair all day looking at the fire. The fire had gone out. He only spoke once, and that was when Godfrey St. Aubin came. It was only one word "Dead."

The bells were still ringing when he said that. He sat there when the evening had fallen and the bells had ceased to ring. It was dark. There was some one moving down by the river side. Some one walking fast. Some one to whom darkness was a friend. The tide was coming in, it was almost full. The darkness heard no cry. There was no sound of a splash or a struggle. The dark shadow which moved along the shore was not seen now. The waves on the steep rocks might have heard a "whisper." Perhaps it was a prayer. They had words of their own which closed over the whisper as they closed over that shadow.

Godfrey St. Aubin's body was never found. People said it must have been carried out to sea.

THE PEDIGREE HUNTER.

CHAPTER IV.

HERALDS' COLLEGE.

MR. FFOSSILSTONHAUGH had now obtained from the sources already described, sufficient information to justify our visiting Heralds' College, and searching the manuscripts there respecting the county of Rutlandshire, as we had discovered from the wills that he was descended from that old county family, and it was very likely we might find his pedigree cut and dried in one of the visitations there.

But before paying the fee and engaging the attendance of one of the gentlemen-at-arms in waiting there, we will look around us, and endeavour to describe to our readers, the College, its possessions, origin and uses, and explain what the Heralds' Visitations are which we are going to consult, and which are perhaps the most comprehensive of all the repositories of genealogical information. The College of Arms or Heralds' College is situated in Knight* Ryder Street on Bennett Hill, Doctors' Commons, and is a foundation of great antiquity in which the records are kept of all the old blood in the kingdom. It was incorporated by Richard III.† in 1483, by letters patent, by the designation of the King's Heralds and Pursuivants of Arms, with power to use a common seal, when required in the exercise of their faculty; and these persons have been engaged from that period to the present time, with more or less industry and ability, in compiling and recording pedigrees and other notices, relating to honour, arms, and biography, their collections are consequently both numerous and valuable containing amongst them the labours of some of our most eminent English antiquaries. In the warlike times of our Henrys and our Edwards, the heralds were in full play, and were often sent upon most dangerous services to hurl defiance in the teeth of irritated

* So named from the gallant train of knights who were wont to pass that way in the days of chivalry from the Tower to the gay tournaments held in Smithfield.

† "King Richard the 3 the 2 of Maye in the 1 yeare of his reigne did graunt and makee all his Kings, Haroldes and Purseuants as bodyes coporate and gave unto for their college a house called Cold Harbor with many other thynges. King Edward VI the 4 daye of June anno 3 off his reigne, granted to all the whole office of Armes being Harolds and Purseuants favours to be exempted from all mannere off Payments whatsoever. King Philip and Queene Mary the 18 off July graunted to the officers of Armes, viz., Kinges, Harolds. and Purseuants and their successors forever to be a bodye coporate to have and use a comon seale, and also to have and use forever and to keep their office in a howse then called Darby-place now called the office of Armes."—*Harl. MSS.*

enemies, or to bring to their duty profligate rebels. Sometimes it has cost them their nose and ears and sometimes their heads. At present they rest safe from all harm, are often of great use in proving consanguinity and helping people to supply legal claims to estates, and often are of infinite assistance to our numerous children of fortune, by furnishing them with a *quantum sufficit* of good blood enabling them to strut in the motley procession of gentility. The house they occupy was built on the site of Derby House, a palace of the ancient family of Stanley. It was built by the first earl, father-in-law to Henry VII., who lived and died in it, as did his son George the intended victim to the rage of Richard III., before the battle of Bosworth. Edward, earl of Derby, styled that "prodigy of charity and hospitality," exchanged it with Edward VI., for certain lands adjoining to his park at Knowsley in Lancashire; Queen Mary presented it to Dethick, Garter King-at-arms, and his brother heralds to live in, and discharge the business of their office. This house was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, but soon rebuilt. The records and books, with one or two exceptions, were happily preserved.

The edifice itself is nothing to look at, is composed of red brick and has rather a doleful appearance, as if it were ever mourning the death of the age of chivalry. Passing through the gateway, the hollow arch of which is considered rather curious, lies the square paved yard, on the north side of which is the principal entrance, which opens directly into the Grand Hall, in which the Court of Chivalry was formerly held. On the right hand is the old library, which leads into the fireproof room. On the left a broad staircase conducting to the apartments of the several officers-of-arms. In the Grand Hall and facing the entrance, is the judicial seat of the Earl Marshal surrounded by a balustrade, but "the chair is empty and the sword unswayed," it was once an important office, but now of little consequence. It was sometimes called the Court of Honour, and took cognizance of words supposed to reflect upon the nobility. The Court of Chivalry is numbered amongst the things of the past, and the mushroom gentleman may now sport his carriage emblazoned all over with the arms of half the aristocracy of England, without the fear of the Earl Marshal before his eyes, or of the degrading process of having his improperly assumed boars' heads or griffins publicly painted out by some wrathful and indignant herald.* On the south side of the quadrangle is a paved terrace, on the wall of which are seen two escutcheons, one bearing the arms of the Isle of

* The last instance recorded of a person being deprived of his coat-armour assumed without authority occurred about 70 or 80 years ago, when the heralds painted out and obliterated the arms on a panel of some wealthy citizen's carriage on Ludgate Hill or Cheapside.

Man, and the other the eagle claw (ensigns of the house of Stanley), which denote the site of the old Derby House. The apartments of the Garter King-at-arms are at the north-west corner and were built at the expense of Sir William Dugdale in the reign of Charles II. In November 1683 the college part of the buildings being finished, the rooms were divided among the officers according to their degrees, and have ever since been annexed to their respective offices.

Among the curiosities it contains are the sword, dagger, and turquoise ring belonging to James IV. of Scotland, who fell at Flodden Field, and which were presented to the College by the Duke of Norfolk. A portrait of Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury from his tomb in old St. Paul's. The Roll of the Tournament holden at Westminster in honour of Queen Katharine upon the birth of Prince Henry, 1510. The Rous or Warick Roll, which consists of a series of figures of all the Earls of Warwick from the Conquest to the reign of Richard III., executed by Rous the antiquary of Warwick at the close of the 15th century; and a pedigree of the Saxon Kings from Adam, illustrated with many wonderfully executed drawings in pen and ink, of the Creation, Adam and Eve in Paradise, the building of Babel, &c., (temp. Hen. VIII.)

The college consists of thirteen members, viz., three kings-at-arms, six heralds, and four pursuivants. The appointments are in the gift of the Duke of Norfolk, who is hereditary Earl Marshal of England, and are thus distinguished:—Garter, Clarencieux, and Norray (Kings-at-arms.) Somerset, Richmond, Lancaster, Windsor, Chester, and York (Heralds). Rouge Dragon, Blue Mantle, Portcullis, and Rouge Croix (Pursuivants).

The office of Garter King-at-arms was instituted by Henry V. for the service of the most noble Order of the Garter, and for the dignity of that order, was made sovereign within the order of arms over all the other officers.*

By the condition of his office, he must be a native of England, and a gentleman entitled to bear arms. To him belongs the correction of arms,—the power of granting arms to deserving persons, and granting *supporters* to the nobility and Knights of the Bath. It is likewise his office to go next before the sword of state in solemn processions, (none interposing except the Grand Earl Marshal) to administer the oath to all the officers of arms,—to have a habit like the register of the order,—baron's service in the court,—lodgings in Windsor Castle; to bear the white rod, with a banner of the ensigns thereon, before the sovereign; to assign the peers their places in Parliament, according to their

* The first advanced to this honour was William Bruges, who had his Patent confirmed by Henry VI.

degree, and to carry the insignia of the noble Order of the Garter to foreign princes. The other two kings are called Provincial Kings, who have particular provinces assigned to them,—that of Clarencieux comprises all from the river Trent southward,—that of Norray, all from the river Trent northward.

These three kings are distinguished from each other by their respective badges, either in a gold chain or a ribbon. Garter's being blue, and the provincials purple.

The following is a description of the duties of the office of a King-at-arms, with his authority, copied from an account in the Harleian manuscripts, British Museum.

“Ffirste as nigh as he can he shall take knowledge and keepe recorde of the armes, creastes, cognisances, and aunccyent used woordes, as also of the lyne descente or pedigree of every gentleman within his province of royal estate, or degree soever he be. Item he shall enter in all churches, chappells, oratories, castells, houses, or auncientt buyldings, to take knowledge of their foundations, and of the noble estates buried in them as also of their armes, and armes of the parish, ther heddes and their aunccyent recordes. Item he shall prohibite any gentleman to beare the armes of another, or such as be not trewe armorie, and as he ought acordinge to the lawe of arms. Item he shall prohibite any merchant, notary, or other to put enlaye their names, markes or devises in escoucheons or shieldes, which apertayne to gentlemen onlie bearing armes and to none other. Item the said Kinge-at-arms in his province hathe full power and authoritie by the kinge's grante, and by vertewe of his office, to give confirmation to all noblemen and gentlemen, ignorantt of their armes or creastes, for the which he ought to gane the fea belonginge thereunto. Item he hath authoritie to give armes and creastes to personnes of abilitie deservinge well of the prince and common weale by reason of office, authoritie, wysdome, learninge, good manners and sober governmentt. They to have such grauntes to pay the fees accustomed. Item no gentleman or other may erect or sett up in any church at any funeralls either banners, standares, cotes of armes, heaulmes, creastes or sworde, or any other atchievementt, without the licens of the saide Kinge-of-arms of the province or by the allowance and permission of his marshall or deputie. Because the armes of the noble estate deceased, the day of his deathe the place of his buriall, his marriages and yssues, ought to be taken by certyfiat recorded in the office of the saide Kinge-of-arms for his perpetuall memorye. Item no gentleman ought to beare their difference in armorie otherwyse than the order of armes requircth, and when younger brothers do marie and creckt and establishe newe houses and

accordinglie ar to beare theire armes with such differencis, that they may be known from the elder families, out of which they are descended. The Kinge-of-armes of the province is to be consulted withall, and such differences of houses are so to be assigned and established by his privitie and consentt, that they may advise them to hys best, and keepe recorde thereof, otherwyse gentleman may eyther hurte theirselves by taking such a difference as shall preiudice them, or els by taking to heere a difference may preiudice the house from which they are descended. The king-of-armes of the province is to gane especiall regarde that no man beare armes by his mother, be she ever so good a gentlewoman, or ever so greate an inherytrix, unlesse she also beare armes by her father's stocke or lynage, properly belonginge to his surname. *Quia apud nos in Anglia partus non sequitur ventrum.* Lykewyse he is to see that no gentleman descended of noble race and bearinge armes, do alter or change these armes, without his knowledge, allowance and consent. If anie do use the armes of others, or suche as they ought not, and will not be reformed, he is under a certayne point, and at a certayne daye, to warne such offender to appeare before the Earle Marshall of Englande or his deputie, befoore whome the same is to be ordered, heard, and reformed."

Creation of a King-of-Arms.—"Imprimis the officer that is to be created Kinge-at-arms is to be ledd between 2 other Kinges-of-armes in his heraults coate, and for want of Kinge-of-armes, he may be ledd by 2 heraults with his letters pattents in his hands, the other officers of armes two and two to follow alone in theire coates, one carieing his rich coate of armes, another his collar of silver, another a bole of wine, the 4th a crown of silver and guilt, lyned with ermoyon, all this making 3 obeyzans proceede to the Prince or his Deputye in the Presence Chamber, and then all kneeling downe one of them, risith again takinge the Letters Pattents, readeth the same, and at the words menconed therein, the king putteth on the rich coate of armes, then the collar of S.S., then the wyne on his head, and givinge him his name, he putteth on his head the crowne, which ceremony being done, the officer that stands up readeth his oathe, he laying his hand upon a sword layd thwarte a book held by the kinge himself or his deputye and other Kinge-of-armes or herauld, which ended, he kisseth the sword and Booke, and then hath his Letters Pattents delivered hym by the King or Souverayn."

The Oath of Garter.—"Ye shall sweare that you shall obay first of all the superior hedd of this most noble order, and after hym, the other knyght of the same name in such things as shall belong to youre office, and shall be found reasonable, and because you be taken in heare as to be Privye of Counsell, you shall

sweare that you shall be always a man trewe, and faithfull in all thinges heare to be done, and shall in noo wise disclose any part thereof. You shall swear also, that you shall faithfullye and dilygently fulfill, performe, and execute all such things as shall be committed or put in yore creadit or charge. And you shall dilygently enquire of all noble and notable actes of any and every of the knights of this most noble order, and you shall certifie the register thereof that he may the better describe and command the same to memory. Moreover if any knight of this order dye you shall in contynent upon knowledge thereof cause the sovereign, and after him the other knights then only to be ascertained thereof, and finally you shall sweare that you shall truely and faithfully use and exercise the same your office, soo God you help.”

To be provided for the creating of a King of Armes. “A Rich coate, a Pattent, a Booke, a Sworde,* a Collar of S.S., a Bowle of Wine. An Escoccheon, a crown of silver and guilt ligned with crimesgne.”

The heralds take rank, according to seniority of office, and are created with the same ceremonies as the Kings taking the oath of a herald, and are invested with a tabard of the Royal Arms embroidered upon satin, not so rich as the Kings, but better than the pursuivants with a silver collar of S.S. They are esquires by creation. They have no official connection with the districts from which they take their titles. Their duties in days of old were in bearing messages whether of courtesy or defiance between royal or knightly personages, superintending and registering of trials by battle, tournaments, jousts and all chivalric proceedings, the computation of the slain after battle, and the recording of the valiant acts of the fallen or surviving combatants. The pursuivants are also created by the Earl Marshal, take the oath of a pursuivant, and are invested with a tabard of the royal arms upon damask.

* There have been many discussions relative to the origin of the SS. collar. It most probably owes its introduction to Henry IV. as a memorial of the success which had ever attended his aspiring ambition. The Letter S repeated either in links of gold, or in gold embroidery worked, upon a blue fillet, is the initial of the word ‘*Souveraine*,’ King Henry’s motto, when Earl of Derby. Another solution of it is derived from Saints Semplicius and Faustinus, two Roman senators, who suffered martyrdom under Dioclesian. The confraternity of St. Semplicius wore silver collars of double SS between which the collar contained twelve small pieces of silver, on which were engraven the twelve articles of the Creed, together with a simple trefoil. The image of St. Semplicius hung at the collar and formed seven plates, representing the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. This chain or collar was worn because these two brethren were martyred by a stone with a chain about their necks and thus thrown into the Tiber. Sir John Fern says that collars in the 15th century, were worn as ensigns of rank of which the fashions ascertained the degrees, they were usually formed of SS having in the first centre a rose or other devise, and were made of gold or silver according to the wearer.

It is the duty of the heralds and pursuivants to attend in the public office, one of each class together by a monthly rotation. Their meetings are termed chapters which they hold the first Thursday in every month or oftener, if necessary, where all matters are determined by a majority of voices ; each king having two voices. The members of the college have salaries, but derive their principal income from fees charged for assistance in tracing pedigrees and titles, and for the granting and registration of arms, which is a very important department in the college with that of the recording of pedigrees. Any person showing the existing state or descent of a family, may, if accompanied with sufficient evidence, be entered on the books of the college, and persons having no hereditary claim and wishing for a grant of arms can obtain them by memorializing the Earl Marshal and showing he is in a condition to sustain the rank of gentry.

Persons sensible of the importance of preserving an authentic account of their descent, frequently record their pedigrees for preservation in the Registry of the College of Arms. This Registry is quite distinct from the heraldic department, and is open to any one, who wishes to preserve evidence of any properly authenticated facts regarding his descent and family. On first entering this ancient court of Chivalry, phantoms of the deeds of those old chivalric days seem to float before one, and bring to memory all those scenes we read of in historic ages gone by. The Scrope and Grosvenor controversy (temp. Rich. II., 1385-90) stands foremost amongst the memorable events of that remarkable period so brilliant in the annals of Chivalry. It must have been a glorious sight to have witnessed the meeting of the noted twain in those old walls surrounded with their respective relations and deponents. Such an array of gorgeously dressed nobles, knights in glittering armour, and waving plumes, heralds surrounded with their costly pagentry, retainers decked in the badges of their different lords, squires, pages in rich liveries, jester and mummers in their eccentric and variously tinted dresses ; oh, it must indeed have been a marvellously dazzling sight, and such as never will be again beheld, not even in our days of wonder, power and civilization. When one treads on the threshold of this venerable pile, one tries in vain to embody into reality these past scenes of surprising display. We try to imagine ourselves witnessing a gay tournament, and almost realize the sight of the proud gaily caparisoned steeds carrying their clanging and armour clad knights rushing to the contest, eager to win the laurel crown from the hand of the Queen of Beauty, and almost fancy we hear the flourish of clarions and trumpets. We try in vain to picture the rows and rows of fair dames in their jewelled and richly tinted draperies, each one more

dazzling in beauty than the other, whose eyes beam with excitement, and whose hearts throb with almost passionate agony for their own gallant knights to come off the victor. But it is no use dreaming any more on these days that are no more, so we will return to the present time, and our explanations again.

The first documents to examine will be the Heralds' Visitations, which heraldic records contain the pedigrees of the landed proprietors of the time, entitled to bear arms, and were compiled by virtue of the King's commission, 1528, to Clarencieux, King-at-Arms, empowering men to visit certain counties, either personally or by deputy, to visit, take knowledge, and survey and view of all manner of arms, cognizances, and other like devices, with the notes of the descents, pedigrees, and marriages of all the nobility and gentry therein; and to convene before him all manner of persons who pretended to the use of arms or were styled esquires and gentlemen, and to cause those thus summoned to show by what authority they claimed the distinction, also to reprove, control, and make infamous by proclamation all such as unlawfully and without just authority, usurped or took any name or title of honour or dignity.

The mode of procedure was this:—On arriving at the place wherein the visitation was to be holden, the provincial king issued a warrant, directed to the high constable of the hundred, or to the mayor or chief officer of the district, commanding them to warn the several knights, esquires, and gentlemen, particularly named in such warrant, as well as all others within his jurisdiction, to appear personally before him, at the house, and on the day specified, and to bring with them such arms and crests as they then bore, together with their pedigree and descents and such evidences and ancient writings as may justify the same, in order to their being registered. On the day appointed the provincial king or his deputy attended, and so long as the laws of chivalry were honoured and esteemed, general attention and respect were paid to these summonses.

Curious and interesting accounts of these surveys are to be found in various works, which may be amusing, wherein the cordial reception and liberal treatment of the officers, in some cases, afford a singular contrast to the rudeness and indignities to which they were exposed in others, the parties in either case, actuated probably by the importance or indifference which they attached to the distinctions of coat armour and the pride of ancestry.*

* Occasionally we have heard that some of the esquires have come home from the hunting field so inebriated that they could not give the full particulars of their descent, which may account for some of the discrepancies often met with in the Visitation Books.

Some memoranda of one of the latest visitations are so curious that the reader may be amused at some of the following examples:—"John Talbot of Salebury, a verry gentyll esquyr, well worthye to be takyne payne for." "Sir John Townley of Townley, I sought hym all daye, rydyng in the wyld contray, and his reward was igs whyche the guyde had the most part and I had as evill a journey as ever I had., Sir B. H. Knt. The said Sir B. H. has put awaye the ladye his wyffe, and kepys a concubine in his house, by whom he has dyvers children, and by the ladye aforesaid he has Leyhall which armes he berys quartered with hys in the furste quarter. He sayd that Master Garter lycensed hym so to do, and he gave Mr. Garter an angell noble, but *he gave me nothing, nor made me no good cher*, but gave me prowde words."

Attested pedigrees were submitted to the heralds, and thus were produced the important registrations of which we are speaking, and which have preserved, to the present period, many a line of descent that would otherwise have been irretrievably lost.

There are about one hundred and sixty of these books, being an average of four for each county, although some counties have more than their proportion.

These commissions continued to be granted at intervals, until 1686, when the last was issued, the returns under which commission do not appear to have been perfected till 1703. The estimation in which these visitations were held, began gradually to die away, and after the Revolution of 1688 all the efforts of the decayed Court of Chivalry were unavailing to continue their operation. One of the circumstances which tended most effectually to their destruction, was the incompetence and dishonesty of the persons who were deputed by the heralds to collect information. True it is then, when such proceedings were discovered, the guilty parties suffered fine and imprisonment, and there is on record a curious document which alludes to a very severe punishment; being a warrant from the Earl of Essex, Earl Marshal, to Robert Tresswell Somerset, herald, dated December 31, 1597, signed by Dethik, Camden, and Segar, and directed to all Justices of the Peace, constables, and headboroughs, authorising the apprehension of one W. Dakyns, "a notable dealer in armes and maker of false pedigrees, for which fault, about xx. years past, he lost one of his eares."

The visitations made under the early commissions are, in many instances, a narrative, meagre in detail, and often containing only little more than notes of arms of the gentry, and the founders and priors of monasteries; later they assume a more

important form, affording full and accurate statements of pedigree and supplying collateral details.

The earliest of the Visitations recorded in the college of arms, took place in 1529—30, comprising the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Oxford, Wilts, Berks, and Stafford, and were made at intervals of about twenty-five years, until their final discontinuance.

The originals of these records are, with few exceptions, in the College of Arms. Various transcripts, however, exist, and the library of the British Museum is very rich in its collection of heraldic manuscripts.

Independently of the Visitations, the College of Arms contains very valuable collections relating to the families of the nobility and gentry. The labours of Augustine Vincent alone present upwards of two hundred volumes. We shall also find in the college, entries of the grants and exemplifications of arms of all the families in England to whom arms have been granted, entries of ceremonials observed at royal marriages, coronations, proclamations, and funerals, which latter are documents of great value, as they contain attested accounts of the time of death, of the place of burial, and of the marriage, issue, and, frequently, the collateral branches of the several persons whose funerals were attended by the officers-at-arms or their deputies, illustrated with the armorial ensigns of the deceased.

With the decline of heraldic influence, consequent on the revolution of 1688, these funeral entries fell into disuse; but certificates are to be found dated as late as 1717.

There are also lists of knights from very early periods, and the *only* authentic records of them from the commencement of the reign of James I. to the present time. There will also be found a multitude of other manuscript volumes, containing *Copies of Deeds, Charters and Records, Drawings of Seals, Coats of Arms, Painted Glass, Windows, Monuments with their Inscriptions, Licenses for change of Name*, and various other genealogical information, the accumulated labours of distinguished and skilful heralds and antiquarians.

THE FOUNDER'S KIN PEDIGREES, also registered in the College of Arms, exhibit the descents of individuals from certain founders of colleges or fellowships, who have directed a preference to be given to their own kindred, such as Bishop Wykeham, at New College, Sir Thomas White, at St. John's, and Archbishop Chicheley, at All Souls'. These volumes also contain the *Descents of persons from the Blood Royal of England*, who, by virtue of such descents, have taken, or were entitled to, honorary degrees at Cambridge; they commence in 1620.

The college also possesses many volumes of *pedigrees of families* entered by the respective families after the discontinuance of visitations in 1689, and continued to the present time.

There are also some beautiful volumes of the *Pedigrees of Peers*, taken by virtue of a standing order of the House of Lords in 1767, but continued no later than 1802, when the late Lord Thurlow procured the rescinding of this useful order, with the intention of proposing a new one, which was never accomplished.

Since December, 1783, all the *patents of baronets* have, under the direction of a royal warrant, been transmitted from the Crown Office to the Register of the College of Arms, to be recorded in books kept for that purpose; and the *pedigrees of the baronets* are by the same warrant ordered to be recorded before the passing of the patents, an order which has been too much neglected.

It must not be understood that the whole of the MSS. in the College of Arms can be received as legal evidence; original visitations, as also the heralds, ancient rolls, and their ancient books in general, are allowed by the courts of justice to be good evidence of pedigrees, those taken out of records or charters are not allowed as evidence, because such extracts or compilations are not the best evidence of the nature of the thing, as the records themselves or authenticated copies might be had; and in the De Lisle claim of peerage, before a committee of the House of Lords, in 1826, the counsel were informed that the House of Lords had made a distinction in receiving as evidence books from the Herald's College; that where those books contained the substance of information obtained in consequence of inquiries which were made under judicial authority, when the heralds were in the habit of travelling round the country and examining witnesses, they were held to be evidence; but that when such ceased, and the books were mere entries of that which parties had chosen to have entered in those registers, without any due authority being shown for the entry, they had not been received as evidence.

Having now described the principal—but certainly not the whole of the contents of this grand ancient genealogical repository—and it may be truly said, that its contents are as interesting to the English gentleman as to the legal antiquary, we will pay our fee, invoke Rouge-dragon to our aid, consult the earliest visitation for the county of Warwickshire, and see what its time-worn pages will reveal. To Mr. Ffossilstonehaugh's great delight and satisfaction, we found in the visitation of Rutlandshire, 1563, by Robert Cooke, "Chester Herald," a very complete pedigree of the old Ffossilstonehaugh family, in which we actually found the name of one of his family mentioned in one of the wills, linking him on with complete evidence to the old stock, but Mr. Reuben

wishes still to go further back into the depths of the dark ages, so we must wend our way to the Record Office in Rolls Court, and see if we can get a footing in those realms of the middle ages, bordering on barbarism, which may tend to prove him an ancient Briton of the order of Druids, or an Anglo-Saxon Thane; indeed, he would glory even if he traced himself to an Anglo-Saxon Creole or slave.

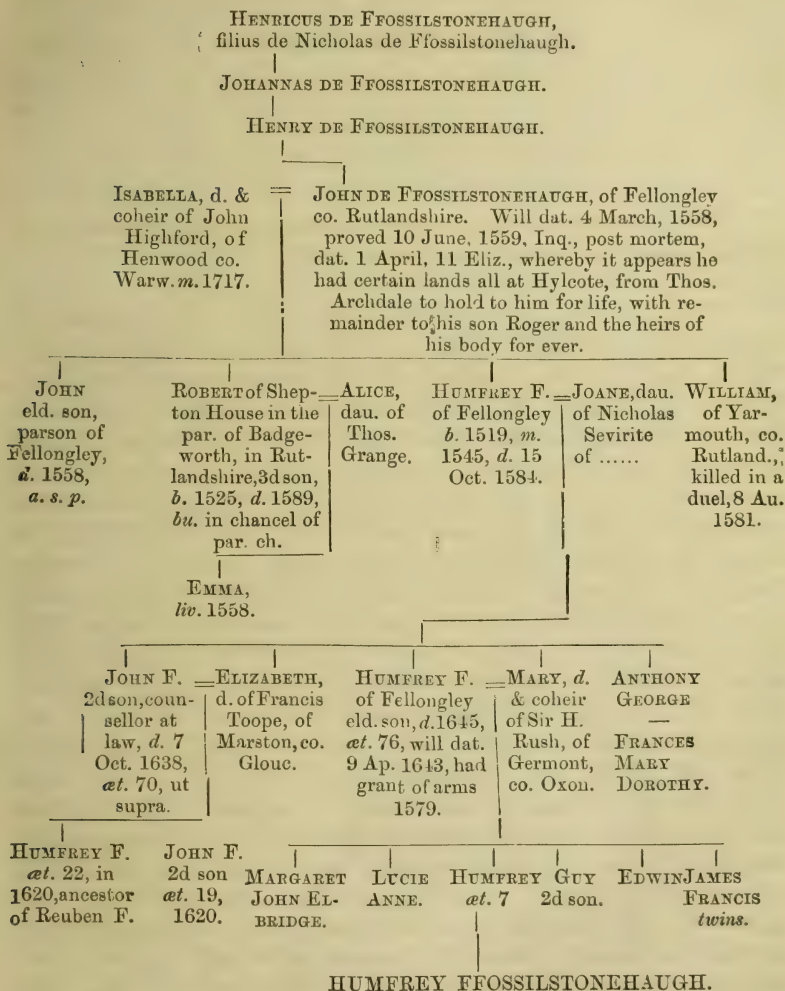
As a conclusion to this chapter I will give the copy of Mr. Ffossilstonehaugh's pedigree as he found it in the visitation of Rutlandshire, which will enable my readers to understand the nature of these entries in the Visitation books.

“Grant of arms to Humfrey Ffossilstonehaugh of Fillonglay, in Rutlandshire, by Robert Clarenceux, 1579.

“To all and singular as well nobles and Gentiles as others to whom thease preasantes shall come, Robert Cooke, Esquire, *alias* Clarencieux principall heraulde and King of Arms of the sowth east and west partes of this realme of Inglande from the river of Trent southward, sendeth greeting. Whereas aunciently from the beginning the actes of virtuous and well-desposed people, with sondry monuments and remembrances of thare good desaertes emongst the which the most usuell have been the bearinge of signes in shieldes called arms, and being required of Humfry Ffossilstonehaugh of Felongey, in the county of Warwyke, gentil man, to make search in the registers and recordes of myne office for such arms and crest as he maye beare. Wher uppon I have made search accordingly, and do fynde that he maye lawefully beare these armes and crest hereafter following. That is to say, Argeint, 3 crosse crosseletts, sables, and to his crest or cognoisance upon the healme on a wreathe silver and sables a warr-horse pressante proper caparysoned gould, mantelled sables doubled salver, as more plainly appeareth depicted in the Margent which armes and crest and every parte and parcell ther of, I, the sayde Clarencieux, king of arms, by power and authority to me committed by l'res patents under the greate seale of Ingland, have ratified, confermed, geven and granted unto, and for the sayde Humfrey Ffossilstonehaugh and to his posterity, with these due differences, and he and they the same to use, beare and foorth in shield, coat armour or otherwise as his and there liberty and pleasure with oute impediment, leat, or interrupcion of any parson or parsones for witnes where of I, the sayde Clarencieux, King-of-arms, have signed these p'ntes with my hande, and have seat heere unto the seale of myne office, the XXVth daye of June Ao. Dom.

1579, and in the XXist yeare of the raigne of our Sovereigne Lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, of Inglande, France and Irelan Queen defendres of the fayethe, etc.

ROBT. COOKE, *alias* CLARENCIEUX,
Roy Darmes."*



* NOTE.—A patent of arms confers the rank of esquire, and there is probably no other legal mode by which an untitled person can acquire it, unless he be the holder of a dignified office.

CHAPTER V.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

It is high time now to induct Mr. Ffossilstonechaugh into that palace of learned luxury and literature where the genealogist may find many a clue to his laborious and exciting researches, the British Museum, and before going to dig among those very venerable archives at the Record Office Mr. Ffossilstonechaugh cannot do better than pass a few hours daily among its book-clad walls, and practise reading the old M.S. hands. He will find from the valuable manuscripts and the extensive number of county histories there, much to jot down and dovetail in with his already promising pedigree.

A ticket for this hall of research is very easily procured by writing to the chief librarian, stating the object of study and enclosing a recommendation from a householder or the clergyman of the parish, testifying that the applicant is a fit person to have a reading ticket, and in a few days a letter will be received enclosing an order for the same, which must be presented inside the reading-room. The applicant signs his name and the ticket is handed over to him.

A concise history and description of the reading-room will, I think, be interesting to the habitués as well as to the outsiders of this world-famed building.

In 1758 the first reading-room was thrown open to the public for the use of students, when the trustees ordered that the corner room in the basement story of the building was to be appropriated for that purpose, and that a proper wainscot table covered with green baize, in the same manner as those in the libraries, be prepared for the same, with twenty chairs of the same kind with those already provided for the several departments of the house. A corner (as Mr. Winter Jones observes in his preface to his "List of Books of Reference in the Reading Room") in the basement story, with one oak table and twenty chairs, forms a very striking contrast with the reading room of the present day. A glass door opened from this reading room into the gardens of Montague House, which was well cultivated and planted with goodly trees, and between which and Hampstead nothing intervened to obstruct the prospect and poison the air. In those days the frequenters of the museum never numbered half-a-dozen, and now the pilgrims of research and literary money-grubbers may be counted by as many hundreds.*

In 1823 it was ordered, from the increase of applicants, that

* Average 420.

the room which adjoins the present reading-room towards the saloon be forthwith prepared for the further accommodation of readers, and in 1825 that a third room in the MS. department be opened for the still further accommodation of the students. In 1823 King George IV. presented the magnificent library formed by his father, to the nation, on condition that a suitable room should be provided for its reception. The present east wing was accordingly built, the erection of which afforded an opportunity for building three rooms for the reception of the MSS., two of which were devoted to the purpose of a reading room, and made to accommodate one hundred and twenty readers. Then two large rooms were built at the eastern end of the present wing, to which the readers migrated in 1838. These were also soon filled, and great was the cry of "more space, more space!" as from the overflowing of these rooms the foul air and consequent smell, with an accompaniment of attendants called museum fleas, was a caution to snakes.

The necessity of a general enlargement was mooted in 1852, as it was universally felt that the public library of Great Britain ought to be complete, and Mr. Panezzi, in April, 1852, sketched out a plan for a new reading room, which was approved, the design carried out, and the result is the delightful reading room of the present day.

The first brick was laid in September, 1854, and in May, 1857, the building was complete, and the readers took possession on the 18th of May. The room is circular, with a dome, and is lighted by a lantern and twenty circular windows placed at equal distance in the dome.

The system of ventilation has been very carefully attended to, though the smell of so many leather-bound books still makes itself felt. The roof is formed, with this view, into two separate spherical and concentric air chambers extending over the whole service, one between the outward covering and brick vaulting, the object of which is the equalization of temperature during extremes of heat and cold, the other between the brick vaulting and the inward visible surface which carries off the vitiated air. The supply of fresh air is obtained from a shaft which communicates with a tunnel which has branches fitted with valves for diverting the current wholly or partially through the heating apparatus or through the cold flues as occasion requires. For summer ventilation a continuous current of fresh air is forced into the room by means of a steam-engine and blower, the foul air being expelled through valves constructed for the purpose in the lantern, and in the hottest weather students may work as comfortably and coolly as if they were in a shady glen.

The reading room contains ample and comfortable accommodation for 302 readers. There are thirty-five long and sixteen square tables. The latter are fitted up with rising desks of a large size for those readers who may have occasion to consult works beyond the usual size ; two persons can sit at these tables. At the long tables each person has allotted to him a space of four feet three inches in length by two feet one inch in depth. He is screened from the opposite occupant by a longitudinal division which is fitted with a hinged desk, graduated or sloping racks, and a folding shelf for spare books. In the space between the two desks is recessed an inkstand with suitable penholders. Under the tables are bars on which readers' hats may hang. Before each table is an easy-backed chair.

The framework of each table is of iron, forming air-distributing channels, which are so contrived that the air may be delivered at the top of the longitudinal screen division above the level of the heads of the readers, or, if desired, only at each end pedestal of the tables, all the outlets being under the control of valves. Tubular foot-rails also pass from end to end of each table, which may have a current of warm water through it at pleasure, and be used as a foot-warmer if required.

On each table is a blotting-pad, paper-knife, letter-weight, and steel and quill pen on the penholders. All the tables are numbered by a letter of the alphabet and a number. The letters run from A to T, excluding Q. The square tables have Roman numerals as indicators.

The line of tables marked A and T are exclusively for lady readers, and have the extra luxury of a footstool to put their more delicate feet on. The ladies, however, have the privilege of sitting at any of the other tables they please, of which a great many avail themselves, and with good sense too, for if people wish to work in good earnest the buzzing of feminine tongues on either side rather interferes with the current of one's thoughts.

A glance at these tables shows what woman's work often is—patterns of ecclesiastical illuminations, crochet designs, ladies' work, magazines, fashion books, and novels, agreeably diversified with hymn-books, cookery books, and devotional poetry ; but however frivolous such things may appear in such a place, the studies of some of the sterner sex are not of a much more important character, but we will not discuss *them* any more just now.

In the centre of the room is a raised enclosure for the superintendent, with a table and ticket boxes, the catalogue presses are arranged in concentric circles round the centre. The bookshelves within the reading-room contain about 60,000 volumes, and the whole building accommodates in all about 500,000 volumes. Two

lifts are placed at convenient stations for the purpose of raising the books to the level of the several galleries. The shelves are composed of galvanized iron plates, covered with russet leather. In all cases except the external walls the book-cases are double, the books being on both sides, a lattice of iron-work separating them thus throughout the whole exterior, there are no walls, the division in all cases being formed of a double range of books, placed edge to edge.

The building contains three miles lineal of book-cases eight feet high, and ranges about twenty-five miles of shelves. Assuming the shelves to be filled with books of average size, the leaves placed edge to edge, would extend about 25,000 miles, or more than three times the diameter of the globe. The book-shelves in the reading-room are open to the use of the readers without the intervention of an attendant.

The readers at first find it rather puzzling to know how to set to work in this labyrinth of tomes, to find out the best means of obtaining the object of their study and to procure those books not in the room, but tyro readers had better consult Sims and Nichols' handbooks to the reading-room, which stand in the catalogue desk, and after a few days' personal experience, with a little assistance from the attendants (one of whom from his great courtesy to the ladies is styled the "Squire of Dames,") will teach better than any written directions.

The manuscript directions here, may be considered one of the finest. There are 28,554 volumes of additional MSS.; embracing Sloane collection, 4,100 volumes; Arundel 550; Burnay 524; Cottonian 940; Egerton 2,094; Hargrave 514; Harleian 7,689; King's 446; Lansdowne 1245, and Old Royal 1950.

The collections most likely to afford information to the genealogist are the Cottonian, Harleian, Lansdowne, and additional. For in them are to be found lists of persons of note in different counties at different times. Names of the gentry, copies of the heralds' visitations, lists of esquires, knights' sheriffs, etc. Terriers of lands of different counties, with names of possessors. Lists of judges, public officers, church notes, etc.

Among the printed works to be consulted in the magnificent collection of books so attractive to pedigree researches are the County Histories. These works enumerated in Moule's *Bibliotheca Heraldica*, are all full of genealogical information; the book-clad walls and cellars abound with histories and chronicles, biographies of great men, especially records of bishops and church dignitaries; books of epitaphs, and monumental inscriptions, election poll-books, army and navy lists, miscellanies.

The genealogist will also find good hunting grounds in maga-

zines and similar publications, all overflowing with information of the kind. Among them may be enumerated the London Gazette, commenced in 1665, contains many genealogical particulars. Chamberlayne's *Angliæ Notitia*, on the present state of Great Britain, an annual work from 1663 to 1755. The Red Book, published in 1739. In 1714, the Historical Register was published, and a volume was issued annually till 1738. In 1731, the Gentleman's Magazine was published, and has from that period continued a monthly publication till 1868. In 1732, the London Magazine was published, and continued for fifty-four years, when it ceased. The European Magazine succeeded the London.

The names of modern residents in the metropolis and in nearly all the important cities of England may be known by the County Directories, and a vast number published years ago are to be found which are no longer in vogue. Newspapers, with their endless advertisements of next of kin, etc., will frequently be found to render important assistance to the pedigree hunter. The collection of newspapers at the British Museum is probably the largest in the world, consisting not only of the principal English and provincial papers, but also many of the leading journals of the continent. The series commences about the year 1670, but the earlier numbers are very incomplete. The City of London Library at Guildhall, contains the next most complete collection of newspapers known.

Le Neve's Obituary is a most necessary book for the genealogist to study, but the genealogist explorer had better consult Mr. Sim's Manual and Mr. Nichol's hand-book, to find out the books he will find most helpful to him, as it will take up too much space in this small volume. The pedigrees of private families may be seen in great numbers in the county histories. They have in many cases been traced by the historian from the private deeds and papers of the several families to which they relate, and are of considerable value. Some of our most ancient families have published genealogies of their houses, the best and the most comprehensive work of this kind, was published rather more than a century ago by Anderson, entitled, *Genealogies from Adam and Eve*. One of the finest and most extended work of pedigrees in Europe is Moreri's *Biographical Dictionary*; it is in several volumes, and relates to the whole world. The copies and calendars of records published by the Record Commissioners are indispensable in the search of pedigrees. Indeed the British Museum contains so many books, that it is impossible to give anything like a list of those necessary to the genealogist in this small work, but an habitué will soon find them out if he is zealous in his search, and whilst Mr. Pfoffilstonechaugh is roaming about in this honeyed hive which collects so many working bees, and excavating remains of ancestors

in all corners, we will turn from the dead to the living, and look around us and describe some of the people flogging their brains in this co-operative thinking society, which is incessantly at work. What are they all doing? and who and what are they?

A solemn silence pervades the whole place, one of the rules being that talking should not be pitched higher than in a whispered key; there is no conversation to be heard except in soft subdued accents. Now and then from excitement a higher tone is heard, and woe betide the talker, such angry eyes glare and scowl on him and a spiteful decided hush is heard, and the poor elevated voice falls down into the lowest depths of murmurs again.

Even *flirtation* seems to haunt this grave archive of learning, and the old, old story is often told there in hurried whispers, and in dread of curious eyes and ears, for the little blind God is no respecter of places, and hurls his arrows at musty literary hearts, who find there kindred musty sympathies. The authorities and old *habitués* of the room can tell of many a quiet and quaint love story which has been enacted in front of the stately piles of books; for even literary hearts have the same hopes, fears, and yearnings as their gayer and more frivolous brothers and sisters, and know the weary waiting and longing for the yet unspoken word, and that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, with all the fears and doubts which make even happiness an anxiety till the old, old story is ended happily.

But we are not answering the query we proposed just now, of who and what the inhabitants are of this great '*mental restaurant*,' where cheap *réchauffés* are minced and warmed up from the matter of old books and essays, in order to make new ones to suit the taste of the period. For thus is the task on which by far the greater part of the busy silent occupants of the tables are engaged, and those who move about, the fetchers and carriers of books, are the ministering spirits of this intellectual-cooking shop, who bring the raw or manufactured material upon which the cooks are to operate.

Little did the founders of this grand national school of intellect ever dream that digested stores of intellectual food would be chewed up again, like a cow's cud, and spread over the surface of the publisher's grounds, under different titles and smaller editions.

The *habitués* of the reading-room, excepting some waifs and strays, (whose visits, like angels, are few and far between,) are mostly professional literati of all grades. Some are very queer looking customers; for literature is not a profession in which one must be formally inducted. It is a trade which "any fellow" may take up. Many of them are picked up in strange out-of-the-

way corners. Many drift in here who "cannot dig, and to beg are ashamed;" the briefless barrister, the clergyman without a living and with a large family, the doctor without a practice, the half-pay midddy, the ruined military man, all take to themselves some branch of book-making, and many merely make use of the Museum as a club, especially forlorn and ancient women who come here as a haven of repose, and in winter the reading-room becomes a house to the houseless, and makes an economical café where coals and firing are found cheap, and light readings, in the way of novels and household magazines, wile their lonely hours away.

People from every clime, and from every profession, drift in here. Poles, Spaniards, Cherokee Indians, Esquimaux, and Laplanders may all be found here at different times, clothed in *lively* clothes, with unkempt locks, and whose economy is evidently in soap and water.

Civil Service candidates come here to cram for their examinations; actors, actresses, and professors of minstrelsy all find work to do here. Who are those dirty-looking men and women whose skins don't seem to fit them, who are poking into newspaper after newspaper, a dirty forefinger pointed from top to bottom of the second column always? They are the next of kin seekers, and get their living from hunting up people of the names advertised for, and who promise to search out their registers, and regain the supposed property which has evidently slipped through their fingers, on condition of receiving some of the spoil if secured, and so much money in hand to work upon to obtain it, and which trusting people find, to their cost, has been nothing but a snare and delusion, and their money wasted.

Those dapper-looking individuals, getting on in years, with rather bald heads and very stiff neckcloths, who are they? We fancy we know their faces! Of course we do! They are the originals of photographs to be seen in all the printsellers windows. They are our props and law-givers, our parliament, the M.P.'s of the realm; they are surrounded with piles of colossal folios, have numerous packets tied with red tape in their fingers, and are busy cramming for some great debate which is coming on in a week or so.

But it must not be imagined that these alone are the frequenters of the literary hive. If there are drones, there are also working bees,—aye, and queen bees. Many a master intellect collects stores of rich knowledge there, to be imparted to others, when vivified and brightened with new thoughts and modern science. Many a patient clergyman or physician secures there an hour of quiet study, uninterrupted by knocks, and such

too frequent summons. And again, deep in literary labours, men are toiling through dictionaries and grammars of tongues unknown to the multitude, or themselves giving a shape and a language to rude dialects and imperfect forms of speech, which are now discovered by the great travellers opening up new continents, and telling of races of men hitherto strangers to ours.

They go onwards—ever onwards—while our Pedigree Hunter is searching backwards, and so, Past and Future, as well as Present, find their needs supplied in the Reading Room of the British Museum.

KISSING,

ITS ORIGIN AND SPECIES.

"When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,
 Not a pleasure in nature is missing;
 May that man lie in heaven—he deserves it, I'm sure—
 Who was first the inventor of kissing."

"WHAT a peculiar title!" we hear our readers say. "What can be said about kissing that is interesting for the old to read and not frivolous, or worse, for the young?" There cannot be much in it, for practical illustrations cannot be given, and though kisses in shape are said to be *elliptical*, yet we don't see how such a drawing could possibly be expressive enough.

Yet there has been much written and sung about kissing, and still how few people can analyse a kiss, and therefore few have sat down in cold blood to write upon so old and universal a custom, and we ourselves feel horribly nervous and very daring in attempting such a task, fearing to make either too heavy an article from so light a substance, or too light a one for even the morals of the nineteenth century, which are certainly not too straight-laced.

Still there is a good deal to be said about this institution and the art of it, as we hope to prove to our sceptical readers.

Looking in the dictionary for the meaning of the word kiss, we find it as a verb active, "to salute with the lips," "to treat with fondness," "to caress," "to touch gently;" as a substantive "a salute given with the lips," "a common token of affection," "a small piece of confectionery."

In the *Aldine Magazine* we find a Dictionary of Kisses, in which they are called "the balm of love," "Cupid's seal," "the lover's fee," "the fee of parting," "the first and last of joys," "the homage of the lip," "the hostage of promise," "love's chief sign," "love's language," "love's mintage," "love's print," "love's tribute," "love's rhetoric," "the nectar of Venus," "the pledge of bliss and love," "the seal of bliss," "the melting sip," and "the stamp of love."

Herrick seems to have been very uncertain in his mind what was a kiss, and yet he did not seem to have a bad notion of the genuine article, for in one of his little poems he asks,—

“Among the fancies tell me this,—
What is the thing we call a kiss?
I shall resolve ye what it is:
It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips all cherry red.”

And he continues to inquire,

“Has it a speaking virtue? Yes.
How speaks it, say? Do you but this,—
Part your join'd lips, then speaks your kiss,
And this love's sweetest language is.

Has it a body? Ay, and wings
With thousand rare encolourings,
And as it flies it gently sings;
Love honey yields, but never stings.”

Does it never sting nor yield? aught but honey? It depends on the kiss. There are so many kinds of kisses; a kiss has as many meanings as the eye has languages, and there are so many that we could not class them.

Originally the act of kissing had a symbolical character, and though this import may now be lost sight of, yet it must be recognized the moment we attempt to understand or explain its signification.

Acts speak no less—sometimes far more—forcibly than words. In the early period of society, when the foundation was laid of even most of our western customs, action constituted a large portion of what we may term human language, or the means of intercommunication between man and man, because words were less numerous, books unknown, the entire machinery of speaking less eloquent, less developed, and less called into play, to say nothing of that peculiarity of the Oriental character which inclined men to general taciturnity, with occasional outbreaks of fervid, abrupt, or copious eloquence.

In this language of action a kiss, inasmuch as it was a bringing into contact of parts of the body of two persons, was naturally the expression and the symbol of affection, regard, respect, and reverence, and if any deeper source of its origin were sought for, it would doubtless be found in the fondling and caresses with which the mother expresses her tenderness for her babe.

That the custom is of very early date appears from Genesis xxix. 13, when we read, “When Laban heard the tidings of Jacob

his sister's son, he ran to meet him, and embraced him, and kissed him, and brought him to his house." The practice was even then established and recognized as a matter of course.

It was then also, as now, a token of friendship and regard bestowed when friends or relations met or separated. The Church at Ephesus wept sore at Paul's departure, and fell on his neck and kissed him. It was usual to kiss the mouth (Exod. iv. 27) or the beard (2 Sam. xx. 9), "And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him."

Kissing of the feet was an expression of lowly and tender regard (Luke vii. 38).

Kissing the hand of another appears to be a modern practice. The passage of Job xxi. 27, "Or my mouth hath kissed my hand," is not in point, and refers to idolatrous usages, namely, the adoration of the heavenly bodies. It was the custom to throw kisses towards the images of the gods, and towards the sun and moon. 1 Kings xix. 18; Hosea xiii. 2; Pliny, Nat. Hist. xxviii. 5.

The kissing of princes was a token of homage. Xenophon says that it was a national custom with the Persians to kiss whomsoever they honoured, and there is to this effect a curious passage in "*Cyropædia*" (1, 4, 27).

Kissing the feet of princes was a token of subjection and obedience, which was sometimes carried so far that the print of the foot received the kiss, so as to give the impression that the very dust had become sacred by the royal tread, or that the subject was not worthy to salute even the prince's foot, but was content to kiss the earth itself near or on which he trod. Isa. xlix. 23; Micah vii. 17; Seneca, *De Benef.* ii. 12.

We learn from Suetonius that at the court of Caligula kissing the emperor's hand was at that early date the recognized form of salutation.

In feudal times the vassal "made faith" by putting his joined hands between those of his lord, promising faith and loyalty, and the lord accepted the faith by giving the vassal a kiss.

By way of salutation kissing has been practised by all nations. The Roman emperors saluted their principal officers by a kiss. Kissing the mouth or the eyes was the usual compliment upon any promotion or happy event. Soldiers kissed the hand of the general when he quitted his office. Fathers, amongst the Romans, had so much delicacy that they never embraced their wives in the presence of their daughters.

Near relatives were allowed to kiss their female kindred on the mouth, but this was done in order to know whether they smelt of wine or not, because the Roman ladies, in spite of a prohibition

to the contrary, were found sometimes to have made too free with the juice of the grape.

Among the Jews also kissing was a customary mode of salutation, as we may collect from the circumstance of Judas approaching his Master with a kiss.

In the dark ages relations used to kiss their kindred when dying, out of a strange opinion that they should imbibe the departing soul, and if dead, by way of a valedictory ceremony. They even kissed the corpse after it was conveyed to the pile.

There was a curious law among the Romans made by Constantine; that,—if a man had kissed his betrothed, she gained thereby the half of his effects should he die before the celebration of the marriage; and should the lady herself die, under the same circumstances, her heirs or nearest of kin would take the half due to her, a kiss among the ancients being the sign of plighted faith. Kisses admit of a greater variety of character than perhaps any ladies are aware, or than Johannes Secundus has recorded. Eight generic forms are mentioned in Scripture, viz., the kiss of:—

Salutation : Sam. xx. 41.

Valediction : Ruth ii. 9.

Reconciliation : 2 Sam. xiv. 33.

Subjection : Psalms ii. 4.

Approbation : Proverbs ii. 4.

Adoration : 1 Kings xix., 18.

Treachery : Matt. xxvi. 49.

Affection : Gen. xiv. 15.

The Rabbis, though in the meddlesome, scrupulous, and falsely delicate spirit which animated much of what they wrote, did not permit more than three kinds of kisses,—the kiss of reverence, of reception, and of dismissal.

The Romans had different words to distinguish the different kinds of kisses. A kiss between two friends was called "Osculum;" "Basium," a kiss of politeness, and "Suavium," a kiss of love. Among the works of St. Augustine we find a treatise giving an account of four kinds of kissing. The first the kiss of reconciliation which was given between enemies wishing to become friends. The second, the kiss of peace, which Christians exchanged in church at the time of the celebration of the holy Eucharist. The third, the kiss of love, which loving souls gave to one another, and principally to those to whom they showed hospitality. And the fourth, the holy kiss. Saint Peter and

Saint Paul used to finish their letters by saying, "Salute one another with an holy kiss."

We will now, with the flight of time, get a little nearer to the kisses of the present day by noticing those of the middle ages. In old times, according to Chalcondylas, "Whenever an invited guest entered the house of his friend, he invariably saluted his wife and daughters as a common courtesy."

Chaucer often alludes to it. Thus the Frere in the Sompnour's tale, upon the entrance of the mistress of the house into the room where her husband and he were together,

"Ariseth up ful curtisly,
And hire embraceth in his armes narwe,
And kisseth hire swete, and chirketh as a sparwe
With his lippes."

It is quite certain the custom of kissing was brought into England from Friesland, as St. Pierius Winsemius, historiographer to their High Mightinesses, the States of Friesland, in his Chronicle, 1622, tells us that the pleasant practice of kissing was utterly "unpractised and unknown in England till the fair Princess Rouix (Rowena), the daughter of King Hengist of Friesland, pressed the beaker with her lipkens and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a kusjen (little kiss)."

The custom of kissing always formed part of the ceremony of drinking healths.

"That sais wasseille drinkis of the cup,
Kiss and his felow he gives it up."

England seems formerly to have been famous for kissing, for the learned Erasmus, in one of his epistles, writes—"Although Faustus, if you knew the advantages of Britain truly, you would hasten thither with wings to your feet, and if your gout would not permit, you would wish you possessed the *heart* of Dædalus. For, just to touch on one thing out of many here, there are lasses with heavenly faces; kind, obliging, and you would far prefer them to all your muses. There is, besides, a practice never to be sufficiently commended. If you go to any place, you are received with a *kiss* by all; if you depart on a journey, you are dismissed with a *kiss*; you return, *kisses* are exchanged. They come to visit you, a *kiss* the first thing; they leave you, you *kiss* them all round. Do they meet you anywhere, *kisses* in abundance. Lastly, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses. And if you, Faustus, had but *once* tasted them,—how soft they are, how fragrant! on my honour, you would wish not to reside here for ten years only, but for life!!!"

John Bunyan did not at all agree with Erasmus, for this pious worthy utterly condemned the practice of kissing. He says : "The common salutation of women I abhor; it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then, I have asked them why they made balks? Why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favoured ones go?" Perhaps honest John suffered from an attack of sour grapes!

The custom of universal kissing is thought to have gone out about the time of the Restoration. Peter Heylin says :—"It had for some time been unfashionable in France. Its abandonment in England might have formed part of that French code of politeness which Charles II introduced on his return.

In the "Spectator" we read that Rustic Sprightly appeals for judgment for or against kissing by way of civility or salutation, complaining that, whereas before, he "never came in public, but he saluted them, though in great assemblies all round." Now, since "the unhappy arrival of a courtier," who was content with a profound bow, "there is no young gentlewoman has been kissed."

The practice seems to have been regarded by foreigners as peculiarly English. Thus Cavendish, in his Life of Wolsey, says : "I being in a fair great dining chamber, I attended my lady's coming; and, after she came thither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently like one of noble estate, having a train of twelve gentlewomen. And when she, with her train, came all out, she said to me,—For as much, quoth she, as ye be an Englishman, whose custom is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen, without offence, *and although it be not so here*, in this realm, yet will I be so bold to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens."

When Bulstrode Whitlock was at the court of Queen Christina of Sweden, as ambassador from Cromwell, he waited on her on May-day, to invite her "to take the air and some little collation which he had provided as her humble servant." She came with her ladies, and both in supper time and afterwards, being full of pleasantness and gaiety of spirits, among other follies, commanded him to teach her ladies the *English mode of salutation*, which, after some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitlock *most* readily.

Men formerly used to kiss on meeting, like the Frenchmen of the present day; for in Evelyn's *Diary and Correspondence* (1680), in a letter to Mrs. Owen, he writes :—

“Sir,—J. Shaw did us the honor of a visit on Thursday last, when it was not my hap to be at home, for which I was very sorry. I met him since, casually, in London, and *kissed* him there unfeignedly.”

Kissing seemed to have been a great institution in Scotland in 1637; for, in a curious work entitled “*The Ladies' Dictionary*,” under the article “*Kissing*,” there is the remark—“But kissing and drinking are now both grown to a greater custom among us than in those days with the Romans.”

Formerly a kiss was the established fee of a lady's partner. We find in “*Lovel's Dialogue between Custom and Veritie*,” (1581)—

“But some reply—what foole would daunce,
If that, when daunce is doone,
He may not have at ladyes lips
That which in daunce he woon.”

And though the Belgravian and Tyburnian belles of the present day would shudder at such an “enormity,” yet this custom is still prevalent among the country people in many parts of the North. Brand says, in his popular *Antiquities*, “It seems, from the account left us by Guthrie, that in the last century, the nuptial kiss described by Theocritus in his fifth Idyll, is usual among his countrymen, where the man takes the woman by the ears to kiss her. Even in our modern polite society, we see occasionally the nuptial kiss bestowed on the newly made wife, when any happy bridegroom is very daring and of a demonstrative turn.

New Zealanders, whenever they wish to embrace their lady-loves, merely touch noses, which has a very extraordinary effect. In Russia now, on Easter-day, people meet in the streets and kiss each other promiscuously. The formula to be observed is the following :—Two persons, on meeting, salute each other by taking off the hat or bowing, each takes the other by the right hand, and one says, “*Christos vos kreiss*” (Christ is risen), the other responds, “*Vices-sima vos kress*” (Indeed he is risen). Then comes the kissing, under *some* circumstances, the most interesting portion of the ceremony.

As no devout Russian can refuse the challenge, the custom is frequently a source of great profit to objectionable persons.

Should a dirty *Monjak*, whose schuba (sheep-skin coat) unmistakably harbours innumerable hordes of *blacke* and *fsche* (we dare not translate these words) challenge a gentleman or lady

with the 'Christ is risen,' the person addressed gives the usual reply, and at the same time offers a small sum of money, ostensibly for the purpose of buying Easter eggs, but really to escape the penalty of kissing.

Kissing, in Iceland, speeds the parting guest agreeably forth on his way, according to Lord Dufferin, who, in an account of his travels, says:—"I whispered to Fritz how I had always understood it was the proper thing in Iceland for travellers departing on a journey to kiss the ladies who had been good enough to entertain them, little imagining he would take me at my word. Guess my horror, when I saw him, with an intrepidity I envied but dared not imitate, first embrace the mamma, by way of prelude, and then proceed, in the most natural way possible, to make the same tender advances to the daughter; I was dumb with consternation, the room swam before me, I expected we should next minute be packed, neck and crop, into the street, and that the young lady would have gone off into hysterics. It turned out, however, that such was the very last thing she was thinking of doing. With a simple frankness that became her more than all the boarding-school graces in the world, her eyes dancing with mischief and good humour, she met him half-way, gave him as hearty a kiss as ever it might be the good fortune of us he-creatures to receive. From that moment I determined to conform to the customs of the inhabitants."

Our ancient national salutation is still seen in France, the inhabitants of which learnt the soft and winsome science from our "cold-blooded" race. At all hours of the day, one sees bearded Frenchmen saluting each other on both cheeks.

We will now, however, with the rapidity for which the present day is famed, transport ourselves from facts to an analysis of the different species of kisses, dilating on them *con amore*, classifying them, and regarding them romantically, rapturously, sentimentally, comically, motherly, brotherly, and sisterly, cousinly, friendly, and religiously. These all can be again divided into separate species; and, in fact, one could draw a scheme for a *kissometer* from them.

Kisses are forced, unwilling, cold, comfortless, frigid, and frozen, chaste, timid, rosy, balmy, humid, dewy, trembling, soft, gentle, tender, tempting, fragrant, sacred, hallowed, divine, soothing, joyful, affectionate, delicious, rapturous, deep-drawn, impressive, quick and nervous, warm, burning, impassioned, inebriating, ardent, flaming, and akin to fire, ravishing, lingering, long. One also hears of parting, tear-dewed, savoury, loathsome, poisonous, treacherous, false, rude, stolen, and great fat noisy kisses.

In some houses where one visits, an everlasting chorus of kissing seems taking place; the loving inmates play at tossing

kisses to each other as if they were shuttlecocks, until from the twittering sounds one fancies oneself "a sparrow on the house-top" among one's young fledglings.

But such kisses are merely little evanescent exhalations, with nothing real or deep about them, and perhaps one of true feeling not known. It is, with them, the *habitual* kiss.

There is the love-token of the child, who opens its rosy mouth, and, leaving a wet and frequently a sugary impression, calls this a kiss. There is the mother's proud fond one, in which the heart throbs on the lips, full of anxiety, hope, and protecting love.

Then there is the leather kiss, which gives back to the kisser no more feeling response than the orifice of a gutta-percha speaking-tube, and "as comfortless as *frozen water to a starved snake*."

Then there is the vulgar, noisy kiss, which "hail, fellow! well met" sort of people give without an iota of tenderness or feeling. Such a one as Shakespeare describes: "And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack that at the parting all the church did echo."

Again, there is the kiss where words *will not come*, and which speaks yet so much, a kiss of excitement, joy, overwrought feelings, where tears start to the eyes, a kiss such as the weary exile gives on his return to his native land, and rushes to the embrace of all he holds so dear.

Then there is the kiss of love, a kiss which, Gildow says, *is not to be spoke*, that *long, long*, clinging, deep, impassioned kiss, which we cannot describe, except by quoting such lines as these: "A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love," and "each kiss becomes a heart-quake, for a kiss's strength I think it must be reckoned by its length;" a kiss that seems plucked up by the roots, a long kiss that draws one's whole soul through one's lips as sunlight drinketh dew, when the heart throbs, the pulse beats fast, and a gentle, soft feeling of perfect and pure happiness flutters through one's every fibre, and one feels as if one could kiss on for ever, and ejaculate with Moore, "grow to my lips thou sacred kiss" or, as Byron says, "glowing lips would meet as if in kisses to expire."

Then there is the stolen kiss, of which you should not tell. "First to kiss, and then to tell, is the greatest sin 'twixt heaven and hell!" This snatched kiss is considered *so* sweet, but we think it must be too hurried for enjoyment.

There is the proud kiss. As a Spanish writer saith, "a pledge of eternal hatred, like a woman's kiss." This proud kiss strikes the recipient like a falling avalanche of Alpine snow.

There is the cold, *icy* kiss, which sends your heart into your boots, and almost stifles the ebb and flow of one's life's blood.

One often experiences *that* when, with loving warmth, you rush to kiss an old friend whom you have not seen for years, and with whom absence and time have made no difference in yourself, and then, to come into close proximity with a *skimmed kiss*; it makes one tingle all over, not with fire, but a cold, creepy feeling, chilling one's heart's blood as if a worm from the grave had crawled over one.

There is the little frothy kiss, which means nothing, but is given because it's the thing to kiss one's relations and friends, and looks pretty to do so sometimes.

Then there is a little series of spasmodic kisses, which go on repeating themselves one after the other, making little chirps, like very infantine birds trying to chirp for the first time.

Then there's the hypocritical, or Judas kiss, which gives you a CONVULSIVE bang of pretended affection on both cheeks, lips saying, *I am so glad to see you, &c.*, and the heart saying, in the depth of its secrecy, "I dislike you, and if I could show it I would."

Then there is the spiteful kiss, which, whilst it seems teeming with sweetness, would like to impart venom with the embrace.

But we might go on enumerating for ever: the brother's, sister's, daughter's, elderly relative's, and friend's; but these surely require no explanation, every one has felt and knows what they are; but to the former sort some of our readers might be wanting in experience, like ourselves, whose only knowledge of them is from a vivid imagination and acute observation, as we are children of a cold clime, and not given to kissing feats save once now and then when our feelings get too much for us. We often see sun-kissed leaves, zephyrs kissing golden tresses, etc.; but these are pretty to look at, as barley-sugar kisses are sweet to the taste.

We must not forget the coaxing persuasive kiss which conquers always. Shakespeare says—"You may ride us with one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, e'er with spur we heat an acre." We have never spoken of devout kisses. We must not overlook them, for they play a very important part in some of our Anglican monasteries, where the head brother is constantly passing round the kiss of peace to the sisterhood, but it is thoroughly *correct* and devout, for he has an aged widow,* whom he kisses first, and then she passes it round to all the sisterhood, and with Shakespeare we observe—"his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy beard;" and we suppose they seal there all bargains with

* This kiss must be akin to the bard of Avon's "nun of winter's sisterhood," who "kisses not more religiously."

a holy kiss. We are curious to know if the sisterhood agree with the following definition of a devout kiss :—

“I came to feel how far above
All fancy, pride, and fickle maidenhood,
All earthly pleasure, all imagined good,
Was the warm tremble of a devout kiss.”

Having described to the best of our ability the different kinds of kisses, the next thing is to consider what's in a kiss? Really, when people come to reflect upon the matter calmly, what can they see in a kiss? The lips pout slightly and touch the cheeks softly, and then they just part and a kiss is made. *There* is the kiss in the abstract. View it in the abstract! Take it as it stands; look at it philosophically! What is there in it? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, while millions upon millions have been plunged into misery and despair by this kissing; and yet when we look at the character of the thing, it is simply a pouting and parting of the lips. In every grade of society there is kissing. Go where you will, to what country you will, kissing is sure to be found. There is, we must own to the soft impeachment, some mysterious virtue in a kiss after all; and we do not think we can do better than quote Haliburton's ideas of the matter :—

“A kiss fairly electrifies you; it warms your blood, and sets your heart a beating like a brass drum, and makes your eyes twinkle like stars in a frosty night. It ain't a thing even to be forgot. No language can express it. No letters will give the sound! Then what in nature is equal to the flavour of it? What an aroma it has! How spirited it is! It ain't gross, for you can't feed on it; it don't clog, for the palate ain't required to test its taste. It is neither visible, nor tangible, nor portable, nor transferable. It is not a substance, nor a liquid, nor a vapour. It has neither colour nor form; imagination can't conceive it. It can't be imitated or forged. It is confined to no clime or country, but is instantly reproduced, and so is immortal. It is as old as creation, and yet is as young and fresh as ever. It pre-existed, still exists, and always will exist; it pervades all nature. The breeze as it passes kisses the rose, and the pendant vine stoops down and hides with its tendrils its blushes as it kisses the limpid stream that waits in an eddy to meet it, and raises its tiny waves like anxious lips to receive it. Depend upon it, Eve learned it in Paradise, and was taught its beauties, virtues, and varieties by an angel, there is something so transcendent in it. How it is adapted to all circumstances. There is the kiss of welcome and of parting; the long, lingering, loving, present one; the stolen or the mutual one; the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow; the seal

of promise, and the receipts of fulfilment. Is it strange, therefore, that a woman is invincible, whose armoury is of kisses, smiles, sighs, and tears." With this description of a kiss we will conclude our paper, giving all praise and honour to the institution, which was born with the world, and will last till Chaos has come again; and we feel we cannot add a sweeter postscript, nor one more in accordance to our own ideas, than that lovely apostrophe of Burns.

“ Humid seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snowdrop, virgin bliss.
Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth and infant's play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day.
Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must join,
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine ?”

AUTHOR AND ACTRESS.

AN UNSYMMETRICAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM ELLA.

I HAVE just had a really delicious interview with my Pettums. The poor darling is jealous ; how absurd.

I could never have believed that it was possible for him to be so gruff ; I declare he quite frightened me.

"Ella," he said, "I want to speak to you," and he held open the library door invitingly and yet forbiddingly.

I obeyed the hint as a good little wife should, and prepared myself for the novelty of a good scolding.

My Pettums looked quite bilious. I told him so, and asked him if he had been taking anything to disagree with him.

He did not condescend to make any reply to my affectionate inquiry.

Do you know, I was quite curious to hear what he had to say.

"Ella," he began, in the tone of a judge condemning a criminal, "It is my duty to remonstrate with you on your conduct in respect to Mr. Rawlinson. It is outrageous."

"Indeed," I answered quietly.

"I know," he went on, "that it would be a waste of time to appeal to your sense of decency and honour, but I think it as well to let you know that people in general are beginning to criticize your conduct pretty freely."

"How kind of you," I answered, "to inform me of the fact. And your painful disclosure is so delicately worded. But would you mind telling me the names of some of these amiable gossips?"

My Pettums looked confused.

"I must thank you again and again," I continued, "for your evident desire to keep me supplied with all the tittle tattle of

Culverton and its neighbourhood, but I can assure you that there is not the slightest ground for anxiety."

"Of course not," replied my Pettums, "I know that you are a model of innocence; but for your own sake, if not for mine, it is well that we should have some regard for appearances."

"Assume a virtue if you have it not, and so on," I answered, quoting our great dramatist, "your advice is invaluable."

"You are a very strong-minded woman," returned my husband, with the slightest possible degree of irritation, "but even you may not care to become the laughing-stock of your own servants."

"Oh, it has come to that, has it?" I said. "I understand now what you meant by 'people in general.' I suppose a certain Miss Sophie Matson is one of them."

My darling actually blushed, or, at least, turned very red in the face.

"You innocent little dear," I said, "to suppose that I had not found out your secret long ago."

Sir Harry tried to look indignant.

"There, that will do," I said, seeing that he was about to speak, "you need not tell any lies. If you desire any moral or intellectual benefit from my maid's society, enjoy it by all means. Only don't let us have any lectures on propriety and the domestic virtues. You go your road and I will go mine. Recollect that instructive little fable about the pot and the kettle."

"I see," returned my husband, "that I might as well talk to a stone wall as appeal to your sense of self-respect."

"My own, own Pettums," I answered, "you have said something of the same kind once already this morning. You are not at all complimentary. I shall be bringing an action for libel against you one of these days."

"However," resumed my husband, "if you are determined to have your own way, so be it. Do as you please and take the consequences. Perhaps the time may come when you will find that you have made a mistake."

I yawned.

"To-day," I rejoined, "is not Sunday. Sermons are tedious things at the best of times, but just after breakfast, and in this room that smells horribly of tobacco smoke, they are unendurable."

"You are a great fool," said my Pettums, coarsely, "for all your fancied cleverness. You think you are only annoying me, but you are injuring yourself. It is just possible that rather an unpleasant surprise may be in store for you. However, you don't

like what you are pleased to term sermons, so I shall say no more. But people who play with edged tools sometimes cut their finger."

To which oracular observation I thus made reply—"A most philosophical remark, my Pettums, but a little trite. And now, darling," I added, "as I have some letters to write, if you have nothing else to say, I will beg your gracious permission to leave the room."

"Go by all means," retorted my husband; "if you were to go to Jericho I should not miss you."

Shocked beyond measure at such rudeness on the part of one whose manners and morals for many years past I have endeavoured in vain to reform, I quitted the library in meditative silence.

But when I got upstairs I did not begin to write letters. I took my boots off, for they were new and rather tight. I looked all over the room for my slippers, but could not find them anywhere. At last I rang for Sophie Matson. Of course, she discovered them at once. In fact, such had been my pre-occupation of mind that, though they were almost under my nose, I had missed them. In a word they were at the foot of my dressing-table.

When my faithful domestic had left the room I locked the door, sat down in a big arm-chair, and became reflective.

There was something in my husband's manner that perplexed me.

His parting words had been almost a menace. What could the little wretch mean?

That he meant something, and something not very agreeable, was evident from the tone in which he spoke.

I regret to say that I have not yet solved the puzzle.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FROM ELLA.

WHAT a spiteful little wretch my husband is to be sure.

I went into the library just now and he was writing a letter. I snatched it out of his hand and read it. It was to his friend Mr. Grey, telling him that Miss Cissy Darlington or Lindhurst, as my precious husband has chosen to christen her, would no longer spend her holidays at his house.

Pettums went on to explain, quite unnecessarily, that he could no longer provide for the child in any way; that he had educated her and found her a home out of sheer charity; and that if his

brother chose to leave his family unprovided for, that was no fault of his.

It is not news to tell you that there are people of a certain kind who, if they cannot injure the person they hate, wreak their vengeance on any unlucky mortal who may chance to be at their mercy. My husband is one of them. He has been very malicious for some months past. I tyrannize over him worse than ever, and if I treated him badly before he made that pleasant little revelation concerning our marriage, it has been a matter of principle with me to treat him worse since.

I am not to be bullied ; I am not to be insulted with impunity. The little wretch shall pay dear for his impertinence. I can be a thorough she-devil if I like, and I do my best to make his home a hell upon earth.

Ella Darlington sticks at nothing ; unlike her husband, she has plenty of determination. I defy him. Let him rebel if he dare. I can injure him as much as he can injure me ; and he knows that if I am once roused, I shall consult neither self-respect nor self-interest, but devote all my energies and sacrifice all my prospects to ensuring his ruin.

He has paid dearly for his insult already. Wives of England, take my advice. If once a man try to bully you, meet force with force, and show what fiends you can be if you choose. A woman should never allow her husband to be disagreeable with impunity. If she do, her power is gone for ever. There is nothing like domestic anarchy and a reign of terror to bring a man to his senses. Termagants are always the absolute rulers of their own households. The boldest and most obstinate of men are cowed by the lash of a woman's tongue.

To return.

Pettums hates me with his whole heart. Nothing would give him greater pleasure than to do me an injury. But I have drawn his sting, and he is powerless. This being so, of course he has been casting about for someone whom he can worry with impunity, and he has settled upon his brother and his brother's child.

He has always made a great merit of the way in which he has treated the rather small unfortunate, but I have more than a suspicion that there is another side to the story. Dick was a great fool, but it was not in his nature to desert his own flesh and blood, and he had too much knowledge of my pettums' character to have any real faith in his generosity.

My husband has persistently declared that the charges of Miss Cissy's education and maintenance have been defrayed out of his own purse ; that Dick went abroad after his wife's death, and has

never been heard of since; that had not he himself undertaken the child's care, she would have been left to starve in the streets.

Of course I knew that these assertions were so many deliberate falsehoods. Dick possessed one attribute in which "my own" is quite deficient—fidelity. I am sure he loved his child dearly, and I am sure he would have made any sacrifice rather than that she should be in want.

My impression is that from time to time my Pettums has had money from his brother, though it suits his purpose to ignore the fact. I am firmly convinced that if Dick were earning only sixpence a day he would send home half that sum to help in supporting his child.

That he could do little or nothing for a twelvemonth or more after he lost his situation is likely enough. He was very poor when he left England, for Sir Harry on his succession to the estate either made no offer of a provision for him, or else Master Richard, with that absurd pride for which he is so remarkable, refused to accept any favour at his hands.

I may add further, that neither Sir Francis nor Aunt Mary, affectionate creatures that they were, left my unlucky brother-in-law anything worth mentioning in their wills.

Aunt Mary bestowed all her savings, which amounted to more than ten thousand pounds, upon my precious husband; and Sir Francis, inasmuch as the principal employment of his life had been to pile up encumbrance upon encumbrance, could bequeath absolutely nothing to his younger son, though he had done his best to ensure a goodly crop of mortgages to the elder.

Dick's wife was drunken and reckless. She took the greatest possible pains to reduce her husband to beggary, and, though she knew that he had merely his salary to depend upon, she had an insane delight in running up long bills, which she knew he could meet only with the greatest difficulty. What on earth could have induced poor Dick to marry such a creature I can't make out. She had nothing to recommend her; she had neither money nor good looks; she was obstinate and conceited, with a sullen, irritable temper. But there is no accounting for the folly of men.

Thanks to the exertions of this excellent woman, my brother-in-law became heavily involved. Creditors called at his office. The authorities were given to understand that he was in debt, and he received his dismissal. He would have gone through the Bankruptcy Court but for the generosity of some friends, prominent amongst whom was a clergyman of the name of Rowlandson, who saved him that disgrace, and discharged his debts in full.

Sir Harry, I may add, neither did anything nor offered to do anything in his brother's behalf. A few months before Dick left England, he wrote to my husband, and begged him to undertake the charge of his child. To this Pettums ungraciously assented. The fact is, as I have found out lately, he was afraid of Dick, who knew more than was exactly convenient about Lucy Clements and her history; in other words, my darling was afraid that if he refused to comply with his brother's request, he might turn nasty.

But now my precious is no longer in any fear. The great secret has exploded, and he can afford to be independent and spiteful. Of course he hates Dick with his whole heart, for we always hate a man to whom against our will we are under an obligation. The moment for revenge has arrived. Miss Cissy is to be removed from school, and she is no longer to have any home. My Pettums washes his hands of her altogether. He is not bound, he will tell you, to provide for her; she may go to the workhouse. He is not prepared to burden himself with the responsibilities of other people; he can no longer afford an expensive education to a child who has been thrown upon his hands by an utterly unscrupulous parent.

Of course he will have to pay for his pleasure by and bye, but for the present he means to act the part of the cruel uncle, cost him what it may. How far he is in earnest, how far he is merely blustering, I do not know, and probably he does not know himself. He has given the reins to his long pent-up malice, and has not the dimmest idea to what folly or meanness it may lead him.

I expect there will be an agreeable balancing of accounts when Dick returns. That he will return one of these days I am sure. My Pettums says he has not heard of him for months, but that is all nonsense. The darling is in a blindly spiteful mood, and he cannot resist dropping sly hints to the discredit of a brother who for the present is at a safe distance.

Now I have an idea in my head. I mean to act the part of "Virtue" to my husband's "Vice." I intend to make friends with Cissy, and through her with her father. That good creature Dick was always very fond of me, and if I can only persuade him that I am an injured innocent, or at worst a silly impulsive girl who allowed her vanity to get the better of her judgment, he may be induced—should my husband die before him—to provide for poor disconsolate me, in a manner equally creditable to himself and agreeable to the recipient of his favours. My claim to a slice of the Darlington estate is not beyond dispute, and it is adv's b'le to be on good terms with the heir presumptive. If Dick chose he could make himself very unpleasant, but it is consolatory to reflect

that he is not the most strong-minded person in the world, and that, unlike somebody else I know, he is incapable of petty meanness.

"My own" has been looking very sallow lately: he has dark circles under his eyes, and his temper is abominable. Liver disease is an insidious complaint, and, if neglected, the consequences may be fatal. I do not wish my Pettums out of the world. Oh, no! He has my best wishes for a long life, though I must own that at times his company is apt to be tedious. Still, he may go off sooner than he expects, or, at least, he cannot last for ever, and, so far as I can see, it is by no means improbable that Dick may survive him.

As to my brother-in-law, he was never reckoned strong. He is fidgety, restless, and nervous, and knocking about in the world does not improve anyone's health.

Harry leads a purposeless, idle life. He drinks more than is good for him; and that low, sluggish condition of temperament into which a man sinks from constant moping and ill-humour and having nothing to do is a rare shortener of existence.

I hope the dear creature will live for many, many years, but still he may not, and it is as well to provide for contingencies. If the heir is my friend, no doubt I shall be liberally dealt with when he succeeds to the throne of the house of Darlington. Were he my enemy, I might, considering the state of his knowledge in reference to the Lucy Clement scandal, find myself in an awkward position. I must remind him that I was his old love once. I must acknowledge my transgressions, and give him to understand that I repent bitterly of the cruel return I made him for his esteem and confidence. I shall speak in terms of truly Christian forbearance of my husband's conduct, and yet I shall let it be understood pretty plainly that he behaved like a thorough little devil. If Dick can resist the pleadings of a pretty woman he is very much altered. He always went in for generosity, chivalry, and so forth, and, in spite of his Ella, believed that we of the female sex were all angels. Perhaps, however, his matrimonial experiences have changed his opinion on that head. We shall see.

In the meanwhile, I shall cultivate Miss Cissy's acquaintance. I shall be very good to her. My benevolence, even if it takes rather a cheap form, will be effective. Of course Pettums may survive Master Dick, in which case all my pains and money will be thrown away. But, as I have remarked once already, he is ailing, and a vixenish wife is trying to a man's temper and to his constitution as well. A couple of hundred pounds would not be badly spent if it secured me without dispute a jointure of twelve

hundred a year. Anyhow, the lottery is one for which it is quite worth my while to purchase a ticket.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FROM SOPHIE MATSON.

I AM only a lady's maid but I think I was intended for something better than that.

I should like to be an authoress. I am sure I could write a novel if I tried. I often set to work thinking and make up a regular story, and if I could only put it on paper it would do capitally.

But somehow or another as soon as I begin to write all my characters and incidents get mixed up together and I can't recollect things try as I may. I suppose it is from want of practice, I am sure it is not from want of ideas. My pen begins to splutter and get hairs in it and trips up and that confuses me. Whenever I use the blotting paper I am sure to make a smudge. I forget the second half of a sentence before I have finished the first half; I can't find the words I want. After a time too, one's fingers get cramped and one's arm begins to ache, and seeing things go wrong I feel hot and out of sorts, and at the end of a dozen lines I am pretty certain to throw away paper and pens in disgust.

But I am not easily daunted. I still think of trying my luck one of these days, and if I can only get into the way of writing quick I shall soon succeed, for I have plenty to say, and I know that if I really tried I could make up something much better than the rubbish I read in print.

Now some of the goings on that we have had in this house lately would be the very thing for a novel. They are for all the world like what I have read about in the "Journal" and books that milady has lent me. I used to think that stuff of that sort was all nonsense, that it only happened in tales, but I find by what has took place within the last day or two that I have been mistaken.

We are all at sixes and sevens owing to the villainy of that strange party who came here a few weeks ago. Milady told me that he and Sir Harry were at school together. His name he said was Mr. Herbert Rawlinson, but that was a fib as you will presently discover. You would think from his manners that he was a gentleman all over. He was most considerate and affable, and free with his money as a gentleman should be. I couldn't have believed he was the character he has showed himself. He was

tall and dark and handsome and rather mysterious looking, but for all that as gay and lively as need be. He was full of spirits and had a pleasant word for everyone.

Her ladyship took a great fancy to him from the first, and I was not surprised at it, for she and Sir Harry have not agreed this long while, not that I have anything to say against master or mistress either. They have their faults like poorer folk, but Sir Harry is as good a master as you could wish for, and milady, though she has a bit of a temper and thinks too much of her good looks, which are nothing to boast of, conducts herself in most respects as a lady should. She is not stuck up like some I know, which she has no need to be considering the stock she came of, and that her father was nothing more nor less than a village apothecary. She and me have our tiffs at times but it blows off, and in spite of her ways the situation is a good one. She has her faults, for which I don't blame her, seeing that we are all of us human, but she don't peep or pry and she is not stingy. She is free with her dresses, and if I want a day out I have only to ask and have.

Directly Mr. Rawlinson came here the house got quite lively. Before that it had been terribly dull for a long while. It was quite a pleasure to see all the lights of an evening and to sit at the open window after dinner and listen to the music in the drawing-room. Mr. Herbert, as we took to calling him, for his easy affable ways had made us quite familiar, had the loveliest deep voice and played the piano beautiful. It was an ecstasy to listen to him. We have not had much music or pleasure of any sort in this house since Sir Harry and milady took to disagreeing, not that I blame master, for some one whose name I must not mention has a horrid temper and gives herself airs that are ridiculous. She says the cuttingest things, and is as spiteful as a tiger-cat. Whatever master can have found to admire in her I can't make out. But folks know their own best. It isn't for us dependants to be too free in our judgments.

Soon after Mr. Rawlinson arrived I noticed that he and mistress were very sweet together, she always leaning on his arm and looking up in his face as lovingly as could be; he following her about and speaking soft and flying to do her bidding for all the world as if he was her suitor. 'Thinks I to myself, madam I will keep an eye upon you; here's pretty goings on for a person who calls herself a lady. What would be said if we servants were to shew our followers about and allow them to take liberties like this?

In the meanwhile Sir Harry was as black as thunder. He said nothing, but for all that I could see that he was terrible put out. He'd growl away too at times when he thought no one was

listening, and clench his fist and grind his teeth till he was awful to look on and I knew that if things went on in this same way much longer there would be murder done or something as bad.

One morning milady and her fine gentleman goes out for a ride. Mistress was always fond of shewing herself on horseback, she fancies she looks well in a habit; she pinches herself in tight at the waist till I wonder she can bear it, and squeezes her feet regardless of corns into boots that I can't get on myself, and thinks the gentlemen head over ears in love with her. She is full of conceit, but whatever she may fancy them hats don't become her a bit, tilting them as she does over her eyes and making herself a scarecrow; but of course those who know what she wants flatter her, and she takes their words for gospel, not thinking as I can see that each and all of them are laughing at her behind her back.

I hate such ridiculous ways, I do. Why can't folk be natural? Beauty is not such a scarce article as some stuck-up madams with their paint and their powder and their finicking ways seem to think. No, milady, there's others in the world as good or better looking as yourself and fully as much appreciated by them whose opinion is worth having.

But to get back to what I was saying. Milady and Mr. Herbert goes out riding and comes back in an hour or two splashed with mud of course. What pleasure can it be to folk to make themselves in such a mess? Does milady look a bit the better in her own or anybody else's eyes for being as red in the face as a raw beefsteak and her back hair all falling loose and shewing the frissette underneath—it is little she would have to make a fuss about if it weren't for that frissette—and pouring down with heat in a way that is disgusting to see? If that sort of thing pleases the gentlemen all I can say is, the gentlemen have queer tastes. But there's a many who knows real diamonds from paste, and when they wants beauty and not "make up," they look lower down in the world than the drawing-room.

Milady and her gentleman goes into the library, and thinks I to myself, I wonder what mischief you are a-plotting now? I had a presentiment that something was going to happen. Sir Harry was up in town, he had gone away early in the morning and they had the house to themselves. But for all their slyness there was some one they little thought of on the look out for master's interests. Directly they had shut the door and settled themselves snug, I went quietly downstairs and began to listen.

For a long while they were very quiet, but presently I heard a few whispers and a sigh, and after that a noise that I could have sworn was kissing. Then for some time all was quiet again.

After a bit Mr. Herbert began speaking very low. I could

not catch what he said, though I tried to. Missis answers nothing. Thinks I to myself, I shall have a pretty tale to tell Sir Harry when he comes home, for I knew that though he and his wife could not agree, he would be terribly exasperated at her shameless goings on.

By-and-bye I hears milady say quite loud and stern like, "You have mistaken me, sir; you presume too much upon our friendship."

Mr. Herbert was quite taken aback. I could tell that by the change in his voice and the faltering way in which he tried to excuse himself.

But milady's temper was up. I could hear the rustle of her dress as she rose and walked across the room.

"The fault is mine," she said, cold and stately as a queen. "You have no need to apologize. I am deservedly punished for having allowed myself to treat you as a gentleman. Leave the house at once."

Well, thought I to myself, this is coming it strong. I almost fancied she must guess some one was listening. If she fancied that these grand airs would impose on Mr. Herbert, they did not impose on me. Ah, you are a sly cat, I muttered to myself; you have a proud, cruel heart, but you will play this clever little game of yours once too often. I little thought how soon my words would come true.

"Stop a moment," says Mr. Herbert, with a bit of a laugh, the viciouslest laugh imaginable, "you are going it too fast."

It was wonderful how his voice had altered. I could not have believed it was the same man that was speaking. He was rough, and impudent, and devil-may-care, like some low fellow out of the street.

Her ladyship says never a word. I suppose, like me, she was a bit astonished, though, from a little click I heard, I could fancy that she was just going to ring the bell.

"Look here, milady," cries Mr. Herbert, "you are very clever, but you are not going to have all your own way, I can tell you. If you think you can throw me over with impunity you are mistaken. You have pleased yourself thus far, now you shall please me. I have got you in my power, and you won't get out of this scrape as easily as you fancy. You to give yourself airs, indeed; you to talk about virtue! Why, who do you suppose you are?"

"Leave the room," says milady, as quiet as can be, but as firm as a rock, "or I shall ring for the servants."

"Ring away, and be d—d to you," says Mr. Herbert. "Have them up by all means. It is a pity that they should

not hear the nice little bit of news that I have got to tell you. You to come the respectable and dignified! Really, you amuse me."

"Mr. Rawlinson," answers her ladyship, "I have my own foolish conduct to thank for your present behaviour. Your coarse abuse is a fit punishment for my rashness in treating you as a friend. A few minutes ago your words pained and grieved me beyond measure, but I still believed, in spite of your folly and the wickedness you contemplated, that you had some claim to be considered what the world calls a gentleman. I must apologize sincerely for ever having entertained so preposterous an idea."

"Look here, my fine madam," burst in Mr. Herbert, "you don't know the sort of person you have to deal with. When I threaten I don't threaten in vain. I am not a boy to be cowed by grand words. You may sneer as much as you please, but by —— if I chose I could ruin you."

Milady laughed contemptuously.

"You defy me, eh?" says Mr. Herbert after a pause; "very well, then, take the consequences."

It gave me quite a shudder to hear how vicious he spoke.

"For the last six weeks," says he, "you have played the spy on your husband, moving heaven and earth to find out what it was that kept him in a fever and hurried him backwards and forwards between here and town. Well, your curiosity shall be satisfied. His secret and mine are the same, and a very pleasant one you will find it. Here it is, my girl."

Mr. Herbert stops a moment, as if to gain breath, and then goes on more malignant than ever,

"To begin with," says he, "my name is not Rawlinson or Herbert either. As you say truly enough, I am not a gentleman, and I was never at school with your husband. Had I been so, vile as I am, I should be ashamed of the companionship. I am a blackguard, as you are kind enough to tell me, but d——n it, whatever I may have done the law cannot lay hold of me. That is more than your precious little baronet can say. Turn me out of the house if you dare. Let your servants lay a finger on me, even ring that bell, and I will let the whole county know that you have as much claim to the title of Lady Darlington as your own kitchenmaid,—that you are a mere troll, no better than the commonest drab in the street, and that such as you are such was your mother before you."

"Mr. Rawlinson," says her ladyship very quietly, "the sooner you leave this room the better it will be for your own sake. It would be folly to be offended with your outrageous conduct. I am willing to believe that your temper is entirely

your master. Do not suppose that you alarm me. You are simply making yourself ridiculous."

"You think," cried Mr. Herbert with a savage laugh, "that I am only trying to frighten you; but, my beauty, you will find out your mistake. I can prove my words, and prove them I will if you provoke me much further. Ask your husband if I am not speaking the truth. Ask him who Lucy Clements is. Ask him if I have not been living here and doing as I pleased simply because he was afraid to send me away. Ask him in plain language if he is not a bigamist with a true and lawful wife still living."

"Really sir," says milady, "if you do not cease your impertinence I shall call up the servants and order them to turn you out of the house."

But for all her grand airs I could fancy from her voice that she was a bit dazed like.

"No you won't," says Mr. Herbert; "you are afraid. You can't look unmoved, try as you will. You know that I speak the truth. Now listen. These are my terms: hold your tongue about what has happened this morning; treat me as you used to do. I mean to remain in this house, and I expect to be made comfortable. Swallow your fine words, put your temper in your pocket, and in spite of the way in which you have treated me I am your friend. If you cut up rough you will be sorry for it afterwards, I can tell you. Now madam, for your answer. I mean what I say, and you know it. I shan't repeat my offer. Will you shake hands?"

Milady says never a word, but burst into the scornfullest laugh.

"Ah," cries Mr. Herbert, "you still disbelieve me. Well, now listen. I swear Sir Harry Darlington is not your husband. Will that do?"

"Mr. Rawlinson," says her ladyship, quietly, "I am not going to dispute what you choose to assert, but I have a horsewhip in my hand, and, if you remain here much longer, I may be tempted to use it. There is the door; leave me."

"You really defy me, eh?" shouts Mr. Herbert, in a fury.

"Leave the room, sir," repeats her ladyship, a bit sharply.

Mr. Herbert says nothing for a moment; then he speaks quite collected but savage-like. "You will be sorry," says he, "for having treated me as you have done. But you tell me to go, and I go. Once more, and for the last time, will you accept my offer?"

Milady says nothing.

I hear Mr. Herbert slowly turn the handle of the door. I run

across the hall and up the staircase very quick. Then I peep over the banisters. I see him come out of the dining-room, turn and shake his fist for all the world like one of the baffled villains on the stage, and stride out of the house, closing the front door after him with a bang.

Then I come down stairs again, and run on tip-toe to the drawing-room. I listen for a moment. All is quiet. I tap at the door. No answer. I go in, and—yes, it is just as I expected. Her ladyship lies near the fireplace in a dead faint.

I said that she would play that clever little game of hers once too often, and my words have come true in a very little short of miraculous.

What will happen next, I wonder?

When Sir Harry comes home, won't there be goings-on? My heart is all of a flutter. I can't settle down to anything.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CISSY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY RESUMED.

ONE day, just before school was over, Miss Aurora took a roll of paper out of her desk. She untied the string that was round it, opened it, smoothed it, and glanced at the first page with a smile.

"Staveley," she said, "here is something that may amuse you. It is the beginning of a story, written by a girl who was here some years ago; she made me a present of it a few days before she left."

Miss Thorinda received the treasure with a cold smile, and, to the annoyance of all of us, at once locked it up. Of course we were in a fever to see it, handle it, and know what it was about. It is not often that a young lady at school makes up a story all out of her own head, copies it beautifully on ruled paper, and divides it into chapters for all the world like a regular novel. We were as much excited about the treasure that had just been uncarthed as the Society of Antiquaries would be at the discovery of an ancient Egyptian scroll. I for one was particularly anxious that the contents of the manuscripts should be made public, for there was nothing that I enjoyed more than hearing a story told or read out aloud.

In the course of the afternoon our curiosity was gratified.

Between four and five o'clock we assembled instinctively in the schoolroom, and gathered in a semicircle round the fire. There was nothing to tempt us out of doors. The weather was

cold and stormy. The playground was like a sponge. There were no leaves on the trees. When it was not absolutely raining, a thick penetrating mist filled the air. There had been no sunshine all day, and we knew that it would soon be dark. In a word, winter was coming on. What better occupation could we have than to sit round the fire and listen to a nice new story?

I may add that in general we read quietly to ourselves, or worked, or wrote letters home, or persuaded some girl to tell us a tale that she "was to make up as she went along," or puzzled our brains over riddles, a sport, by-the-bye, for which I had not the slightest partiality.

On the evening in question, however, we remained nervously quiet for about ten minutes, hardly daring even to scrape our feet on the floor, and then some young lady bolder than the rest had courage enough to say, "I should so like to hear the story which Miss Aurora gave Staveley."

Upon this, as if with one voice, all we girls cried out, "Oh, yes, Staveley, do let us hear that story."

How cozy we felt as we settled ourselves in our seats, and anticipated the enjoyment in store for us! We heard the wind whistling and the rain beating in gusts against the window, and knew that it would be a very dark, stormy, and mysterious night indeed. How we relished the first crackle of the mystic pages! We gazed steadily at the fire, and felt that the glowing embers would stimulate our imagination, and enable us to enjoy the coming romance all the more. We uttered not a word, though one of the girls had the hardihood to attempt a whisper. How we frowned her down, and how thoroughly ashamed of herself she looked! Those who were cramped for space gently nudged their companions with their elbows, and then we became so resolutely quiet that you might have heard a pin fall.

What a charming novel that was, to be sure! I cannot do justice to its merits. It was all about mysterious knights and haunted woods, and tournaments, and imprisoned damsels, and tremendous castles with any number of dungeons beneath the level of the moat.

It teemed with ruthless barons, haughty princesses, and "minions." There was even a headsman and a sworn tormentor. Girls, like boys, are fond of coquetting with horrors.

All the young knights were brave and handsome, all the steeds "pawed the ground," and were "gaily caparisoned," and all the characters without exception made a liberal use of such terms as "By my halidome," and "Beshrew me, thou knave!"

It is possible that the descriptive passages were a little tawdry but they were none the less delightful for that. The phraseology,

as a rule was impressive. We had the highest opinion of the authoress, since it was evident that in no instance had she need of a short word when she could find an exceedingly long one that would do instead.

Altogether, we felt that we were in possession of a work of very high art indeed. Our admiration, in fact, knew no bounds. The only possible objection to the tale was that it so soon came to an end. The chapters, too, were rather short, that is to say, in the reading; no doubt they had taken a long time to write. This charming narrative, to the unspeakable disappointment of us all, terminated abruptly in the middle of a most exciting dialogue, but between whom I am ashamed to say I cannot recollect.

Miss Thorinda put down the manuscript with an air of suppressed triumph. She even yawned. No doubt she would gladly have said then, as she did a day or two afterwards, that she did not think much of the great work; but there are moments when even popular idols dare not express their real opinions. As it was, she fell several degrees in general esteem. The girls observed her look of disdain, and made a note of it. In the course of about a week she produced an opposition novel of her own. One of her satellites begged permission to read it out aloud. It was listened to with impatience. When it came to an end, three young ladies yawned ostentatiously. If Miss Thorinda expected compliments, she was disappointed. However, she said nothing; she merely turned very red, and for the rest of the evening was rather snappish.

What a splendid torso that was! I allude to the manuscript given us by Miss Aurora. What an idea it afforded of the writer's talent! To think that a young lady capable of producing such a work should have condescended to learn lessons, to eat thick bread and butter, and sit on a plain wooden bench. What days they must have been when the school had so gifted a being in its midst. Could it be possible that this exquisite composition, more tantalizing than an unfinished symphony by Schubert, had been produced by a mere girl—a girl like one of ourselves, who perhaps bit her nails, and incurred the wrath of the goddess by reason of a tendency to stand on the side of her feet? We tried to realize the astounding fact—in vain.

Of course we were all seized with a rage for writing novels. I may here observe that one of the principal personages in the tale that had caused such a commotion was a certain mysterious knight in black armour. To me, and, in fact, to most of the girls, he had all the merit of novelty. Very few of us had read "*Ivanhoe*;" but if our authoress had borrowed from Sir Walter Scott, we in turn borrowed from our authoress. For a week or

more mysterious knights in sable "habiliments" were as plentiful as blackberries.

I may remark in passing that most of the tales which we produced were historical. One of them I recollect was laid in the time of Charles II. It contained the following remarkable passage: "Upon this the Montmorency sounded his whistle and caused the whole of *Buckingham Palace* to ring with its shrill echo."

Many of the girls exhibited an extraordinary and no doubt most reprehensible partiality for robbers, winding passages, secret staircases, and caverns full of hoarded treasure enjoyed no inconsiderable degree of favour.

For a long time I did not venture to try my own childish hand at composition. I felt how vain would be any endeavour to compete with the magnificent works that had so enthralled me. Besides, to tell the truth, though my fingers itched to spoil paper I did not wish to incur the derision of the other young ladies. I knew that whatever my aspirations might be I should fail signally. At length, however, I could no longer restrain my ardour; with the utmost secrecy I began to compose a story of my own. As might be expected it was the quaintest nonsense possible, but the delight that it afforded me was prodigious. Whenever a self-confident young lady hawked her compositions about for admiration I used to think to myself, "Yes, and I too am writing a tale." It was a pleasure when derided for my incapacity to reflect that perhaps I was not quite the dunce people thought me. To be sure no one knew anything about my feeble attempts, but what of that? Whenever I had finished a character to my satisfaction I used to read it aloud, or to be more correct under my breath, for fear of consequences to Sophronia, and if she never praised me in so many words I could see her admiration in her face, or at least I knew she would be careful not to hurt my feelings by harsh or unjust criticism. Young writers are proverbially thin skinned.

By degrees the rage for writing stories died out. I alone continued to scribble. I did not however finish my first tale; it dissatisfied me, and thinking I could improve upon it, I tried my hand at another. That in its turn was deserted for a third.

By this time I had some notion, however faint, of making up a plot; but I am bound to say that was very fickle. The third story went the way of the rest. I usually started with what is vulgarly called a "spurt," and after a chapter or two collapsed miserably.

But a notable feature in my compositions was that each fresh attempt was more elaborate and carried to a greater length without breaking down than its predecessor. I had begun with pale, oh such pale reflections, of the Arabian Knights and Robinson

Crusoe; I now began to depend on my own little brain for characters and incidents.

Whenever a combination of ideas struck me I set to work upon a new chapter or perhaps a new story altogether. Thus the old one was forgotten. But when our wings are only just sprouting they will not carry us far without a fall.

If my attention was caught by a name or a phrase that I thought would make a good title such a circumstance alone was sufficient to tempt me to beginning a fresh tale. It will be seen therefore that my efforts were spasmodic, but still for all that I was learning something.

One fact, however, annoyed me excessively. Though I could write stories I could not write "themes." Miss Aurora would say, "Lindhurst, this theme of yours is the strangest rubbish I ever read. You cannot have understood the meaning of the subject I gave you."

But one day she observed, really to my astonishment, "Lindhurst, your themes are improving, this one on the whole is fairly written." But still though I tried to do better and no longer felt utterly hopeless of succeeding, I did not like "themes," I only cared for stories and those I wrote with delight.

After a few months skirmishing I began to feel something like strength. The resemblance I fear was of the remotest, I had a greater flow of language than formerly, a greater fluency of ideas, and I had some little faith in my own workmanship. Hitherto, however much pleasure I may have found in writing, I had been humiliated by the reflexion that what I produced was very silly. This feeling was gradually wearing off. Vanity is a sad and ridiculous vice as we all know, but still at times it helps us over many a weary and disheartening mile.

I began to reflect, I began to sift my ideas; I began, as I imagined, to imitate the style of favourite authors. If, in the course of my reading I met with a passage that impressed me, I tried to weave something of the same kind into my own. If, when out walking I saw anybody who excited my wonder or curiosity, or fear, he was turned summarily to account as a villain or a benevolent nobleman in disguise. If I saw a beautiful sunset or a wild stormy sky, an elaborate but not very successful description of one or the other would be tolerably sure to form the commencement of an early chapter.

One day Miss Aurora said to me "Lindhurst, yours is the best theme that I have read yet." I blushed and felt very proud of those words, as proud as a young painter when one of his pictures is for the first time accepted at the academy. I felt convinced now that

I was on the high-road to success. I had conquered my first real difficulty.

In the meanwhile the girls had often seen me scribbling and sometimes they had snatched what I was writing out of my hand and read it aloud contemptuously. But they did not know that I was seriously buckling to literary work and that I had now such a host of companions in the spirit world that I could afford to treat their sneers and coldness with disdain.

I picked up health and spirits wonderfully. I began to feel confidence in my ability to succeed. I was no longer in my own opinion an utter, helpless little fool.

At length I planned a regular novel. It was to be in four books and three volumes (MS.) It was to be entitled "The Seasons, a Tale of the Best and the Worst Society." What a deal a shrimp of thirteen could have known about either! But I had no misgivings. If my knowledge of the world was limited I had read stories of all sorts, and I believed implicitly in everything that the writers had told me. It was upon them that I relied for my notions of English society, good, bad and indifferent. That subsidiary title "a tale of the best and worst society;" how it made my mouth water. It was so mysterious and yet so suggestive. It was not quite original perhaps, in other words I had appropriated it bodily from an advertisement of a new work by "a popular author."

I hope by this time he has forgiven me the piracy—that is if he has ever heard of it. It may or may not have benefitted the rather ambitious tale on which I rested my hopes of fame. I am sure it cannot have damaged his own more important work in the least.

I believed that when my novel was finished it would be one of the most favourite publications of the season. I filled it to the brim with incident, and knowing that there were certain parts of a story which I never cared to read myself, to wit, moral reflections, disquisitions, etc., I determined that there should be nothing of the kind in my work. I was pleased to imagine that when my tale was read it would be pronounced free from all the "dull" passages usually found in books. I am afraid however my attempts at description were very, very flowery indeed. I know that I was exceedingly proud of them and took the greatest pains to make them grand. I recollect that there was a tremendous thunderstorm in one chapter. It took place on the night before the girls at a school went home for the Christmas holidays. It struck me afterwards that at least in the Midland Counties thunderstorms do not often occur towards the close of December. But I consoled

myself with the reflection that under a peculiar combination of circumstances they might occur. I could not find in my heart to cut out that splendid bit of word painting. My novel was supposed to depict the four seasons in their application to human life. Book I. was headed "Spring," Book II. "Summer," and so forth. This plan, I thought, afforded great scope for effect, but I was obliged to begin with autumn, as winter would have made such a bad climax. The first chapter of all was full of threatening omens and gathering mystery. By the time "winter" had arrived the incidents were terrible, and the characters were plunged up to their ears in wretchedness. At "Spring" I stuck fast, my tale had become hopelessly entangled, and it was impossible for me to unravel the plot, try as I would. But really the pleasure that book afforded me was immense. For some time past it had been my custom if a girl persistently annoyed me, to force her to appear as one of the characters in my story. If she did not appear to advantage, whom had she to blame but herself? I am sorry to say that she generally behaved in a very bad manner indeed. If the work was historical she imprisoned her victims in some loathsome dungeon overrun with rats, and employed a "minion" to execute her cruel behests. If the tale was one of modern life, she betrayed her friends, forged wills, and murdered either with steel or poison. Thus I had my revenge. But though I allowed my enemy to run riot for the present, I knew that there was a tremendous retribution in store for her. Little did she think whenever she teased me of the frightful punishment hanging over her head. By-and-bye however, as my animosity cooled, I would try and soften the character down or eliminate it altogether, and I must say that any such act of mercy embarrassed the rogues of my story in no slight degree.

After a while my secret oozed out; but I kept my tales to myself, and the girls troubled themselves about me very little. I was not then ambitious for fame, and it would have pained me to see my stories made public property,—to hear my pets and pet scenes rudely criticized. I loved even my bad characters, for I knew that though bad to everyone else they were good to me, and I should not have liked to have heard them condemned by anybody but Sophronia and myself.

Yes, though comparatively speaking I was a great girl by this time, I had not forgotten Sophronia.

"Comparatively speaking!" Why, I recollect a period at which I used to say to myself, "When I am thirteen I shall be quite grown up."

But to return.

I had taken the greatest care of my beautiful doll. We loved

each other too dearly ever to part. She showed very few signs of age or wear and tear. You may think me silly if you please, but Sophronia is within a yard of me even as I write these lines. Wax, like friendship, may melt, but my doll has been my faithful companion for many years. Her charms are not impaired in the least. I would not part with her for lumps and lumps of gold.

But she is mine and somebody else's as well. That somebody is the tiniest of somebodies, and is now asleep in the smallest of cots by my side. Perhaps one of these days Sophronia will comfort the daughter as she comforted the mother years ago. She is taken great care of.

But I am anticipating sadly.

As time went on I began to take a great interest in the doings of the literary world. I was very small and very ignorant, but of course very confident, and ambitious to a degree. I longed to appear in print. I furtively sent off MSS. in all directions. I recollect that one of my earliest attempts was a short story which I composed with a view to the Christmas number of the *Illustrated London News*. It was returned to me "with the editor's compliments." I was pained at the refusal, and yet proud of the note. Fancy a little girl at school having occupied even the momentary attention of such a great man as an editor. My vanity was wounded and flattered at the same time.

I wrote stories and essays, and sent them about to the various magazines, but without much success. There was one kind editor, however, who wrote in pencil at the head of a rejected MS., "Not suited, but clever; try again." I suppose he guessed from the handwriting and the tone of the article that it was written by a little girl. I wish I knew that editor's name.

Nearly all my essays and tales—even an amended version of that theme which Miss Aurora had praised so highly—came back to me. Others remained such a long while up in London that, though accustomed to expect failure I was almost tempted to believe that they were put on one side for insertion. Just, however, as I had made up my mind that they were sure to be used or the editor would have returned them, an ominous bundle would be pretty certain to appear by the morning or afternoon post. How I learnt to hate those horrid words, "Not suited." I really began to fancy that the editors must be jealous; but I persevered, and something whispered to me that stumble as I might, I should succeed at last. I would not, however, for the world have had it known that I sent MSS. about and that they were returned to me. How the girls would have laughed. Miss Aurora, I may add, was not one of those unconscionable schoolmistresses who

tamper with a girl's correspondence. We might write to whom we liked and where we liked. She trusted to our honour, and I am sure that we never abused her confidence.

At one time I edited a serio-comic paper (MS.). It contained a story in numbers, entitled "Henry's Adventures." This, of course, was very comic, though it was not intended to be anything of the kind. Within the short space of three chapters it could boast a shipwreck, a mutiny, a house on fire, and a desert island. It broke down at the fifth chapter. The paper had then been running for a month. After the fourth issue it was merged in the "Podley Gazette." I issued a supplement "gratis to all subscribers," as I rather ostentatiously announced in a foot-note, on the occasion of the schoolroom chimney catching fire. My subscribers were one in number. Sophronia alone took the paper in; but she was a host in herself.

I used to take great delight in illustrated newspapers, and bought them whenever I could. I would look at the pictures very attentively, shading them with my hands to obtain the tints without the crude lines of the engraving. As I pored over them, my fingers on my ears and my elbows on the desk, I used to forget all about the real world around me, and almost fancy that I was amongst the mountains or in the grand cathedrals and mighty forests that the artist depicted. I wandered in imagination half over the world, and the scenes that I admired most I endeavoured to reproduce in my stories. For instance, I once saw a picture of a rag-picker's warehouse in Paris. It appealed to my sense of the Rembrandtesque, and I forthwith began a lurid chapter, in which I caused a rag-picker to play a prominent part. I attempted to describe his abode, and represented it as a place very similar to the one pourtrayed in the engraving.

I loved stormy sunsets, rolling seas, the billows "mountains high," far-spreading solitary wastes, gloomy old-fashioned mansions, and sombre forests, into the depths of which no one had ever dared to penetrate. I had an innate love of the melodramatic.

One day, in the "Illustrated News," I saw some "Sketches from the East." My hero forthwith took a sudden and rather purposeless journey to the banks of the Danube. Soon afterwards he appeared in a pass of the Balkans, and I was not quite sure but that he would encounter some very thrilling adventures indeed, owing to the villainy of a monk who had watched him from behind a cluster of pillars in the Cathedral of Seville.

But I shall weary you, good reader, if I keep rambling on in this way.

You cannot imagine the pleasure I had in writing these

ridiculous stories. I was for ever dreaming and plotting fresh combinations of incidents. A picturesque tramp hurrying past the house to the river side, or an angry sky, a thunderstorm, or the wind whistling through the trees at night, was enough to set my fancy at work.

One sunshiny morning I commenced an elaborate invocation to Spring. "Bubbling rivulets," "lambkins," "verdant meads," and "balmy Zephyrs," were employed in profusion. Then I paused. I suddenly recollected that it was Sunday. I was afraid of committing an impiety, so I laid my manuscript aside.

At length I obtained the reputation of being out of my mind. The girls used to say, "There goes Lindhurst—she is mad!" I learnt somehow to confound those young ladies who sneered at me with the haughty aristocrats of whom I had read in cheap magazines of fiction. I became a rank republican. In my stories I attacked the higher classes in a fashion that, under certain circumstances, and in certain countries, might have exposed me to a press prosecution.

I may add in explanation that, when I was away for the holidays, I used to borrow the "London Journal" and other such prints from a servant of Mrs. Grey's, who took them in. They delighted me. After I had finished the novels, I would go through the column of "facetiae" from beginning to end. My masterpiece owed many of its incidents and much of its style to those dear old penny papers, harmless, if somewhat extravagant, for which I have always retained a fondness, though I may not admire them as much now as I used.

Altogether I was very happy, and, in spite of my rejected manuscripts, long before I left school I had made up my mind to be an authoress.

THE LAY OF KAISER FREDERICK THE REDBEARD.

FROM "THE WILD HUNTSMAN OF THE HARTZ."

SEE ye yon crumbling turrets, high on the mountain's brow,
Once glorious as the morning but wrapped in twilight now—
Kyfhaufen's tower they called it—'tis now a ruin grey
Beneath whose broken arches the minstrel loves to stray.

O castle bold, in times of old by noble Finkler reared,
How queenly in thy princely halls his lovely bride appeared;
And when the tempest smote thee, when came the battle's shock,
The storm, the battle hurt thee not—built on eternal rock.

Yet time alas has smote thee sore, and broke thy rocky crown,
And after many a long campaign has hurled thy ramparts down:
A thousand feet adown the gorge thy battlements are strewn
From whence for full five hundred years our banner proud has
[flown.

And up the mighty ruins, the ivy climbs at will,
Beside the crumbling gateway the oak is growing still;
And round the tottering watch-tower it wreathes its giant arm,
Upon whose spreading branches the croaking ravens swarm.

Far up the dizzy mountain where man hath seldom trod,
Where nature wrapped in silence is worshipping her God,
A kingly hall there standeth upon that fearful height,
But by the cloud-land shrouded from curious mortal sight.

There clad in robe of purple that shines with many a gem,
And bearing on his kingly brow a kingly diadem,
Upon his throne of splendour there sits an ancient man,
The Kaiser Barbarossa—of countenance so wan.

His beard full long and ruddy, is resting on his breast
And warms the hero-heart that beats beneath the purple vest;
His eyes are closed in heavy sleep, and sunk the kingly head,
As one who dreams, and dreams perchance of the forgotten dead.

That monarch sad in captive lies to demon charm and spell,
 To slumber on this lonely peak as holy legends tell.
 Till once the Eagle, fierce and strong, from the far German north
 To scare away the raven-swarm on conquering wing comes forth.

Then from his slumber he shall start that hero strong and bold,
 And Germany again he'll rule as in the days of old.
 And Germany be one once more, right glorious I ween—
 But long alas! we've waited, and naught of it we've seen.

Into that realm of cloudland a shepherd once did stray,
 And through the gloomy phantom-hall, awe-struck he traced his
 way.

There, smote with fearful wonder, he saw the monarch rest,
 The pale green moonlight streaming upon his purple vest.

And as the shepherd fearful to heaven did straightway kneel,
 A strain of melody sublime, through the dim hall did peal :
 It fell upon the midnight air—the echo died away—
 And as it died the monarch woke—(would that it were to-day).

Thus to the wondering shepherd, with accents strange he spoke,
 "Around the broken watch-tower, still do the ravens croak?
 Say, or sits now the Eagle upon the ramparts high?"
 And then he bowed his weary head and heaved a heavy sigh.

"My Sire," the herd replies, "alas! the ravens still are here,
 Nor from the northward have I seen the Eagle yet appear,"
 And then the Redbeard sighed—"again thou weary soul must
 sleep,
 For yet another hundred years poor Germany must weep."

Yet who alas! can tell us when lived that shepherd bold!
 How many long decades since then the course of time has rolled.
 O Father Time fly swiftly, roll on the ages dim,
 Still slumbers Barbarossa—when Eagle wak'st thou him?

THE TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
 "FLEMING OF GRIFFIN'S COURT," "GRACE CLIFFORD," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two o'clock from the great clock tower of Rawdon church. The cold white snow lay thick and crisp, the whole earth covered with its white veil. So went the world outside, while within the parlour of Moor Lodge, the crimson fire-light quivered over the bowed figure of a woman, who half crouched, half knelt before it—a woman who dared not pray but could only fear.

In the room above, where the dying lay gasping out his life, Masters knelt before a worn leathern valise: the key was in the lock, the lid flung wide and open on the floor; beside it was the heap of tossed papers he had flung on the table of the room below, now carefully tied together, nothing missing save the abstracted will. In the valise itself, whence he had taken them, hidden and wrapped up among sundry articles of old clothing, lay certain bags of coarse cloth, heavy to the touch, weighted with golden guineas. Masters took them up one by one, poised them in his hand, and laid them down again. The metal chinked as they fell upon each other with a tempting music. The warm rectory wine flowed fiery in his veins—to-morrow all this treasure would be his. Why not reap a grain of his harvest to-night?

He cut the cord, turned, and knotted, and sealed, on the mouth of the bag. He strewed out their contents before him; glittering heaps of golden guineas shimmering yellow in the flaring rush-light. What a time of royal feasting, what hours of wildest revelry, would not that hidden mass bring him. He drew a great breath, a long full breath, such as men draw after a draught of strong wine. His fingers went down amongst the glowing heap with a covetous fire leaping into his eyes; he gathered the gold up by handfuls and thrust it into his pockets, chinking the guineas together with insane half-drunken joy. His pockets were heavy with the coin, but he had not had enough. He opened the empty bag, and began filling it again with fierce energy.

The room was full of a great dead silence, only the drop of the falling gold breaking it, as Masters went on rapidly re-filling the bag, never looking up once from his intended purpose. A little way off, the candle flared and guttered in the draught of the open door. A little way off the dying man sat up in the bed glaring at the robber, with eyes lighted by a momentary fire, mouthing at him with struggling voiceless lips.

Downstairs the fire was dying, and fading, the blazing pine logs falling down into heaps of feathery ashes, or sending out fitful quivers of ruddy flames, over the figure of the girl sitting alone before it.

She was a woman not given to fear, a woman of iron nerve, and iron will; to whom the common tremors of girlhood, or the pretty little frights and fancies of her sister women, were strangers. Yet she was afraid to-night, afraid with an awful fear. Not of the burned will, whose ashes had floated away, amongst the ashes of coal and pine log; but afraid of something intangible, uncertain, of a mighty weight, and a mighty terror, which oppressed her.

Without, the snow was falling again softly, the whole world profoundly sleeping, under the golden stars. Within, the house was full of a great silent stillness, broken sharply and suddenly by a long shrill cry.

Alice leaped up, crouching no longer, but roused, intent, and listening. It came again, the same shrill, quavering, treble cry. With a step swift and light she passed out of the parlour, and up the staircase.

The door of her uncle's room stood ajar; the candle, sputtering and wasting in the draught, gave only a poor light to the desolate room, but of that on which it fell she saw enough.

The old man was sitting up in bed, the half dead life that was in him, pulsed and quickened by the sight of daring hands touching his darling gold; his arms outstretched in menace towards his treasure, his lips, with their partially restored power, mowing out half intelligible curses and threats on the spoiler.

"Villain and robber! curse you, curse you!" he cried. Then came an inarticulate muttering, a wild swaying to and fro of his arms, a horrible working of his lips, struggling for fresh speech.

Masters was standing on his feet facing him, his strong figure square and stubborn, his cruel jaw set firm, and that stern look upon his face Alice had seen there once before. She drew herself nearer to the door, watching with strained eyes.

"I know you," came again from the old man's quivering lips, round which the white froth gathered thickly, "and I'll hang you before I die."

The sense of danger and the sense of hatred woke up all the dormant devil in Masters. A fierce wild thirst for a fierce wild vengeance, leaped into his soul, tumultuous, irrepressible, mingling with the fumes of the wine. He clenched his hands together hard as iron. He strode a step nearer the bed.

"D——n you!" he hissed between his merciless, gleaming teeth. "D——n you; say that again!"

Again a mute struggle for speech; again a tossing of his arms to and fro, and the words broke out anew.

"I'll tell them to-morrow, I'll hang you as——"

The sentence never was finished. Rough brutal hands cast him backwards with the words upon his lips, the cruel fingers closing on his throat.

Outside the door, full in the light of the sputtering candle, Alice knelt, crouching and shivering, with a horror too great for word or cry; a fearful, shuddering horror, which bent and crushed her under it like a reed. This man, whom she had loved and worshipped, whom she had longed to crown with riches and honour—this idol, had crowned himself with blood. He had blood upon his hands, and blood upon his soul; the cruellest, bitterest blood—the blood of his own father!

She gathered herself up shuddering, and afraid; she staggered down to the room below, she cast herself before the half-dead embers, pressing her hands before her eyes, to shut out that living horror; she heard Ralph's footsteps heavy above her head; she heard him lock the valise, and drag it back to its place; she heard him pull the door of her uncle's room close behind him, shutting in that horrible thing which she knew lay there, stark and silent.

He came down the stairs one by one, slowly and firmly, not troubling himself to avoid the creaking step, and her heart throbbed when he touched it, remembering there was nothing to fear now. He came into the sitting-room, and flung some heavy weight from his hands to the table; then he walked round to where she lay, gathered in a heap, and flashed the light of his candle on her bowed head.

"Alice," he said. She made no answer. He stooped and touched her with his hand. "Alice! what infernal nonsense is this?" His voice was thick and hard, "Rise and get me more wine."

She took away her hands from her face, lifting up her great dark eyes, full of their unspoken horror, and pushed away her hair off her forehead; but she neither essayed to speak nor to obey.

He stood staring at her, an angry, bloodshot stare. A dangerous

glaring light in his ruthless furtive eyes. She knew all. She had seen, or she had heard ; but curse her, she knew all.

He read it in her white upturned face ; in the look of silent reproach she cast at him, from where she sat.

Henceforth his life was at the mercy of this woman's lip : of her love, of her anger, of her jealousy. For one moment he stood above her, with a fierce clench on his white teeth ; a fierce sense of security to be won by her death.

Alone on the wide moor, alone in the dead night-time. If he came and went unseen, he would be no less his father's heir, because an unseen assassin slew him in the night. So spoke the devil who tempted, the devil who whispered "that dead lips alone kept silence."

"Ralph, Ralph, don't look like that. For God's sake don't look like that!" Alice's voice cried out, as her eyes shrunk from the fiery threat of his glance.

Her words broke through the voice of the whispering devil, and the temptation went by him. He moved a step back from her, with the air of a man who had given up a purpose sullenly.

"Rise then, and get me some wine."

She got up slowly and took a fresh bottle from the cupboard, the last bottle of that fatal rectory port, whose generous juices had set his brain in a whirl. As she laid it on the table, her eyes fell on the bag of money he had flung down when he came in. She pointed to it with her finger. He laughed an abrupt laugh.

"Do you think I am going to London without a shilling, to wait until the lawyers give me my inheritance," he said shortly. "What the deuce ails you, girl, that you look so chicken-hearted to-night?" He poured some wine into a tumbler, and drank it off.

"You have got such a fool, Alice, that I've grown afraid to trust you."

She came over to him with all the old docile blind obedience in look and gesture. The old trusting, humble love, which had been always ready to enlarge his temptations, and excuse his guilt. He had done this thing when he was frenzied with wine, when he was cursed and taunted. He had never meant it in its fullest guilt. He had not reckoned how strong was the hand he put forth in his anger ; how weak the life he touched.

She was poor in the sweetest feminine gifts—not pitiful, not gracious, harsh, unpliant, self-reliant. Yet surely she was beautiful in the might of her love, in the faith that never waxed cold, the truth that never wavered. Not trust her ! No shameful blow struck by his hand would have made her suffer as she suffered from the cruelty of those words—the bitter suspicion of voice and eye

which gave them force. She who would willingly die that he might live! she who would let them say she did that which she saw done to-night, if it were needed to save him from death or infamy.

She knelt before him, clinging to his knees.

"Oh, Ralph! Ralph! don't doubt me like that! My love, my darling, for whose sake I would lay down my life, how could you think I would betray you? You, with whose life would go out my life!"

He drew her up by her hands, clasping her supple figure with his crime-stained hands. He was hers now for all time. He must not seek to rid himself of her now, and he felt the gall of the chain on him in the seal of that wordless embrace.

CHAPTER IX.

IN the darkness which lay between night and dawn, when the stars were dying away one by one, Masters crossed the common alone, with the bag of gold slung across his shoulder, passing over the trackless snow with a surety and precision which showed he was accustomed to steer himself without chart or guide, save the gleam of the Northern Star.

The deep snow rose above his ankles at every step, its flakes fell white on his heavy coat, on the dark hairs of his beard; but still he tramped on, without halt or stay, through the darkness of the night and the dull grey of dawn, until he found himself on the broad high road leading to the town of Boston, down which the Boston coach came, with a rush and a clatter, such as passengers and driver used to delight in. A halloo to the coachman brought the coach, and its panting greys to a standstill, while Masters climbed to a vacant place behind the driver.

"Going to Lunnon, sir, I s'pose?" the coachman hazarded, throwing the question over his shoulder to the new passenger, as he gathered up the reins.

"Aye!" Masters answered, curtly, depositing his bag upon his knees, and lapping the tails of his coat partly over it.

"Belong to Boston, I s'pose?" he hazarded again, drawing his inference from the fact of Masters taking up the coach so near the town.

"Aye!" Masters answered, as curtly as before.

"An uncommon nice town; Boston, sir. Nice country too, about, only a bit marshy like."

"The whole county's an infernal fen," Masters growled in contradiction; and then, as if in surly protest against being bored by

the man's loquacity, he sank himself to his chin in the drawn-up collar of his great coat, and spoke no more.

"Queer chap, that!" the coachman confided to his right-hand neighbour. "But we do meet uncommon queer chaps on the road at times, sir."

Meanwhile the dawn went creeping over the sky, cold and slow. The dawn, which woke up light hearts in Rawdon, rejoicing in the glorious Christmas morning, but which will wake up never more him, over whom Alice Greyson bent, smoothing out the stark limbs, closing the staring eyes, which would not be closed, which would not let her shade the strong horror of their sightless gaze.

She had lain upon the parlour floor all night, lain there, curled up, after Masters left her, in such another heap as that he had found her in, when he came down-stairs. The glowing pine-logs died out unheeded. The chill air came creeping through the room unheeded, freezing the marrow in her bones; while she lay with her head in her hands, thinking, not wearily, or drowsily, as weak natures are apt to think, but thinking with every sense strung, and every fear broadly waking.

They would be here to-morrow. The doctor and the minister here with the living and the dead, looking at the cold clenched hands, at the shrivelled throat, with the horrible dark band round about it; or they would bring women to lay out the dead, who would stand aghast before each other, pointing to the marks on his neck—to the strained staring eyes, which seemed glaring into hers despite the dense darkness, and her clasped fingers.

She did not wail or cry, she did not fly forth from the house, where that great horror lay as yet undiscovered. She did not do any of the hundred things that many women worse, and many women better than she, would have done; but she sat quite still upon the floor, with a beating heart and a thinking brain, marking out the way of safety and concealment; planning how to cheat and blind the kindly hearts, and sympathetic hands, which would be with her before midday. Good, simple souls! whose eyes were none of the quickest, whose brains were mediocre and obtuse.

They knew he was dying yesterday, that he must die to-morrow or the next day, what wonder then, if he died to-night! She would lay out her dead herself; and the iron heart within her shuddered with a human shrinking from the task, shuddered—but did not draw back.

She would lay out her dead, she would smooth the stiffened limbs, cover the staring eyeballs, hide away the accusing band upon his throat.

In the dull grey dawn she crept up-stairs, and with her cold,

white fingers, tried to make him who had died by violent hands, look as though his soul had passed away in peace. But though the body itself lay straight and cold, the clenched hands refused to open, the staring eyelids refused to close.

She might draw the scattered grey hair over his forehead, and hide that damning mark round his throat, under clean coarse linen—for there was nothing soft or refined in that house, for living or for dead—but she could not cover the glaring eyeballs, or straighten the hands fixed in the fierce agony of death.

All alone with the dead, between whom and herself lay that horrible secret. All alone with the ghastly reality of what she had seen in the visions of the night. The awful open eyes, the throat marked with the parricide's fingers, her heart shuddered and grew sick, although her hands neither failed nor faltered in their office.

She went down-stairs again when the frosty sun was up in the sky, when the church bells were ringing for the early Christmas service. She wandered to the window and looked out on the dreary common, from which the snow had blotted all traces of Masters's passage. She stared at the empty garden, with whose unkempt beds, and unkempt walks, were one, under their white covering. She turned away, and while the church bells were still clanging out loudly, she lighted her fire, heaping on coals and logs with a lavish hand, conscious there was no wakeful ears above to detect her extravagance.

The blaze leaped up keenly, lending radiance and warmth to the dull, comfortless room. Alice gathered herself up close to it, kindling the cold blood in her veins, chafing her hands before it, while she listened with intent ears for the sound of a knock on the door, or footsteps crackling on the frosted snow. They must come, the doctor at least must come, and she sat there wishing that he would come soon. She was wearied after her terrible night of thought and fear, after her loathsome task of the morning; so wearied that she longed to stand face to face with the next act of this dreadful tragedy—longed that the doctor might come; that the minister might come; that the undertaker's men too might come to bury her dead out of her sight, to cover away for ever the silent accuser who lay above.

It never occurred to her that she had tasted nothing since yesterday, but hunger was as far from her as if she had had a hearty breakfast an hour ago. She heard the people passing on the road, the voices of cottagers tramping into Rawdon, to early service. Men and women's voices, clear and cheery, but neither did it occur to her to waylay one of those kindly matrons to ease her solitude, or burthen her with a message to clergyman or doctor. She wanted them to come, but she would not send for them, so there she sat

alone in the spirit of her old sullen patience, waiting for the end.

Presently, along the road, the cottagers' voices came ringing back again, the sounds of life thickened. Wheels began rolling over the highway ; the cattle went lowing down to the water to drink. The doctor came cantering along the road, followed by his servant, who filled the two-fold office of groom and stable-man. He had a call to make on a convalescent baby at the Abbey ; a querulous, troublesome little baby, who had nothing on earth the matter with it just then, but who, because it was an Abbey baby, must be looked to more closely than other babies. So the doctor had put on a little extra state that morning, and cantered gaily along, followed by his groom.

He threw the reins of his horse to the man, and entered the gate, which stood wide open, whistling softly as he crossed the snow-covered garden. Alice met him at the door.

"Well, my dear young lady; cold, is it not?" the Doctor said, briefly, while he struck the snow off his boots. "How is our patient to-day?"

He looked for the first time into the girl's face, as he asked the question, and started at its stony, frozen whiteness.

"He is dead," she said.

"How horrible!" he exclaimed; all the jaunty briskness going out of his voice. "And you here all alone. You had no one with you, I suppose?"

Alice's eyes went past him to the even snow outside, where only the deep tread of the Doctor's steps was visible.

"No one;" she answered.

Involuntarily Doctor Mason's eyes followed hers. Involuntarily he took in the impression her glance bespoke. There was no step, save his own, to or fro upon the snow.

"I was afraid of a shock like this," he said, a minute later, when they stood together before the blaze of the generous fire Alice had heaped on in the parlour. "I wish you had allowed me to send you Mrs. Wilson. She is the best of nurses; and even now she would be invaluable as a companion. May I send her to you?"

"No, no; I don't want any one. I prefer to be alone," she answered hastily, a half-frightened look clouding her eyes.

"You don't mean to stay here day and night alone, so long as the dead remains with you?" the good old doctor asked, with a friendly hand on her shoulder. "Why, my dear young lady, it would be enough to drive you mad."

A little smile flitted over her lip. Mad! If she had not gone mad under the horrors of last night, what would drive her mad now.

"I prefer to be alone," she said, briefly and firmly.

"Well, well, we shall see about it," Doctor Mason said, soothingly. Then he asked, "Can I go up-stairs?"

She nodded, and made a move to accompany him; but he laid his hand on her arm. "Don't distress yourself afresh. I can go up alone."

She shook her head in dissent.

"I wish to go," she said; and in her voice there was that tone of resolve against which there is no appeal.

"A very extraordinary girl. A most remarkable girl!" Doctor Mason declared to himself, as he followed her up-stairs to the room where the dead lay still and stony, with his staring eyes wide open, and his shrivelled hands clenched, as he had clenched them in his death agony.

They stood by the dead together: the doctor gravely professional, Alice quiet and self-contained, every nerve stilled, every pulse under her command; only her great dark eyes wakeful and eager lest he should touch the corpse, lest he should drag to light by a chance finger that which lay hidden under the coarse linen of his shirt, under the smooth folds of the sheet. But in spite of her presence he did touch it, he lifted up the stiff clenched right hand, examining it closely, he peered sharply into the gaping eyes.

Her heart throbbed with a horrible silent sickness, with the shadow of a great fear, but she spoke never a word. Many a woman in her place might have precipitated that which they dreaded, by some sudden break down, some sudden appeal, some rash word; but this woman was not made of soft clay, and the life she loved dearest—albeit a guilty life—was in her hands.

Without one move made, or one word spoken, through her agony of suspense, she waited until the doctor let the hand drop, and lifted himself up erect.

"He must have died hard," he said, with the air of a man who had gathered no suspicion from his scrutiny. "Were you here when he died, Miss Walters?"

"No," and as she said the word a shuddering memory of where she had been, of the clutching fingers at his throat, of the gurgling inarticulate cry, of her own crouching figure on the landing, rose up so vividly, that with a sudden gesture she put her hands over her eyes to shut out the picture.

It was the cry of a human agony which refused to be stifled. The one weakness of a human soul to whom weakness was rare.

"Let us come away," the doctor said, pityingly, leading her out by the hand. "It is a terrible spectacle for a young girl. I had no business to allow you to be face to face with it."

"Let me send Mrs. Wilson to you," he urged, when they were once more before the fire in the parlour, "you will find her a comfortable old body, and it is not good for you to be alone."

"I had rather be alone."

"Well, well, I'll send the rector at any rate. I'll meet him coming out of church."

"Yes; I should like to see him," Alice said, thinking that he too must come, that he too, might, if he so chose, look on her uncle's corpse, and that the sooner all these visitors were done with and over, the better. So she said, "Yes, I should like to see him."

"Now I call that reasonable," Doctor Mason smiled. "And Miss Ward, too, I'll just drop a little note to Miss Ward, and send it on by my man, when I have done at the Abbey."

But the girl shrunk back.

"Pray don't, Doctor Mason, I would rather not see Miss Ward."

"Bless my soul! why not?" he asked, in surprise.

"No matter why, only I would rather not see her."

"Well, well, well," he said, patting her on the shoulder as he left the house, resolved, in his professional pertinacity, not only to send the Rector of Rawdon, but Miss Ward and Mrs. Wilson as well.

"Pooh, pooh!" he said to himself, as he rode forward to Moor Abbey, while the bells were ringing again for morning service; "the girl's distraught by nervous fear, she'll be all right when she has some one to speak to."

So it came to pass that Mr. Ward made his appearance in due course, and went away again without showing the least curiosity to see the dead. Mrs. Wilson too, came, later in the day, flanked by Doctor Mason, and backed by his kindly authority, to which Alice yielded with an ill-grace.

Down that portly lady sat in the old man's vacant chair, filling it with her broad obesity, taking possession of the room as if it were her own of right. Planting a pallet-bed for herself in one warm corner, and her well-filled arm-chair in another, as she would have taken possession of the dead man's room too, to intrude there when she saw fit, only she met a soul more resolute than her own up yonder, a hand firmer than that she stretched out to find an entrance, which locked the door in her teeth.

"I want no irreverent hands about the dead," Alice declared to the indignant woman, who went back grumbling to her quarters below.

"A great honour it was indeed, to look at a dead beggar, or to keep company with a living beggar;" Mrs. Wilson muttered while she glanced with contempt on the ricketty furniture, which testified to a poverty so dire. "And who was to pay her for her time, she

would like to know ; unless the doctor would see to it?" So the old woman disposed herself in her chair while she despatched her little grandson to the village for a bottle of spirits, wherewith to solace herself, which no doubt the doctor would pay for too.

CHAPTER X.

In the evening, when the short winter day was almost over, Miss Ward came, under the escort of her brother; but Alice utterly refused to see her.

With a soft step she ascended the stairs to Alice's room. With a soft voice she pleaded for admission through the door resolutely bolted against all intrusion.

"No, no ; do not ask me to see you now," was all the answer to her prayer.

This golden-haired, pure-hearted girl, whose soul was as pure as the snow without, was no fit companion for her any more so long as they both should live.

She had been the one woman in the world who had ever wakened up in Alice any thing like homage, any thing like an appreciation of the stainless glory which surrounds the life of our best women. And now she was the woman in all the world, Alice most shrank from meeting. So she shuddered, and hid herself away from the sympathy of Nellie Ward's honest blue eyes, from the touch of her soft white hands, lest they should be polluted by the touch of those other hands, half-smear'd as they were with the stains of blood.

Downstairs all the night through the old woman snored heartily, who was to have given such comfort and companionship to the girl whose chief comfort seemed to be to be left quite alone. The girl who, shut out from the glow of the fire below, lay shivering with the cold upon her bed all night, only to waken up in the morning to meet the undertaker's men, who had come to do the last offices to the dead.

"Merely a plain coffin, I suppose, Miss Walters?" the good doctor suggested, after the men had gone; thinking in his own mind that he would, probably, have to pay for the funeral, as this poor girl seemed to have nothing.

Then for the first time since he had known her Alice spoke out, without the reserve which made her manner so peculiar.

"My name is not Walters, Doctor Mason ; neither was my uncle's name Walters. I wish you to put the truth upon the coffin."

"I don't quite understand," the doctor said, a little bewildered at her unexpected confidence. "Do you mean he lived under a feigned name. What did he take a false name for?"

Alice lifted her shoulder, with a slight gesture of impatience.

"From a morbid wish to hide himself from his only son," she said. "I know no other reason."

"And you?"

"I took it because he told me. I rarely asked questions."

The doctor twisted his hat round on his hand.

"Well, what am I to have put on the coffin?"

She drew a paper from her pocket, and gave it to him. The paper was in her own handwriting, and on it was written:—

"George Masters,

"Born in London, November 4, 1720;

"Died December 25, 1796, aged 76 years."

The doctor looked at the paper, and twisted his hat again.

"If he have relatives, they ought to be written to," he said, after a minute. "Where is this son?"

"I do not know," Alice answered, in dogged resolve to keep Masters' whereabouts secret, until he saw fit to show himself; "but there is a friend of my uncle's—a very old friend—a Mr. Calthrope, a solicitor in Barnard's Inn, who ought, perhaps, to be written to."

So the letter was written, and lay, as Alice knew it would lie, in Rawdon Post-office, for three whole days, until the snow broke up sufficiently to open the coach road again to the Royal Mail, which went rumbling into London with the good doctor's letter in one of its bags, alongside of another to Parker, covering an enclosure from Alice to Masters, the very morning they carried the old miser forth to Rawdon churchyard to bury him—not with the burial of an ass amongst the pauper clay, huddled into the dampest corner of the grave-yard—but in a spot where the summer sun would shine on clustering yew trees, where dead Rawdon magnates slept their last sleep; while the woman who had watched and waited, who had shielded her horrible secret by night, and by day, who had seen the coffin-lid screwed down above the dead face, clasped her hands before her breast, and cried aloud in her heart, "Thank God!"

Then Masters walked forth a free man, and stretched out his hands to grasp the inheritance he had so unrighteously won.

As the first step to this end, he sent down to Rawdon a flashy London attorney, whose acquaintance he had made in some of the dainty haunts which he frequented. This man, who wore loud rings, and sported a loud watch-chain, went down by coach to Lincolnshire, and claimed possession of the property of the deceased, in the

name of his heir-at-law, and lorded it over the defeated Calthrope with a mighty lording.

In vain Mr. Calthrope asserted there was a will. He had seen it signed; he had had a glimpse of its contents. He knew his own name was down for a goodly legacy.

He searched the house from stem to stern—he turned every scrap of paper inside out; he questioned Alice Greyson, and tried to read her inscrutable face, but all to no effect.

“My dear sir, there must be a duplicate. Surely so careful a man as Mr. Masters never made a will without leaving a duplicate with you,” the younger lawyer would say in laughing taunt; “but meanwhile, until that duplicate is found, I retain all the money here, all securities, bonds, and houses, in the name of my client, the heir-at-law.”

The baffled old attorney went back to London, followed, the next day, by his triumphant brother lawyer; followed again, two days later, by Alice Greyson, on the receipt of a letter from Masters.

“Come away at once,” the letter ran; “start by the first mail, which leaves Rawdon the morning after you get this. It will get into London about five o’clock. I’ll meet you at the coach-office.”

In obedience to the command she went, without a word or notice to any one, leaving all Rawdon with its hands upraised over the tale of those marvellous riches, which report had multiplied fourfold.

In the gloom of a winter’s evening she and Masters met again, under the shadow of the frowning archway which led into the inn-yard where the coach let down its passengers. She yielded her hands to his clasp, her lips to his kiss, suspecting no treachery in his welcoming fingers, dreaming of no betrayal in the touch of his silky dark moustache.

CHAPTER XI.

THEY were married in early spring, when the crocuses were peeping above the ground, and the dusty London sparrows were beginning to forget the late severity of winter in the prospect of better times.

They were married in a quaint old-fashioned city church, then standing in one of the narrow defiles about Cheapside, but which City improvement has long since demolished.

It was a very quiet wedding; pageantry there was none—outward show of the newly inherited wealth of the bridegroom there was none. The bride wore no white satin, and decked herself in no

costly laces. There was nothing about their humble hackney carriage to induce the passengers going to and fro to watch for the bride, who came in such lowly guise to make her vows before the altar, and before the pale, young curate, who raced through the ceremony with gabbling irreverence, anxious to escape out of the vaulty chillness of the church, and thus to be quit of a bridal set in such plain colours, one witness to which was to be the wheezy parish-clerk, the other Masters's friend, Parker, the bloated, red-haired man who gave the bride away.

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Alice walked forth from the shadowy church aisle into the spring sunlight, with those words in her ears. But had God joined those two? had His presence hallowed a wedding round which hung an awful crime, whose memory lay shuddering in secret at the heart of the bride, even while she sat with her hand clasped in the hand of her husband, while the carriage went rolling along the road to Tottenham, in which unpretentious neighbourhood Masters had fixed their home?

They fell into their new life quietly, settling down into every-day existence, without profuse sentiment, or any mighty show of honeymoon keeping.

Their house was a roomy two-storied house set in a fair, but not extensive spread of lawn, past the end of which the river Lea went murmuring gaily, in the summer time, the silver fish leaping in its clear waters.

The neighbourhood of Tottenham was but sparsely inhabited in those days, indeed, I believe Tottenham proper did not exist at all; but the want of neighbours gave very little concern to Alice Masters. She had never been even in earliest youth of a gregarious nature, and now that the mighty sum of her life had been given to her she was content.

For a time all went well. If Masters had none of the effusion which young brides are given to exact from lover husbands, at all events, as yet he showed none of the rougher crust of his character. True, he suffered, rather than sought, the endearments that Alice lavished on him out of the burning lava of her great love.

He dozed unsentimentally when her head was on his shoulder, or her fingers twining themselves lovingly in the curling rings of his dark hair, but still for a time the brute that was in him slumbered. The evil nature which was rough enough to smite the love which had twice shielded his life, was dormant, half from shame, half from fear.

He had taken this woman to him, and married her, because she knew that which would consign him to a felon's death. He had sealed her lips to silence by her marriage vow, all the while that

he cursed her none the less in his heart, because he was forced so to seal them.

Still for a time all went well; her life was a changed life from the arid existence she had dragged out at Rawdon. Her white hands had no need any more to soil their whiteness by household drudgery. The woman's soul that was in her shuddered no longer at her mean dress, at her poor, coarse food. She had bread to eat, and clothes to wear.

That Masters poured out none of his wealth upon her gave her no concern. She never troubled herself because of the want of the gorgeous surroundings he might have given her had he so willed. She knew he had inherited thousands upon thousands from the dead who lay silently in Rawdon churchyard.

It seemed a mighty sum to think about in speculative moments, when Masters talked to her of freighting ships, and trading with his newly-found wealth, resting content with the notion that this was the channel into which his inheritance would be poured, instead of being cast at the feet of reckless companions such as his soul once loved, although of this unholy band the only one of whom Alice had any thing beyond a vague knowledge was Parker.

Parker was their constant visitor, riding out to Tottenham, and taking up his quarters there as if the house were his own.

On the occasions of Parker's visits to Uplands, which were pretty frequent, there was late sitting up at night, and much was-sail and wine drinking, much money staked upon *ecarté*, at which both men played with fierce interest.

How Alice Masters loathed that man!

How she sat and stared at him out of her great dark eyes, while he was eager over his game, wishing she dare stand up and tell him how intolerable his presence was in her home!

How deeply she hated the leering admiration with which he looked upon her beauty! How deeply she scorned the half-tipsy gallantry of his manner, which she dare not resent, because, as she had said before to Masters, the man knew too much! For fear of that knowledge, she bore the sense of Parker's presence; she even smiled upon him now and then with a smile cold and false, but he was intolerable to her none the less, or rather perhaps all the more. She seemed sitting in his shadow always. If they rowed upon the river, as they often did in summer time, Parker never failed to make one of the party in the boat. If they went to the Opera to hear the music in which Alice's soul delighted, he was there too—sometimes maudlin with tipsy friendliness, sometimes profuse of vinous compliment, sometimes sedate with a solemn drunken sedateness.

"I wish you would keep him away, Ralph," Alice petitioned more than once. "Give him money, and let him spend it elsewhere; only keep him away from this."

But Masters only laughed.

"Confound it, girl," he blurted out at last, "do you think it is the money he wins at cards he comes here for?"

The rough truth was spoken by the rough lips of her husband, laying bare Parker's bold admiration before the eyes of his young wife, an admiration another man would have resented or concealed.

Alice's face was ablaze.

"Did he dare to say so to you?" she asked.

"Not likely; but do you think I am a fool not to see; open your own eyes and look."

Then there crept over Alice Masters the shadow of a great fear. Was her husband so deeply the bond-slave of this man, that he dare not resent his open admiration of his wife? Of what value was the shield of matronly dignity, or the chill of womanly reserve, when Parker could venture to press attentions on her under her husband's eyes?

"I tell you if you show any of your airs to that fellow I am ruined," Masters said, when Alice had met Parker once or twice with a frozen lip. "—— it, woman, don't be a fool."

That was in autumn, when the golden summer had died out, and a rougher ripple was on the bosom of the Lea; but in winter things changed somewhat, partly for the better, partly for the worse.

Mrs. Masters saw less of Parker, but she saw less of Masters too. He began to absent himself from home.

"He had commenced that foreign trading they had talked about," he said, "and business must be attended to."

As the winter deepened matters grew worse. Sometimes Masters came home to his wife a sot—sometimes he did not come home at all.

It was the old story so often told. If Alice were patient, he tried her patience by his indifference; if she were resentful, he was brutally rough. Night after night she sat in her pretty drawing-room, hearkening to the wind sighing amongst the trees, while she listened for the sound of Masters's horses' hoofs upon the gravel, for the thunder of his masterful knock upon the door—aye, often for a whole week of days and nights without once seeing his face.

It seemed to her, looking back upon the placid summer time, as if there had been a sudden wrenching away—a sudden breaking up of the strands and stays of her life—as though Masters had got a dissolute madness on him, which, perhaps, the return of the blessed summer might smoothe out and disperse.

She waited on in hope—waited on with the old stern patience of her past life—until the trees put on fresh leaves again, and the fields decked themselves in fresh verdure, but the golden summer time brought little change to her.

The lawn of Uplands, once so modest in extent, seemed to have grown wide and drear to the lonely woman who walked to and fro on it. The very trees seemed to lap her in, and gather round her with a feeling of imprisonment, a hopeless, weary sense of unutterable loneliness.

Oh, if God would only give her a child! Never did Hebrew wife long more fiercely for a son than did this poor forlorn woman whom Heaven had written childless—this poor, desolate, forlorn woman, who had sown the wind, and was bitterly reaping the whirlwind. But the spring went, and the summer bloomed without a child coming to make life fairer to her.

Masters came and went as usual, by fits and starts; as he was civil to her by fits and starts, or rough to her when the humour struck him.

Parker, too, began to come again; at first with Masters always, by-and-bye alone. "He liked the country in the summer," he said; "and there was rare trout to be caught in the Lea."

So Parker came to fish, bringing in dainty dishes of silver trout for luncheon, and sitting down to eat thereof to his heart's content; or he marched through the shrubberies, with his thick hands thrust into his pockets, and a cigar in his mouth. Cigars were expensive luxuries in those days, but, to all appearance, Parker stinted himself in nothing. He wore good clothes, he rode a good horse, he had always plenty of gold to stake at *ecarté*, whenever Masters was at Uplands to entertain his guest.

When Masters was not at home, Parker went on pretty much the same, except that he did not stay late, and amused himself with fishing in lieu of *ecarté*.

Against his continual presence, Alice appealed to Masters.

"Have you sold Uplands to Parker, Ralph?" she asked, with a scornful curl of her flexile nostril. "If so, you had better take me away, and leave him in full possession."

"Sold Uplands? Fudge! Alice."

"Then why is he master here? Why am I to be insulted by his presence? Why is my good name to be endangered for his whims?"

Masters looked round at her a moment in silence, and then he laughed; and it seemed to Alice that there was something jarring and mocking in his laugh.

"Your good name!" he said, re-echoing her words. "By

jingo!" Then dropping his wavering glance under the luminous eyes of his wife, he added, as if to appease the wrath he saw gathering round lip and eye, "Come, Alice, you don't suppose I could suspect a virtue I know to be as cold as moonlight."

The muscles of her scarlet lips relaxed, the anger in her eye cleared.

"Well, take me away to London with you, Ralph, and leave Parker the trout stream and the lawn," she pleaded, sliding her white arm about his neck.

He must have a London lodging, this wayward wandering husband of hers, to which, when he was not at Uplands, he would creep home some time between midnight and cock-crow, and her watch there at least would not be the vain watching of her Upland vigils. So her white arms wound round his neck lovingly, and her luscious scarlet lips, all fragrant and dewy, touched his forehead softly.

Alas, alas! He put her away from him with his strong brown hands. He stood up before her impatient, unimpressed.

"What the devil drove London into your head?" he asked briefly.

He did not wait for an answer, but walked to the open window, and whistled a servant who was crossing the lawn.

"I say, Tom, bring the horses round; we must get back to town."

The "we" meaning himself and Parker, with which notable rascal Masters rode forth to London in the soft summer twilight.

CHAPTER XII.

In the summer of 1799 the regiment into which Masters had enlisted in Canada returned to England, and marched into Chatham Barracks to the sound of rejoicing music. A day or two later the news found its way into the diminutive papers of the period, and the same evening Parker carried the intelligence to Uplands, when he rode out to dinner.

In the year which has passed since the close of the last chapter, when Masters rode away in the summer twilight from her imploring caresses, and her imploring words, Alice had become more sullen and reticent than of yore.

The love which had moaned and bled a year ago, was now growing hard and bitter. The passionate lips which had prayed out passionate prayers for the blessing of a son, that her husband might love her for her child's sake, now never prayed at all, but

lived on in a dull enduring silence, which was gradually hardening her for the end.

It was late at night—that night of the day in the summer of 1799—in the afternoon of which Parker had ridden out to Uplands, to tell that Masters's old regiment was in Chatham garrison, although he had not broached his news as yet. The three sat alone together in the drawing-room at Uplands, Masters and his guest before a table, on which lay cards and glasses, and a flask of brandy, while Alice stood before the open French window of the room, through which stole in the balmy freshness of the cool summer night, and the faint odour of flowers.

From the two men at the table came the sound of talk and laughter, mingled with the chink of money, as the stakes changed hands.

From the woman profound silence, profound inattention to game or gamesters, as she stood leaning against the window-frame meditatively watching the dim blue summer haze floating over the lawn, and the shimmer of the starlight on the white-barked limes.

"I think I had best start, Masters," Parker said, presently, throwing down his cards. "It will be late enough when I get back to town."

"The roads are not over safe for single travellers," Masters observed, "Stay here all night, and we'll ride in together in the morning."

Parker was leaning his head forward on his hand, his thick fingers thrust through his crisp red hair.

"No, I'll get away to-night," he said, looking down at the table. Then with an abrupt look up, "but you, Masters, I think you had best lie close a bit. The —th are back from Canada."

Masters's bronze face changed to a dull dead brown.

"The devil!" he said.

Alice turned sharply round from the window and walked over to the table, all the wife within her stirred up and living, all her dormant love afire and ablaze.

"Where did you hear this?" she demanded.

Parker drew out the paper, and spread it before her and Masters.

"Them red-coated chaps will be coming up to London by coach on furlough and the like," Parker observed, while he planted his broad thumb at the paragraph. "Don't you knock up against them, that's all."

The roughly worded advice had a solemn wisdom in it. Desertion in those days meant death; and if one of Masters's old comrades recognized him he was lost.

Masters poured out some brandy, and drank it off.

"Hang them," he said, in emphatic denunciation.

Alice laid her hand soothingly on his shoulder.

"If you keep away from London there is no fear," she said.

"And who the devil, do you think, could live out here for months at a stretch," he asked brutally, glad to have some one on whom to vent a temper made savage by the prospect of danger and restraint.

"Come, come, Ralph, take it easy," Parker interposed; "after a bit they'll get drafted away to country quarters, and then you can do as you like; not, by George, that I'd think this a bad place to stay in, if I stood in your shoes."

He shot over a sudden bold glance at Alice, out of his dissolute blue eyes; and then he laughed a boisterous sudden laugh, which brought a rush of hot blood into Alice's face, who stood one moment in angry silence, and then walked out of the room.

"Curse you for a fool," Masters growled, under his breath, as he crossed the room. "If she——"

The opening and closing of the door broke through the rest.

"I say, Alice," he shouted after her, "where the deuce are you gone to?"

She opened the door again, and put in her head.

"To my own room," she said, slowly and quietly, in a tone which seemed to say, "If you will not protect me, I must protect myself."

"All right," Masters answered; "I'll be upstairs in five minutes."

Alice withdrew her head without once looking at Parker, without once seeming to remember it was necessary to say good-night. This time she did not quite close the door, but only drew it together softly, and withdrawing herself a step or two from it, stood listening.

"She's d——d squeamish," she heard Parker say, in evident comment on her anger.

To this her husband answered something which fortunately she did not hear.

Then Parker spoke again in a low tone, and this time Masters's reply reached her.

"I must say I have to go away for a month, and keep about here on the quiet. If any thing happens it must not happen there. Hang it, that door's open."

Alice heard him push back his chair, and rise to close it. In a moment his hand would be on the lock, his face thrust through the open door, to see that no one was lingering without.

She sped across the lighted hall with a swift, soft foot, and up the staircase to her room. Then she closed the door and locked it, barring herself in from all intrusion.

With a vague notion of preparing for bed, she began taking off

her dress, and brushing out her long dark hair, without thought of pride at its sweeping length, or its luxuriant softness.

Her beauty was nought to her now, that frozen beauty of which her soul was once so proud, since it had failed to tame or bind the lawless heart of her husband. He loved her no more; that one thought came up through the fresh beat of passion his danger had awakened; came up, and mingled with a dread and suspicion of Parker, the bold, unwelcome lover, in whose path Masters stood.

What if he gave him up. What if he sacrificed his friend to the frenzy of his unrighteous, but untiring love. They had been rivals long ago, in those palmy days when Masters's love was warm,—when she used to steal out to keep tryste with him in the old garden of their house in Southwark.

Parker had been despised then, despised and flouted and flung aside, even after Masters had been exiled from England, but Parker was a man of power now, and in his power lay the life of her husband.

A breath breathed in the ear of his colonel, a whisper whispered to the youngest sergeant in the regiment who wore a stripe on his arm and, then——

She hated this man with a bitter hatred, and feared him with a great fear. What was to hinder him so to whisper? Who would know from whose lips the breath? Masters would never suspect him, nay, rather, in his fierce despair he might suspect her.

Parker was his boon companion, his chosen friend to whom he told his affairs with an openness he never condescended to with her. Parker could tell her if he pleased where this place was, and by whom inhabited, which was to be shielded from the shock of his arrest should any of his old comrades fall upon his track.

The words went through her brain like molten fire. "I shall say I have to go away for a month; if any thing happens it must not happen there." Where? The question came repeating itself with every mechanical stroke of the brush through her hair. Not at the billiard or hazard-tables, where she knew much of Masters's spare time was spent, not in the public taverns which were probably his haunts as well.

There then would not be much shock or sympathy, except the rough, lawless sympathy which might, or might not, resolve itself into an attempt at rescue; if not in these places, then where?

Alice Masters was not a woman of keen honour, she was not a high-souled woman who would disdain to strain her ear for that chance word between Parker and her husband, by which she had learned much to disquiet and nought to satisfy.

Half the summer night through she sat alone with her wild

fears and wild suspicions, until Masters came up from the council-room below, smelling of stale tobacco smoke and French brandy, to stagger to his bed full of a tipsy courage which defied his soberer fears, while in the cool grey dawn Parker rode back to London with his inflamed brain full of Alice Masters, that old love beside whom no woman was so fair, no woman so unapproachable.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOR many weeks Masters kept close to Uplands, only riding into London occasionally late at night, but always returning before morning. Beguiling the time as well as he could by the society of Parker, to which was added some times the flashy London Attorney Alice had seen at Rawdon, with whom Masters was usually closeted in secret council for an hour or two before dinner, the subject of which councils, although it did not reach her in the legitimate way, Alice contrived to glean for herself by her keen eyes and keener ears.

Masters was in difficulties; already his loose habits of life had told upon his rich inheritance, already he was borrowing money from the Jews. A word caught as she passed the door of her husband's sitting-room, a glance at a letter left a moment within her reach, told her so much.

The gains so ill gotten were melting like wax before the fire, his gold was making itself wings and fleeing away. She did not care, poverty might come, and want might come, but she looked both in the face with blank indifference. She did not use her knowledge as other women would use their's, to cross-question her husband either for the purpose of learning more, or for the purpose of letting him know that that which he had hidden from her was revealed, but she brooded over their probable ruin in the same stubborn silence as she had brooded over Ralph's lost love.

It was a notable trait in Alice Masters that no soul living ever heard her complain of her husband, whatever she felt; whatever she suffered she covered over with the mighty shield of a silence fiercely loyal even to his faults.

He had not improved during those weeks of enforced seclusion. He had grown morose and restless, savage even at times in his fits of brutal discontent, so that Parker himself did not entirely escape his ill temper, but Parker never crossed his humour save when it fell on Alice, and he would interpose a restraining word, for which Alice looked at him with thankless eyes; although again and again he turned the edge of a rough word away from her, or changed the current of a bitter sneer she never thanked him once by word or look.

Once or twice he made a comment on Masters's ill-humour behind his back, but she trampled it out with brief scorn. Then he tried her on another tactic.

"Bah!" he said, "I have no patience with Masters; you are a thousand times too loyal. Do as he does and he will think more of you."

This hint plainly pointed to Masters's life when he was away from her, to something known by this man Parker which he could tell if he so pleased.

She looked up at him with keen mistrust. Doubt of the man, doubt of his purpose, a swift suspicion that he wanted to drive her into jealous rebellion, and profit by the storm he had raised, conspired to make her coldly cautious.

"Why do you tell me this?" she said with contempt on her luscious scarlet lip. "Is it because I am his wife, and you are his friend?"

"No, but because I am your friend."

"Thank you," she answered, "but I do not need any friends."

"Ah! how infernally handsome she is!" Parker thought to himself as he paced the shrubbery alone, half-an-hour before dinner, "and how infernally proud." Then with a shrug and a laugh laughed softly to himself, "I could tell her something which would tame that pride."

That was in September, the September of 1799, in the close of which month the regiment Masters had deserted from in Canada was broken up into detachments and drafted to country quarters.

Masters was free again, and he used his freedom liberally. London taverns saw much of him, London hells much more. The capital he had borrowed melted like snow. He played fast and high. The excitement from which he had been debarred so long had grown more enthralling from his forced abstinence.

His money ran short; he borrowed more, and went on again. He gave a loose rein to his own pleasures. He drew in his hand in the Upland expenses. He dismissed all the inside servants but one, and those outside as well, save an old man who worked in the garden, so that the place was almost left to take care of itself.

The fallen leaves lay upon the lawn. The rank river grass grew wild on the banks of the Lea. The trim beauty of Uplands was fast turning into a howling wilderness.

By October money became a scarce commodity with Alice Masters; she could not obtain enough even for the needs of her limited household. She was compelled to run up bills to supply her wants.

All this while Masters rarely came to Uplands. He sent her

money now and then by Parker to stifle the cries of her creditors ; but never sufficient to satisfy their demands.

"This will not do, Mr. Parker," she said, after staring at a ten pound note he had conveyed to her, and a heap of bills lying on the table. "These people are poor and impertinent ; they will not wait."

Parker instantly offered to supplement her store from his own purse. She put aside his offer resolutely.

"No," she said, "I will not borrow money. I shall write to my husband. These harpies will wait a day or two."

"Masters is quite out of funds," Parker answered, still offering his purse. "Do not let us worry him now : he will pay me when times mend. He has had some unlucky business speculations, from which he has suffered loss."

Alice set her lips together, and made no answer ; but began gathering up her scattered bills. Business losses at rouge-et-noir or hazard, no doubt, she thought. There were a crew of harpies round him who were plundering, of whom Parker himself was one. The very money he volunteered to lend her was probably money won or money cheated from her husband.

She wrote an appealing letter to Masters, the last she ever wrote to him in her life. Not for her own sake did she write to him, but for his.

"I have seen all this long ago," she said, "since you used to have your lawyer here in summer ; and I believe ruin is very near to us now. Let us unite to save something from the wreck. This place is a useless cost ; sell it or let it, and allow me to join you in London. I shall neither watch nor question your movements, only let me be with you."

The lavish love Masters had outraged spoke afresh in every line. With the hopefulness of her woman's nature—womanish only in its still unquenched devotion—she went groping with her hands in the darkness for a staff to lean on ; and who could tell but that now, when his wealth was eluding—when friends would desert him—when all the miserable props and stays on which he had been resting were breaking up one by one—he might lean upon her anew, as he had leant upon her once before in the hour of his need.

So she sent her letter, and waited for an answer, which, when it did come, contained but a few dry, unpromising words.

"I have sold Uplands," it ran ; "but the proprietor will not disturb you yet. Meanwhile I shall arrange something else for you. Your own plans are quite out of the question."

She threw the letter from her in sullen despair.

He would not have her near him ; he would not even suffer her to go to ruin with him hand-in-hand.

THE TUTOR—AN IDYLL.

MELLOW sands of quivering splendour, citron-wreath'd that fragrant lie,

Girdle rich of gold and emerald, 'tween that azure sea and sky;
Terraced hills where olives cluster close around the marble shrine,
Where the palm waves o'er the palace sparkling out thro' groves of pine;

Violet peaks that close the valleys, farther Alps that hoar with snow

Wistful gaze, like age at beauty, on those fairy dells below;
Promise-land of faith and passion, mother-country of the soul,
Of my love the lost Elysium, of my hope the unreach'd goal;
Never more may I behold thee, tideless ocean, mountain shore,
Musick'd Italy! while day lasts—never more—ah! never more.
Only when the streets are silent, thronged with dreams the homes of men,

And the stars alone are waking, then I turn to thee again;
'Twixt the close of one day's dulness, and the morrow's drearier light,

Then in vision I am with thee, in the respite hours of night.

* * * * * * *

Ruddier gleam the rocks in sunlight slanting off the shallow wave,
Purple-back'd and snowy-breasted, as it shakes the thundering cave;

And the shadow of the mountains lengthens out in deep'ning hue,
And a green and crimson ripple interlines the western blue;
And the gusty ocean breezes fluttering sigh and sink away,
And the soft warm breath of evening sea-ward floats from hill-sides grey.

Clime of bliss! tho' ever lovely, loveliest yet in that sweet hour,
When the first fresh dews of twilight cling to weary bud and flower;

When by love his bright glance soften'd as he leans upon thy breast,

O'er the blushes of thy passion droops the Day-God to his rest.
Incarnation of thy beauty!—I behold her standing there,—
Evening blue in eyes of violet, starry night of jewell'd hair;

Front carrara-white o'er-arching sunset vermeil of the cheek ;
 Pearls through Ischian coral sparkling as her curved lip moves to
 speak.

Southern life warm palpitating underneath her velvet zone ;
 Southern nightingale's rich music, in her laughter's ringing tone.
 " Yes ! I love to play with Echo,—listen ! now, and you will hear,"
 And the olive woods' dim hollow low repeats the cadence clear :
 And again the high note trilleth, and again the groves reply,
 Till the crimson hues of sunset on the hills in death-white die,
 'Till the convent bells high o'er us on the mountain clanging peal,
 " Ave Maria—hark ! they're chiming—now to Jesus let us kneel : "
 And the light of mirthful splendour in her blue eyes dims away
 Shadowing off into religion, as she meekly bends to pray,
 As the glitter fades from ocean with the sun's last farewell ray.
 Mute I stood beside her kneeling,—cowering conscience-bann'd
 from prayer ;—

Bitter shame with passion struggling, in a love that was despair.
 On each side a gulph between us—I of peasant lineage vile,
 She, the princely blood of ages proudly pulsing in her smile ;
 I, half pagan, left to evil, none to guide my wandering will ;
 She—the fondest charge of Angels, saintly screened from lightest ill :
 I, uncouth in form and feature, lowliest type of lowly race ;
 She, all loveliness, ideal of the pure Madonna grace,
 Caliban beside Miranda, such was I to her ; and yet,
 Doting fool ! I still must love her—madly love and ne'er forget ;
 I must love, though love in silence, love in secret,—not a sign
 To affront her royal beauty with that loathsome love of mine.
 Proud she was, yet I was prouder, that at least was left me, pride,
 And the surly devil-comfort of a wail to woe denied.
 So I suffered, suffer'd smiling ; strange, it seemed the heat of pain
 That shrank up the heart within me but enriched the teeming brain :
 For the mirror that so shamed me showed a forehead high and broad :
 If in blood-right she were lady—well ! in genius I was lord.
 Still ! I see her there before me, in her beauty, still the same,
 With the wavelets rippling near her—and the western sky a flame
 " Do you never think of Mary ?—never trace the holy sign ?
 And your pupil, Lord Trevellyan, how I wish his faith were mine !
 I have heard that men too gifted, men who tongues forgotten speak,
 Scholars versed in orient learning, and the wisdom of the Greek,
 Or like you, that with your symbols measure out the skiey way
 For the sun and moon to follow, and can check them if they
 stray,—

Lightly look upon religion. Yet your friend—he is not so ?
 Better one child's song of heaven than all earthly lore to know."

Then I answered, "Signorina! he that loves you—wherefore start?

Is true nobleman in honour, conscience pure, and trustful heart:
Loving you can he be creedless? faith to love, as smoke to flame:
Who has love and yet believes not? What is love but God's
own name?"

"Can he love me? would I thought so, were I sure he loved
indeed;

We in blood and youth are equal, balanced well in all but creed;
Love is oneness of two natures, two in one, as one to feel—
One same heavenly hope to cherish—at one earthly shrine to
kneel."

"Faith is not of form but essence; 'tis an accident the shrine;—
You but differ in the human;—are at one, in the Divine!
Inspiration glows within me, as I bend before you now,
Dawn of love your eyes bedewing, and his sunrise on your brow:
Northern seer, I read your future, conn'd in Hope's sibylline
leaves,

Written there by that same finger that her May-morn Iris weaves;
I, a prophet, somewhat hapless, and like Balaam, viewing clear
All the glory of the vision, all the bliss he comes not near.

List! the summer wind is rising lightly wafted from the sea
Thro' a garden palm o'ershadowed, ringing round with infant glee:
Who is this!—the stately master, English-grave of noble birth,
Smiling back contentment echo of his boy's Italian mirth;
And a lady glides behind him, youthful still, and ah! how fair,—
Nay! I dare not try her portrait with you lady! smiling there."

"Yet one figure is omitted, he the faithful friend and true,—
He our brother—yes, my brother—for as such I think of you."

"Sister mine!—since thus thou wilt, and so sweet a sister's
name,

I would give to call thee sister all my heritage of fame,
All the laurels, if not idle, this broad brow of mine shall earn;
Not a blemish in that picture; not myself can I discern.
Of myself I had not spoken; 'tis a something out of place,
Out of keeping with the landscape,—blot that nature would erase;
Yet the God, who made you noble, made yourself so fair to view,
Made the worm your light foot crushes, made the poor in-
structor too.

Not for love,—tho' chill'd to friendship; but to think, was the
decree,

Was the fiat of the Maker when His word created me;
When these crooked limbs were moulded, when this knotty brow
was wrought,

They for hermit use were fashioned ; not for love but lonely thought.
 E'en the wreck rigs out a storm sail ; makes to port each living will,
 And I stretch my rag of canvas for a wintry wind to fill ;
 All my yearnings set to knowledge—not of books at second hand,
 Cramped in type—but such I gather wandering on from land to
 land !”

“ Kindly prophet !—that my future has I fear too brightly shown,
 May your sister, your sweet sister, beg an inkling of your own ?”

“ Be your lady-will accomplished—marshal round ye unborn years ;
 One, I see, not old tho' hoary—with an eye too calm for tears :
 Hark ! the thunder rolls above him, through a noon with night
 o'ercast,—

Inland drives the spray from ocean swept before the tropic blast :
 Crouch to earth the dark-skin'd bearers, clinging round his pa-
 lanquin ;—

Dusky faces, livid glaring in the lightning's veined sheen.
 From the jungle blown against him, whirled from out its airy nest,
 Perfumed spikes of dove-like orchis quivering sink upon his
 breast,

And he smiles in scornful pity—‘ wretched flower ! what fate is
 thine ?

That the only shelter left thee is on this cold heart of mine.’
 Shifts the scene ;—from kindled snowpeak spouts aloft the spreading
 cloud,

Rolling back the purple ether, widening round in steamy shroud.
 Shrieks no more the cowering parrot,—slinks the puma to his lair,
 Hushed the forests' screamy chatter,—sick'ning silence in the air :
 'Tis the lull before the earthquake ere its throes the Andes shake ;
 From his sleep of quiet ages Cotopaxi is awake !

One I see, with tubes and measures, magnet poised on silken line ;—
 All the cunning craft of science to record the outward sign ;

But the sacramental meaning orbits far her sphere above :
 Cipher writ by hand of angel—lock that opens but to love !

There like Faust he smiles defiance on the Earth-Ghost's awful face ;
 Pigmy wrestling with the giant, claiming right of equal place.

And he groans, tho' not with anguish, and he trembles not with
 fear,

But in heart-sick expectation, as if God were stooping near !

Group again the years more distant—now beneath a northern sky ;

One I see mute, pale, and placid, in a cottage chamber lie :

Tiptoe steps move round him lightly ; faces hushed his face before ;

And who enters taps so softly, waits the opening of the door.

Gently now they draw the curtains, close the shutters of the room ;

Not that now the light will vex him, but for harmony of gloom ;

Strangers all are his attendants—neither mother, wife nor child,
 Yet their service well contents him, for his look is angel mild.
 There is never life so lonely, but once findeth at the end,
 E'en in hearts of hardest nature, fellow-feeling of a friend.
 What beyond, if aught, I see not."—"Sad the vision, had I known
 That so dark a fate fore-ran you, I had never asked it shown."
 "Fate so dark, nay Signorina!—dark to you, but not to me,
 Monkish life, unshared my seeking, life from spouse and children free.

Lo! the lark that soars ere sunrise, eager first to hail the light,
 As our sphere rolls up to morning thro' the dreamy void of night,
 Sings she pity for the owlet, that at cock-crow steals away
 Where the donjon's dripping arches roof him in from blinding day?
 Does the river crowned by cities, banked by meads and corn-fields,
 deem

That his calmer course is envied by the rock-torn Alpine stream?—
 Each at last will end in ocean; new begin in every wave;
 As we both in one Eternal, living die beyond the grave."

With such mystic rant Teutonic jargon'd I in martyr pride,
 Talking down the thoughts within me, talking not to show, but hide.

"Au revoir!—here comes Trevellyan—I resign you to his care:

At eleven at the Padre's?—as the clock strikes I'll be there.

Thus by knight and hind attended, may the brigands prowl in vain,
 Or the ghosts, while home we guard you through the olive-darkened lane;"

She was gone—my laughter followed—I had laughed while she
 was near;

If a wail now mixed with ocean's, none but night was there to
 hear.

Janus-faced is man's existence; he has two lives; each can die,
 And can suffer—what is suffering, but death's shadow passing by?
 Each an atmosphere sustaineth; not to breathe, to each is death:
 Hope the air of inner being; Love of inner life the breath.

As that inner life is keener, so its agony more fine:

What were thousand deaths material to that inward death of mine?

It was dusk—the moon not risen—and a cloud upon my sight
 Made the darkness seem yet darker, and more dim the stars' dim
 light.

Wet my hand with blood, from dashing on the rocks along the
 shore,

Like the hand of one who dying beats for breath that comes no
 more:

On I rush'd till mental numbness—observation shunning thought,
 Sample void, of life's thereafter, busy blank indifference wrought.

Now I strolled towards the harbour, lolled against the low sea-wall ;
 In the bay a ship was mooring, I could hear its anchor fall,
 With a splash upon the water ; 'twas a tall Levantine barque,
 Seem'd I thought an ocean spectre gliding noiseless thro' the dark :
 So ethereal half-transparent, I could see between the spars
 Faintly marked the distant sea-line, and the sparkling of the stars :
 And I wonder'd what her nation, while my fingers travell'd o'er
 Stone by stone the briny coping, restless probing chink and pore ;—
 Chipping off the crumbling edges ; then I turned, almost in glee,
 To observe the low far lightnings southward flickering out to sea :
 At each flash I felt a counting—could I only seventeen reach,
 (She was seventeen),—how my heart beat—e'er the next lit up the
 beach

There was hope—of what I knew not ;—'twas a mania lulling pain—
 Dawning glare of day fantastic—madness rising on the brain.

* * * * *

O ! the dreary time that followed, decade lost of youthful years ;
 O ! the days of bitter jesting—O ! the nights of unseen tears.
 Wretched actor I ran grinning up and down the ways of men,
 Like the dogs the Psalmist sings of,—all the devils with me then ;
 Hope was hidden—faith derided—hating heart—and scornful lips ;
 Then the Sun of life Eternal at His darkest of eclipse.
 God had called *her* ;—*he* was married to a purse-proud English
 bride,

Spinner's daughter, cotton heiress—cotton changed to acres wide.
 And the lady of his liking, not his love,—too stately he,
 Far too polished for a passion,—sleeps beside the murm'ring sea.
 I had lied, yet lied for honour, when I praised him to her face,
 For I knew him meagre-hearted, stunt of soul, like all his race.
 Yet I watched him as a father watches o'er his wayward child,
 For *her* sake, I was the angel that had kept him undefiled.
 As a mother feeds unsleeping from her breast the flickering ray
 Of her infant's frail existence, so I nourished day by day
 With my homage to his lady, that his fancy's feeble flame ;
 Though my heart-strings thrilled to breaking at the music of her
 name.

Useless all !—unworthy trifle, he forsook her,—be it so !
 For the Father claimed His darling e'er she felt the falling blow ;
 And the cold excusing letter reached her stricken on her bed,
 Fever-wasted ;—and unopened there it lay beside her dead.

WILLIAM EMERSON.

GEMS FROM CLASSIC MINES.

No. VI.

(From *Anacreon*).

ONE day, as roguish Cupid from
 A hive was stealing honeycomb,
 A bee, disturbed in his abode,
 Flew out and stung the pilfering God.

Cupid he shrieked in baby fashion,
 Then sore he wept and blew his fingers,
 Stamped on the ground in pretty passion,
 And—near the hive no more he lingers.

He flies away and shows his grief
 To Venus.—Oh ! 'twas past belief
 That little monster of a bee
 Could cause such horrid agony !

Venus, his sorrow to beguile,
 As he sat sobbing on her knee,
 Said to him, with a rosy smile,
 “ My son, you are a little bee.
 Have you forgot the thousand smarts
 You wreak on mortals with your darts ?
 The tiny insect stings, 'tis true ;
 But can he sting as sharp as you ? ”

E. W.

THE PEDIGREE HUNTER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RECORD OFFICE.

WE are now going to make excavations in those venerable and time-out-of-mind documents which are kept in the Public Record Office, and where some of the valuable materials are so ancient that they almost crumble into dust as we look at them through a strong magnifying-glass, which is a most necessary article for the ancient manuscript reader to keep in his pocket.

The Record Office has been of late years thrown open to the public free of fees. It is situated in Rolls Court, Chancery Lane, and was the most extensive and valuable collection of municipal documents in the kingdom: it is now the depository of the archives of the realm.

There are two reading-rooms fitted up for the use of the literary and antiquarian public, and the rules are something similar to those for the Reading-room of the British Museum. The interior building is of rather an heraldic order, as coats of arms adorn every visible part which is not filled with the ancient and vellum-clad indexes.

There are seldom more than a dozen readers here, and these are strictly of the antediluvian species, their garments redolent with the dust of ages; and a reckless regard to the outward man is generally apparent. Now and then we see one of the gentler sex there, but not often; and those, as a rule, are of the spectacled and strong-minded stamp, and well up in the dead languages—even Celtic and Hebrew.

The fetchers and carriers of books wear the most comical little white aprons (at least they were white originally, I suppose), and look as if they followed the craft of boot or knife cleaning rather than of book-porters. To search the overwhelmingly deep works of the Record Office, one must be tolerably proficient with the ancient Court-hands, or else little of the valuable information can be gleaned; and I warn the genealogist that he must be prepared

to be very patient indeed, and to feel very zealous in the cause of his ancestral kindred, unless perhaps he is incited by the idea that an immense fortune is lying in store for him to reward his efforts in exploring these musty old parchments.

Ancient records are to all, excepting the few who have given their time to the investigation of them, quite unintelligible. They are written in Latin which is not classical, not ungrammatical, but abounding with words which are unknown in the schools, being the Latin of the monks and other writers of the middle ages. This Latin is abbreviated, and often to such an extent, that a single letter represents a word. In short, quite an apprenticeship is required before one can make head or tail of these puzzling records. Solicitors, and even record lawyers, are often unequal to the test of deciphering these old manuscripts, and are obliged to have recourse to practised readers of them.

However great one's classical attainments may be, they will benefit but little, in looking into these dark treasures, often written in Norman-French and Monkish-Latin: and perhaps it may be asked, What is the good of searching them? My answer is "*much*," for even if convinced that we cannot ourselves take effectual part in this work of pedigree tracing, we can yet learn what ought to be done, and what directions should be given.

Though we cannot fell the timber and carve the stones ourselves, yet we may erect a building of excellent workmanship, and by knowing what ought to be done, as well as the difficulties in the way of our performing the task personally, much unnecessary expenditure of time and money may be avoided.

We will now proceed with Mr. Fossilstonhaugh's pedigree and help him through the labyrinths of these old and rugged paths to the best of our ability. We will therefore commence with the Inquisitions Post Mortem, records which do not yield to any in this kingdom for importance.

The *Inquisitio post mortem* was one of the consequences of the feudal system, introduced by William the Conqueror; it was the return of a jury summoned by the Escheator¹ of the county, generally by virtue of the king's writ, to enquire concerning the death of any one of the king's tenants *in capite*, i. e. in chief, and others possessing real property; of what lands he died *seised*; their quantity and value; who was the heir, and of what age; in order to entitle the king to his *Marriage*, *Wardship* Relief, *Primet Seizin*,

¹ An officer whose office was to look after lands and tenements, wardships, and other casualties, which fell due to the crown, in his particular county, and to certify them into the Chancery or Exchequer.

or other advantages, and whether the tenant were attainted of treason, or an alien.

A better knowledge of the valuable records will be obtained if a translation of one be given here, which I will make.

The first document is *The King's Writ to the Escheator*, dated 1382, the 6th year of Richard II.

"Richard, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, to his beloved Roger Juyl, his Escheator, in the counties of Rutlandshire and Oxfordshire, greeting. Whereas Hugo de Ffossylestynhaughe, who held of us *in capite*, has departed this life, as we are informed, we command you that all the lands and tenements, of which the same Ffossylestynhaughe was seized in his demesne as of fee, in your bailwick, you take without delay into your hands, and cause them to be safely kept until we otherwise thereof command you, and that by the oaths of good and lawful men of your bailwick, by whom the truth of the matter may be better known, you diligently enquire how much land the same Ffossylstonehaughe held of us in *CAPITE*, as well as in *DEMESNE*, as in *SERVICE*, in your bailwick, on the day he died, and how many of others; and by what service, and how much those lands and tenements are worth annually, in all issues; and on what day the same Ffossylestonhaugh died; and who is his next heir, and of what age. And an Inquisition thereof distinctly and openly made to us in our Chancery, under your seal, and the seals of those by whom it shall be made, you send without delay, together with this note.

"Witness myself at Westminster, the 30th day of June, in the 6th year of our reign.

"LEDES."

Indorsed,—

"The execution of this writ appears in an Inquisition sewed to this writ of the Lord the King.

"Roger Juyl, Escheator of the Lord the King, in the counties of Rutlandshire and Oxfordshire."

The Inquisition is as follows:—

"An Inquisition taken at Saint John's, on Monday next after the Feast of St. Andrew, in the sixth year of the reign of King Richard the Second, after the conquest of England, before Roger Juyl, Escheator of the Lord the King in the county of Cornwall, by virtue of the King's writ to the said Escheator directed, and sewed to this writ, by the oaths of William Cayley, Francis Savile, . . . Richard Tregors, Guy Randolph, and Peter Gay, who say upon their oaths, that Hugo de Ffossylstonhaughe, Knight, held no lands or tenements on the day of his death of the Lord the King, in *capite*, in demesne, nor in service, within the county of Cornwall; but they

say that the aforesaid Ffossylstonhaughe died seised of the manors of, &c., with the appurtenances, conjointly enfeoffed with Grizell his wife, now alive, by a fine of the Lord the King, levied at Westminster in fifteen days of Easter, in the fourth year of the reign of King Richard the Second : and they say that the aforesaid manors are held of the Castle of Oakham, as of the county of Rutland, by the rent of thirteen shillings and fourpence ; and they say that the aforesaid Ffossylstonhaughe held no other lands or tenements in the said county, in demesne or in service ; and they say that the aforesaid Ffossylstonhaughe died the 28th day of the month of June last past ; and they say that Alicia, the wife of Godfridus de Hutley, Knight, is daughter of the said Ffossylstonhaughe and Grizell, lately wife of the said Ffossylstonhaughe, and their next heir, and of the age of 24 years, and more. In witness thereof, the aforesaid jurors have placed their seals to these presents.”

It is on documents such as the above that all ancient pedigrees mainly depend. They are sanctioned by the oaths of a jury, which show the deaths and particulars of the family and property of nearly every considerable landed proprietor in the kingdom for a period of 427 years.

Another needful search in tracing genealogies is in the Attainder, Escheat, and Pardon Records ; for on account of the wars of the houses of York and Lancaster, and other intestine insurrections, as well as of the executions by many of our early sovereigns, there is hardly an old family of importance which can trace its descent without the aid of one or more of these records. There is a roll, entitled “ A Roll of Rebels,” which contains the names of several thousand gentlemen who had incurred fines and forfeitures.

These Records commence in the reign of Henry III. For the removal of attainders the Parliament Rolls must be searched, as the *king's pardon* does not remove an attainder, Parliament only having that power.

All Chancery records are of the greatest use in tracing a pedigree, the bills and answers in Chancery being full of genealogical information ; but it is impossible, in these pages, to enter fully into them, for they are of the most miscellaneous description, embracing almost every conceivable subject of interest, not only to the historian, genealogist, and archæologist, but to all who wish to have accurate information respecting the lives, deeds, and habits of their ancestors, and upon the condition and progress of the country. Upon many such subjects, they are the only existing evidence, and there are among them many special and highly interesting documents.

There are many records of very great value which go under dif-

ferent titles, but the substance of all of which is to give an account of the number of *Knights' Fees* held by the various landowners in ancient times. It will be found that we possess *Lists of these Knights' Fees*, from the time of Henry II., down to the abolition of feudal tenures in the reign of Charles; and it is by an examination of the descent of the lands contained in the Knights' fee, that the descent of families is traced. The number of Knight's fees into which England was divided by the Conqueror was 60,215, of which the clergy had 28,115. Every one who held by tenure of Knight's service, so called from a Knight's fee being part of it, was bound to find a man completely armed for the wars; he who held by a whole Knight's fee, ought to be forty days in the service, and he who held by the moiety of a Knight's fee, twenty days, and so on. It is difficult to learn the exact value of a Knight's fee. Camden says it is as much inheritance as was sufficient yearly to maintain a Knight with his retinue, which, in Henry the Third's day, was 15*l*. By the statute 1 Edward II. cap. 1., such as had 20*l*. per annum for life, or in fee, might be compelled to be Knights. Hume says it was valued at 4*l*. per annum in the reign of Richard I., and in Selden's time a Knight's fee was valued in law book at 5*l*. In the reign of William III. it was by statute raised to fifty pounds per annum. As it was often doubtful how lands were held, it became necessary to take accounts from time to time, as well by inquisitions of the sheriffs, as otherwise concerning them, and the returns from the lists of Knights' fees. These accounts are of great value to the genealogist; they begin earlier than the generality of our national records, and relate to all the great men of the times in which they were compiled, showing their estates, and often how they became possessed of them, for instance by what ancestor, or from what King.

The earliest list is contained in a volume called the *BLACK BOOK*, or *LIBER NIGER*, of the Exchequer, containing accounts of Knight's fees in the time of Henry II. These are copies of the returns by many of the immediate tenants of the Crown to the King's writs, certified to the King, in consequence of a survey ordered by the monarch, preparatory to his levying an *aid* for the marriage of his eldest daughter, such being one of the only three cases in which the King might require *aid* of his subjects without the public consent of the kingdom. The following is one of the ancient barons' returns *translated*; they all vary.

"The charter of William de Curci the Dapifer. This is the barony of William de Curci the Dapifer, which his grandfathers and his father held, and which he holds." Of this barony Simon, the son of Peter, holds eight Knight's fees and a half. The son

Simon, the son of Peter, who has the daughter of Roger of Fraisneld three Knights' fees; Alan, the son of Recubert, three Knights' fees; Hugh Gulafre, one Knight's fee, and so on. In some of the returns appear family names and particulars of the parents, children, wives, and occupiers of the land, as well as of the tenants in capite. One of the copies of this book is in the British Museum. The Red Book of the Exchequer is of a similar description, but of a little later date. These are followed by two volumes called *Testa de Nevill*, about the date of Edward I. These books give particular accounts of fees holden either immediately of the King or of others who held of the King in capite: of Serjeanties holden of the King, distinguishing such as were rented or alienated, with the values of the same: of widows and heiresses of Tenants in Capite, whose marriages were in the gift of the King, with the value of their lands: of churches in the gift of the King, and in whose hands they were: of Escheats, as well of the lands of Normans as others, in whose hands they were, and by what services holden; and of the amount of the sums paid for scutage and aid by each tenant.

The next rolls to be peeped into are the Scutage Rolls, the Marshal's Rolls, the Constable's Rolls, and the Aid and Subsidy Rolls. The Marshal's Rolls appear to have been records made by the Earl Marshal of England, containing an account of the military service due from the great tenants in capite to the King, taken on the occasion of the King's assembling his army preparatory to a war. They contain, in the course of their entries, many marriages and descents of the Barons and great men of the time in which they were compiled.

The Aid and Subsidy Rolls contain the supplies to the King from his tenants in capite, generally given gratuitously to aid the King in his wars or emergencies; and, like the preceding records, they contain much information of service to the pedigree hunter.

In claims of peerage, the writs of summons to Parliament, form the foundation of the case, and the succession of them will go far to prove heirship. They are enrolled on the back of the CLOSE ROLLS, the earliest is in 1264. The Close Rolls from 1204 to 1484 are contained at the Tower; from that time to 1784 at the Public Record Office.

There are few ancient pedigrees which can be traced without having recourse to the FINE ROLLS, containing an account of the fines paid to the King for various licences, amongst others, the licence for the heir to have his father's or ancestor's land, and in this licence the heirship is stated. These records derive additional value from the early period at which they commence, viz. in 1264, some

years previous to the Inquisitions *post mortem*. Here is the translation of one: "The King took the homage of Hubert de Ffossylstonaughe, of all the lands and tenements which were of Christofer de Ffossylstonaughe, his brother, of which the same Christofer was seised as of fee on the day he died. And it is commanded to the Sheriff of Rutlandshire, that having taken security from the aforesaid Hubert, for 100 pounds for his relief, and for 100 marks, for which he made a fine with the King, for having seizin of his inheritance, then to the same Hubert he shall cause seizin to be delivered of all the lands and tenements of which the aforesaid Christopher died seized, and which by hereditary right have devolved to the same Hubert. Witness the King at Westminster, the 18th day of October." (25 Hen. III.)

Writs for levying of seizin to the heir are also on the Close Rolls, but without mention of the *fine* to be taken.

As we ascend in our genealogical tree, our records become scarce, and, in consequence, more valuable; and on this account, as well as from their intrinsic worth, the PIPE ROLLS rank high in the antiquarian's estimation. These commence in 1130 (31 Hen. I.), only forty-three years after the death of William the Conqueror.

They contain an account of the Revenue of the Crown, and are continued down to the present time. They are of immense importance, more particularly in regard to the transactions of early times, as the names of most owners of property appear upon them; and nearly every ancient pedigree is indebted to them for assistance, since the sources from which the Crown revenues were formerly obtained, independently of the Crown lands, were so numerous, that it would be perhaps impossible to produce from history a name of note which is not recorded on the Pipe Roll. The most perfect list of Sheriffs of Counties is to be obtained from it.

The next documents of importance are the MONASTIC REGISTERS, which consist of CHARTULARIES, or books with copies of title deeds; LEDGER BOOKS, which are similar; REGISTERS, which contain a variety of matter relating to religious houses, such as names of their members, particulars of their estates, with their tenants, names of their patrons and founders, and their genealogies. The monks also kept a volume called "The Necrology," which recorded the deaths and burials of individuals residing in, or connected with each religious house. They also wrote *Chronicles* of passing events; and it is from these manuscripts that our early history is principally taken.

Some idea of the importance of these monastic manuscripts may be formed when we consider the numerous religious establishments existing at the time of their overthrow, the foundation of which was unintentionally laid by Wolsey, when he obtained the Pope's licence

to dissolve thirty small foundations, at Oxford and Ipswich. Scarcely had six years elapsed, when the King tried the Cardinal's experiment for himself, and obtained an Act of Parliament dissolving all monasteries not having 200*l.* per annum. The King's appetite for plunder being whetted, he quickly procured an Act to dissolve the larger religious houses. Their rental was returned at a very large sum. The next year the houses, lands, and goods of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, were seized by the King's hands, and this was quickly followed by a like seizure of the lands and possessions of 90 colleges, 110 hospitals, and 2377 chantries and chapels, which put a finishing stroke to the monastic establishments in this kingdom.

The extraordinary number of these establishments, and their immense landed possessions, which were gathered from all the families in the kingdom, convince us that there is in monastic manuscripts a never-failing mine of information for the pedigree hunter; and the great use already made of them is apparent in Sir William Dugdale's "*Baronetage of England.*" In seeking to trace descents by means of these documents, the ancient residences of the family must be ascertained, and then the register or chartulary of the neighbouring religious houses sought out.

The Roll of Battle Abbey is one of the most ancient of the monastic documents. It is *now* of very slight authority, though this earliest record of the Normans is at all times regarded with deep interest by the principal families of the kingdom, and those who show descent directly from the chief of the Conqueror's host, as well as by those who indirectly establish a similar lineage. The Abbey of Battle, a memorial of one of the most important events in English history, was erected on the field, near Hastings, in fulfilment of a vow made by the Conqueror prior to the battle which had won for him the diadem of England.

The Conqueror at first designed that this great religious house should accommodate 140 monks; the first community, a society of Benedictines, from Normandy, were enjoined to pray for all those who had died in the battle, and to preserve a faithful record of all who shared in the glory of the victory. The roll on which the names were entered was called The Roll of Battle Abbey, but it became so falsified in the course of years by additions and other forgeries, that its authority cannot be quoted as complete evidence.

The best histories of monasteries are Sir William Dugdale's "*Monasticon Anglicanum*" and Tanner's "*Notitia Monastica.*" The best source, and the most ancient record, to which I shall now introduce the genealogist, is the mighty "*Domesday Book,*" a work

of which it is said no European country can show the like. It is a survey, in two parchment volumes, written in Latin, of the greater part of the lands of England, made by order of the Conqueror, and completed in 1086.

The performance was executed by commissioners, who inquired, upon oath, the name of each manor, its then owner, its owner in the time of Edward the Confessor, the number of hides, the quantity of wood, pasture, and plough land, how many ploughs were in the demesne, its value, its tenants, the stock, and many other particulars. William the Conqueror divided such parts of England as did not belong to himself or to the Church into seven hundred baronies, or great fiefs, which he bestowed on his particular friends and those who had signalized themselves in his service; these baronies were again divided into the knight's fees. It is from the great Norman warriors enumerated in this survey that our most ancient families are descended.

It is frequently only by tracing the descent of the manorial estates that we are enabled to trace pedigrees in these early days; only a few families possess at the present day the lands which their ancestors are recorded to have held at the Domesday survey.

And now, having gone through a series of documents which have carried Mr. Ffossilstonhaugh up to the reign of the Conqueror, I think we must rest satisfied with his labours for the present, and endeavour to dovetail in all the evidence he has adduced to make his tree complete. But there still remain many other sources of information and valuable records which we have not mentioned, and which abound with genealogical lore, as, for instance, the Coronation Rolls, the Placita Rolls of our several Courts, and the Patent Rolls, on which all creations and grants of nobility, titles, honours, offices, and estates are recorded, commencing respectively in the years 1154, 1194, and 1201, which incidentally prove many genealogical points, and often set out complete pedigrees.

This work is not extended enough to describe all the records, but a list of them is given as an appendix; for further particulars the reader cannot do better than consult Mr. Sims' "Manual for the Genealogist," which gives an account of all of these records *in extenso*. I can only trust that in these brief explanations, I have removed one of the impediments which the genealogist has to encounter at the outset of his researches, through ignorance of the public and private records necessary to assist him.

All the Colonial and State papers can be consulted at the Public Record Office; by the gracious permission of her Majesty, the records from the Duchy of Lancaster Office are now removed here, for the benefit of the historical and antiquarian world; and there is

some idea of collecting all the old church registers, and preserving them here, which will indeed be a priceless boon; but it is an idea only looming in the distant horizon at present.

CHAPTER VII.

MISCELLANEOUS RECORDS AND THE ORIGIN OF GENEALOGY.

HAVING left the Record Office, the first step it behoves Mr. Ffossilstonhaugh to take will be to shake off the dust of ages which has covered his clothes during his research among the venerable and crumbling records, talked about in the last chapter, and then to consider what side winds will bring him information from any miscellaneous sources. Therefore we will direct him and our readers to the Registers at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; and knowing how many thousand members of private as well as of noble families have annually been educated there for many centuries, we shall be justified in attaching considerable importance to these records, containing, as they do, much of family pedigree.

The principal registers to which we should direct attention are the College Admission Books and the Matriculation Books.

The Admission Books are lists preserved in the respective colleges, containing entries of the several students attached to them, made at, or soon after, the time of entrance. In these (with some exceptions) will be found the Christian and surname of each student, and of his father, the father's station in life, and occasionally his residence; the student's birthplace, the school where he was educated, the date of his admission into college, his age, and his rank in the university; and *sometimes* there will be found the Christian name of the student's mother. The majority of the various Admission Books begin during the fifteenth century.

The Matriculation Books contain the names and some particulars—similar to those in the Admission Books—of the members of the universities, entered upon their taking certain customary oaths. These books commence in 1544. There is an irregularity and deficiency in the Oxford Matriculation Books from 1647 to 1660, when the University became a prey to the Puritans, who rejected all proper academical discipline.

The Pedigrees of persons of kin to the founders of, or benefactors to, colleges, and who, till recently, were entitled to fellowships or other advantages, are preserved amongst the records of the respective colleges; but it is difficult to obtain copies of them.

Besides these the REGISTERS OF GUILDS, FRATERNITIES, and CORPORATIONS are important genealogical documents.

The period at which the greatest number of Guilds was introduced was between the 15th and 16th centuries, though there are records to show that some were of earlier origin; Canute, for example, founded a guild near the Tower of London.

These Guilds or Fraternities were anciently religious or charitable associations; they were licensed by the Crown to purchase lands, build chapels, erect altars, and maintain a chaplain and priests. Almost every parish had one guild at the least, with its patron saint. The Registers of these Corporations are scattered, but many are in the British Museum.

The following is a translation of one.

"In the year 1475, the third of June, by the letter of the Venerable Father, the Lord William the Abbot, and of the convent, there were received into the fraternity of our chapter, the most illustrious Prince, the Lord George Duke of Clarence, with the most noble the Lady Isabella his consort, and the Lord Edward his son.

"Thomas Stanley, Earl of Derby, and Anne his wife, Edward Benstead, of Benington, Esq., and Joan his wife, daughter of the Baron of Dudley.

"John Ferrers, Esq., Bailiff of the Liberty of this Monastery, and Katherine his wife, with their children, John, William, Thomas, Grace, and Margaret, are received in our fraternity, through the mediation of the Lord John Benstead, Prior of Teignmouth, brother of the aforesaid Katherine."

In this last extract there is proof of the marriage of John Ferrers, of his wife's family, and of the names and order of birth of their several children. With the exception of a will, there is no other document of this period which contains so much information.

The registers of existing Trading Corporations will in general be found perfect for the last two or three centuries, and by their means an important number of families, including even those of high rank in the peerage, may have good evidence of their descent.

The following is an extract from the register book of admissions to the freedom of the city of London.

"10 February, 1786.

"Martin Ringman, son of Augustus, citizen and clothier, came before the Chamberlain, and desired to be admitted into the said freedom; for that he is *legitimate*, and was born after the admission of his father; as Edward Curling (and three others) citizens of London, to the premises attested—was admitted and sworn."

On reference to the *Minute Book* of the Corporation, an entry

appears, certifying that Martin Ringman was born out of the city of London, *in the year 1763*; and on reference to the file of *original papers and documents* for 1786, there will be the original petition of the said Martin Ringman, praying to be admitted to his freedom, with the further information that he was born in *the parish of St. Stephen's*, out of the city, and the same is subscribed by him. Underneath are the signatures of six responsible freemen of the city, called *Compurgators*, certifying that Martin Ringman was the legitimate son of Augustus Ringman, in the following form :

“ We declare upon the oaths we severally took at the time of our admission into the freedom of this city, that Martin Ringman is the son of Augustus Ringman, citizen and clothier of London, and that he was born in lawful wedlock, after the admission of his father into the freedom of this city, and that he is his son, so taken and reputed to be, and so we all say.

“ Signed, &c.”

On reference to the books of the company of which Augustus Ringman was a member, the residence and trade or profession of such parent would probably be ascertained.

There is a small annual payment termed Quarterage, due from freemen to their respective companies, the discontinuance of which will show the time of the freeman's death.

From these documents respecting Martin Ringman, satisfactory evidence is obtained as to his father's birth, when and where he was himself born, his legitimacy, his trade or profession, residence, handwriting, his marriage, and his death. And in like manner, should Augustus Ringman have obtained his freedom by patrimony, the same particulars might be obtained of another generation.

Next in genealogical importance come the monumental inscriptions or tombstones and coffin plates, the last sad memorials of this world's ephemeral greatness, recalling to the genealogical historian the lives and merits of those “ who were of fame, and had been glorious in another day.” Rambling through the churches and looking over the ancient sepulchral tenements seems like stepping back into the regions of our forefathers, and conversing with those who have slept for ages in the silent dust. The reflections that then arise have a soothing and beneficial influence, and the mind is unconsciously led to the contemplation of that eternal home “ where all we love shall live again.” The whole scene interests the antiquarian and admirer of the olden time; the windows dimmed by the armorial achievements of the great neighbouring houses, the haughty memorial recording the renown of some mouldering ancestor, and the crumbling tombs of knights and high-born dames, whose names are familiar only in county histories.

In the churchyard too, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," the simple and illiterate lines that mark the humble grave, at times address themselves to the feelings with a truth and freshness of sorrow that the proud inscription which adorns the stately marble is unsuccessful in imparting. We are wandering from our subject; but in treating the subject of coffins and grave-stones, sober thoughts will arise, and we trust the reader will forgive the digression.

We must bear in mind, in searching for genealogical information among these memories of the departed, that errors in dates, and even in names, sometimes occur in these inscriptions. Of this, the epitaphs to Sterne and Goldsmith afford remarkable evidence; in the latter, a mistake of no less than three years occurs. "In the claim to the Berners Barony," says Stacey Grimaldi, in his "*Origines Genealogicæ*," evidence was adduced before the House of Lords, to prove that the time of the death of a party was *not* as engraved on the monument. Many causes contribute to this incorrectness; executors are not always well informed on the subject; and often all transactions relating to funerals and monuments are under the direction of the undertaker, a man seldom very accurate or learned; and who again hands his orders to the stone-mason, possibly a man of still less learning; which accounts for those absurd mistakes in epitaphs which we find daily. Another great cause of error in monumental dates is the imbecility of mind of many, especially old persons, who disguise their ages when living, adding to or diminishing from the truth, as some conceit dictates. This does not die with them but lives a new life, upon the tombstone.

Much genealogical information may be collected from the plates on coffins. I myself never sought for these, as I did not care to go forth, spade in hand, like Scott's Old Mortality. As burial in *vaults* has not been the general mode of interment in England, this source of genealogical information cannot be made very generally available, on account of the rapid destruction of those coffins buried in *graves*; yet, regarding families of rank or of long residence on manorial estates, it is peculiarly applicable.

The Harleian, Cottonian, Bodleian, Lambeth, and other public libraries, as well as the College of Arms, contain voluminous collections of monuments copied from most of the counties of England. The first inscribed monuments are those bearing the names of Romanized Britons, which have been found in various parts of the kingdom. In St. Albans and Westminster Abbeys, in Winchester and other cathedrals, inscriptions of eight centuries' standing may still be seen. The Reformers did much to destroy monumental inscrip-

tions, especially in the reign of Henry VIII., though their followers in 1643 did nearly as much when the Act was passed which ordered all monuments of superstition or idolatry to be demolished.

To determine the date of monuments, one must be guided by the general character and composition of the design, and by resemblances in conventional peculiarities to a certain period, more than by any one feature which can be indicated to an experienced eye. When inscriptions engraven upon monuments are partly or wholly obliterated, the form or fashion of the stone itself will often enable the genealogist to assign a date to it. There are many printed works which the amateur pedigree hunter will do well to consult on this subject. The most useful are the Rev. E. L. Cutt's "Manual for the Study of Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses of the Middle Ages;" "Monumental Brasses," by the Rev. C. Boutell; and Waller's "Series of Monumental Brasses from Edward I. to Elizabeth."

To the genealogist a knowledge of heraldry is indispensable. Coats of arms in church windows, on the walls, upon tombs, and especially *on seals*, are documents of great value. Many persons of the same name can now be classed with their proper families only by an inspection of the arms they bore. The sculptured stone on the emblazoned shield often speaks when written records are silent; therefore a few words in praise of heraldry, so nearly related to genealogy, may not be out of place here, for (though the age of chivalry is gone) heraldry still remains a venerable and cherished relic, associated with all the achievements and romance of history, with the pious warrior of the Crusades, and the steel-clad baron of Agincourt. Memory loves to dwell on the stirring times of the Plantagenets, to recall the gorgeous tournament and the feudal fortress. Yet how much of the brilliancy of these pastimes, how much of the gratification with which the mind reverts to them, may be traced to the pride and pomp of heraldry. This, however, is but one of the reasons why "the gentle science of armourie" should be encouraged and studied; for, as we have just now noticed, among the sources of genealogical information, arms and quarterings have long been the unerring guides to the elucidation of family history. Thus, in the great Huntingdon peerage case, of one of the principal links in the chain of evidence—the marriage of Henry Hastings, fifth Earl of Huntingdon, with the daughter of Ferdinand Stanley, Earl of Derby—was established by the production of a very old armorial shield, exhibiting the ensigns of Hastings impaled with those of Stanley. Bigland asserts that he knew three families who acquired estates by virtue of preserving the arms and escutcheons of their ancestors; and Burton, the author of the

"History of Leicestershire," a lawyer of repute, was so sensible of the value of coats of arms, that in order to make them still more useful to posterity, he collected copies of these ancient memorials from stained-glass windows, monuments, and churches, for the avowed purpose that they might "rectify genealogies and give such testimony and proof as might put an end to many differences." In Wales, descent can be more easily traced by arms than by names; and even in England there are many descendants of ancient houses who can only now be classed in their proper places in the family pedigree by an inspection of the ensigns they bore on their seals.

As we do not propose to enter further into the subject of Heraldry, having said quite enough to show its importance, we will now endeavour to prove the use of genealogy itself, and how pedigrees or genealogies should be arranged; and we will thus conclude this chapter.

A word as to details. In arranging a genealogy, the chief line of descent is manifested by keeping the successive names in a vertical column. All persons of the same family are to be in the same horizontal line; spaces of equal depth being allotted to each generation. The members of the same family should be placed in two groups, all in the order of their birth, the sons first, then the daughters. Continuous lines carry on and denote the descent. The heir should always occupy a central position in the vertical column of succession; and where the same father or mother may head families by more than one marriage the issue of each marriage are to form distinct groups. These genealogical trees, as they are called, may otherwise be varied by the taste of the genealogist as long as the foregoing rules are strictly adhered to. For instance, to distinguish the different branches or houses or collateral branches, different coloured inks may be used, and heraldic insignia may be introduced to show the arms of the different families allied by marriage. All blood relations may have the capital letters of their names in red, to show their consanguinity, while mere connections might have their capital letters in blue or any other colour. Black continuous lines are generally given to indicate the female branches, and red lines for the male branches.

The following abbreviations and signs are generally recognized in pedigrees:—s., son of; d. or dau., daughter of; s. & h., son and heir; dau. & h. or coh., daughter and heiress or co-heiress; w. or wf., wife; m. married; s. p. (*sine prole*), without issue; n. or nupta, married; v. p. (*vitâ patris*), died in father's life-time; d. ob., died; bu., buried; inf., infant; bapt., baptised; d. y., died young; sepult., buried; mon., monument; k., killed; ban., banished; att., attainted;

ch., church, &c. ; arm. (armiger), for esquire ; mil. (miles), knight ; cœlebs, unmarried ; co., county. Lines thus = between two names, signify that the persons were husband and wife ; a mark similar to a broad arrow is used to show that such persons had issue ; and illegitimate issue is indicated by wavy lines. To exemplify all this clearly, I will give at the end of the work some examples of genealogies, graphically arranged.

"Genealogy," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "is of little value, unless it discloses matter which teaches the causes of the decay or prosperity of families, and furnishes a lesson of moral wisdom for the direction of those who succeed them. When we reflect how soon the fortunes of a house are ruined, not only by vice and folly, but by the least deficiency in that cold prudence with which highly endowed minds are so seldom gifted, the long continuance of any race of nobility or gentry seems to take place almost in defiance of probabilities."

Mr. Lower observes that there are some persons who cannot discriminate between the taste for pedigree and the pride of ancestry ; and that, though these two feelings often combine in one individual, they have no necessary connexion with each other. Family pride, considered in the abstract, is one of the coarsest feelings of which nature is susceptible—

" Those who on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge."

"The glory of ancestors," it has been observed, "casts a light indeed upon their posterity, but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to full view their degeneracy and their worth."

But still it is a most desirable thing to preserve the memory of a line of ancestry, tracing, perhaps, back to the old feudal times ; for if any one feels a pride in the reflection that he is descended from ancient worthies, it may prove some incentive to him to maintain the credit of the name, and to achieve a reputation deserving of it.

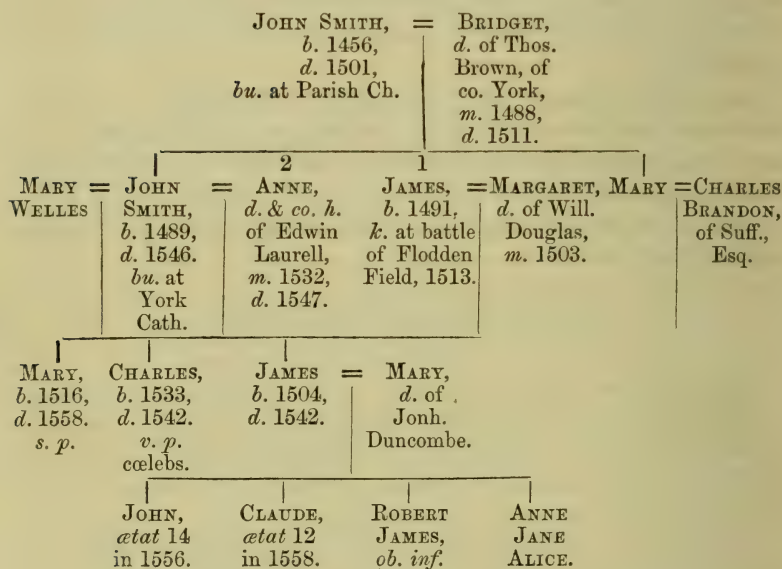
Besides, there is a moral to be learnt in looking over genealogies ; for though, perhaps, to many, nothing seems at first sight less interesting than a genealogical table—a mere register of names and dates—yet, as I once read in an American publication, each of those names in the table is the memorial—perhaps the only memorial—of a human heart that once lived and loved—a heart that kept its steady pulsations through some certain period of time, and then ceased to beat, and mouldered into dust. Each of those names is the memorial of an individual human life that had its

joys and sorrows, its cares and burdens, its affections and hopes, its conflicts and achievements, its opportunities wasted or improved, and its hour of death. Each of those dates of "birth," "marriage," "death," oh, how significant! What a day was each of those dates to some human family, or to some circle of loving human hearts!

To read a genealogy, then, may be, to a thinking mind, like walking in a cemetery, and reading the inscriptions on the gravestones. As we read, we may say with the poet:—

"To a mysteriously-consorted pair,
This place is consecrate—to Death and Life."

GENEALOGICAL TABLE.



AUTHOR AND ACTRESS.

AN UNSYMMETRICAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FROM ELLA.

ELLA DARLINGTON has passed under the Caudine Forks.

She has been caught in her own trap. She has suffered humiliation upon humiliation. Let her confess it at once. She has sustained a crushing defeat. She is a laughing-stock in her own eyes, and in those of other people.

But she has not the slightest intention of plunging into heroics. Having enjoyed the rather poor consolation of roundly abusing her own folly, she means simply to run over all that has happened, and to consider as calmly as she can what her next movement shall be.

To resume the first person singular.

I am not brave enough to probe my own wound. I am not a model of heroism, and I have no wish to pass for any thing of the kind. I don't want your sympathy; there is nothing I hate so much as pity. I am annoyed and exasperated beyond measure. I am in a vile temper, and I detest everybody. I should like to work all manner of mischief. I make no pretence of rising superior to my misfortunes. I hate those who have humiliated me, and I hate myself for having been such a fool, with a bitterness that it is impossible to express in words.

There is not much of the Spartan element in my character, and I own frankly that I cannot summon up courage to describe what has occurred at full length. A brief summary, good reader, is as much as you can expect from me, or at least as much as you will get.

I wish my husband and his precious friend and that woman were dead. If I could kill them with a glance I would do so. Yes, and I wish that those nasty little birds, which keep twittering away so provokingly up in the trees, were dead. I hate the whole world. I

wish every one was utterly miserable. I should like to guillotine happy people by the thousand.

And now, having expended a little of my venom, I will pass on.

Let me be brief and explicit.

There has been a grand explosion between me and Hubert Rawlinson, as that agreeable individual called himself. I fancied that I could twist him round my finger, but he has crushed me like a worm. He has punished me for my stupidity in a way to satisfy even my Pettums. I mistook his character utterly. I looked upon him as a mere unscrupulous man of the world, glib of tongue, easy of manner, and ready witted. I did not suppose that intellectually or morally he was better or worse than thousands of other pleasant young fellows. I believed that he was infatuated; that I could use him as a tool for my own purposes, and get rid of him when he had served my object without any difficulty.

I made a sad mistake. It seems that he had a game as well as me; that all along he acted as deliberately as I did. When I declined to fall in with his views, and tried to shake him off, he threw away all disguise, and, to my amazement, appeared in his true colours, a low-bred, bullying scoundrel.

To my shame I discovered that he was not even a gentleman—I use the word in its broadest sense—that the charming guest whom my husband had introduced to me, and with whom I had been so intimate, was, for all his good looks, and cleverness, and agreeable manners, a mere adventurer of the lowest conceivable type.

But this discovery, though bad enough in all conscience, was not the worst.

Thanks to my adversary's passion, which he could not restrain, I have become possessed of a terrible secret. It burst upon me like a thunderclap, and in the form of so outrageous an assertion that for the moment it astounded rather than alarmed me.

Though my opponent spoke with an air of brutal triumph, though his manner was assurance itself, and though I experienced a terrible shock, I did not really believe what he said. I saw that he had lost all command over his temper, and when your thorough-paced bully is in an uncontrollable rage, he will say or do anything, however vile or absurd, for the chance of frightening or annoying you.

I imagined that his statement was a mere outrageous insult. I have since found, however, that it rests on something very like truth.

I cannot express the shame I feel in being obliged to admit that it is seriously open to question whether I am really the wife of Sir Harry Darlington. There is only too much reason to fear that my precious husband has a former consort still living; in other words,

that for all my fancied cleverness, my position now is worse than it was years and years ago.

To have been outwitted by that little wretch, Harry, would indeed be a bitter humiliation.

My interview with Hubert Rawlinson—his real name is Hofner, and such for the future I shall call him—took place in the library. After threatening me like a maniac, he offered me terms so vile that I rejected them without hesitation. He had scarcely left the room before I fainted. He did not, however, see his triumph. I showed no signs of weakness while *he* was present.

Sly Sophie Matson discovered me. I suppose she had been listening. No matter, I have sent her about her business. I have had that consolation at all events.

I remained in a miserable state of suspense till my husband came home. Then I went down stairs, met him in the hall as he was taking off his overcoat, and demanded an interview.

"Pettums," I said, "you lectured me the other day, now I want to lecture you."

I motioned him into the library—the torture-room of our establishment—and went to the point at once.

"Harry," I said very quietly, "I have been told on good authority that I am not really your wife; that when you married me you were the husband of a woman called Lucy Clements. Is that true?"

My voice faltered just a little; Heaven knows the tumult there was at my heart.

Sir Harry smiled faintly, and turned the least degree pale; beyond that he exhibited no sign of emotion. He leaned his right elbow on the mantelpiece, and regarded me steadily.

I began to feel reassured.

And yet his very self-possession had in it something alarming. My question had been enough to startle him, and I had expected either the confusion of guilt or the amazement of innocence. My husband, however, showed no signs of emotion of any kind.

Presently he spoke, but his words were not comforting.

"Do you recollect," he said, "my telling you some days ago that there might possibly be an unpleasant surprise in store for you?"

A faint dizzy feeling crept over me.

"I see what it is," he resumed, after waiting a moment for an answer; "you and a certain somebody have had a fall-out. You have cut your finger at last, and serve you right. He has tried to frighten you. Believe what he told you or not, as you please. I shall not take the trouble to contradict him. If you choose to believe him you may."

My fears vanished in a moment; I fell into a great rage.

"You contemptible hound!" I cried, "to try and frighten me like this. So you and your precious friend have concocted this plot between you. A couple of sneaks as you are, it does you credit. I see every thing now. That fellow has you under his thumb, and you had no choice but to let him do as he pleased. With your kind permission he was to ruin me if he could; and failing in that, it was an understood thing that he might have his revenge by frightening me with an atrocious and disgraceful lie, which, in your incredible meanness, you were prepared to support. Good God, that I should have sunk so low as to have such a man as you for my husband!"

"I am not your husband," said Sir Harry, quite composedly.

Without another word, I rose in my passion, and with the back of my hand struck him a violent blow in the face.

It was a silly thing to do; but consider the provocation I had received. In my own behalf, I may add that the act was not so cowardly a one as it may appear; a woman cannot always strike a man like my husband with impunity.

It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; my Pettums' nose began to bleed.

In spite of my rage, I could hardly help laughing; but any little merriment I may have felt was merely hysterical. In another moment I sunk back into my chair, trembling with passion and excitement.

"You cat!" gasped my husband, and then he buried his face in his pocket-handkerchief.

"However," he added presently, "what I said was quite true. I am not your husband. I was really married to Lucy Clements, and she is alive now. I have seen her, and recognized her. I thought she was dead, but I was mistaken. If you like to prosecute me, and to ruin and disgrace yourself, you are welcome to do so. I would sooner go to gaol than live any longer with a fury like you."

"Sir Harry," I answered, "you lie. If you were really guilty, you would not avow the fact so boldly, for you are a coward. You as much as hint that if ruin comes, it can only be by some action of mine. You say that *I* may prosecute you, as if the whole matter rested with me alone. That in itself is an admission that nobody else is in a position to injure you—in other words, that your story is false. Your untruth refutes itself. Your attempt to frighten me will not succeed. Let us understand each other. I have ordered your friend Rawlinson out of the house. If he comes here again I shall know how to deal with him. Take care not to

provoke me too far. I am as little scrupulous as yourself, but cleverer. You will meet your match."

Grand words these last, but unfortunately they have not come true.

Sir Harry answered nothing. He was busy wiping his nose; and, with a joyful heart, I left him thus ignominiously occupied.

I thought my troubles at an end: they were only just beginning.

By the evening post a letter arrived. I did not recognize the handwriting on the envelope, and when I opened it and read the note inside, it really gave me quite a shock. It was as follows:—

"No. 8, NORTH STREET, LONDON, S.W.

"MADAM,

"Should a very painful rumour come to your ears, do not be alarmed in the least. If you will call upon me at the above address as soon as you conveniently can, I will explain every thing.

"I am, Madam, your obedient servant,

"LUCY CLEMENTS VERNER.

"P.S. It may be as well that you should not mention the fact of having received this note to any one."

For the moment I was stupefied, and could not collect my ideas. This surprise, coming on the top of the two other painful surprises of the day, had partially stunned me. However, a few turns up and down the room served to compose my mind, and I was at length able to reflect.

Why, I cannot tell, but my thoughts presently reverted to a letter that I had received several weeks ago from Miss Josephine, in which she spoke of a yellow-haired woman, between whom and my husband—if I were to believe her statement—an intimacy had subsisted.

What if this person, in whose existence I had not hitherto had much faith, were the self-styled Lucy Clements?

It was the merest instinct that suggested this idea, but when once it had taken possession of my mind, I was curious to see if it would bear the test of reason.

One thing was very certain. If Miss Josephine's story were true, the yellow-haired female was an ally of the man whom I had followed from Culverton to London, and from the railway station to Pimlico, who exercised some mysterious influence over my husband, and whose movements I had hired my brother's charming domestic at so much a week to watch.

It was clear enough from the conversation that had ensued between these worthies when they met, and which my spy was fortunate enough to overhear, that their joint aim was to wring money out of my husband. What possible motive, therefore, could this woman have for turning traitor?

The matter, consequently, narrowed itself to this. If I could discover any fair reason why the female in question should change sides, I might assume, with some degree of certainty, that she was the author of the letter signed "Lucy Clements." If I could find no such reason, I might conclude that I had got upon the wrong scent, and that even if the yellow-haired woman existed, she was not the person who claimed to be Lady Darlington.

What, I now asked myself, was the extent of my knowledge concerning this delightful creature?

I had again to refer to Miss Josephine's letter.

Jezebel's confidant—Mr. Hofner, otherwise Eustace Fletcher, had described her to my emissary as his sister. But between him and Miss Josephine a tender passion had once subsisted; indeed, there was some ground for believing that it was not wholly extinct. Consequently it was open to question, how far Hofner's statement was worthy of credit. If the tie which united the two schemers were of a more delicate nature than he had chosen to admit, he had a powerful motive—dread of an unscrupulous woman's jealousy—for making an assertion which, in the very audacity of its falsehood, would serve to conceal the truth.

For my own part I did not for a moment believe that the yellow-haired female was Hofner's sister. A man who is really living on the earnings of a sister's shame, is not so ready to avow the fact. We may not care for the opinion of the world, but few of us can brave the scorn of an individual. And what had the man to gain by volunteering the statement, if it were true?

It seemed probable, therefore, that Jezebel and her friend, so far from being brother and sister, were man and wife, or something very like it.

And having arrived at this conclusion, I again stuck fast.

For a while I fell into a brown study, Hofner, otherwise Eustace Fletcher, Josephine, Jezebel, and Hubert Rawlinson being mixed up in it confusedly.

When we are thoroughly puzzled, we had better leave the mind to its own resources. Like a horse on a dark night, if we do not interfere with it, it will frequently lead us by a short cut home to truth. What we call jumping to a conclusion, is often merely an argument so rapidly conducted that we cannot recall its various stages.

Presently, though I am sure I cannot tell why, I found myself dwelling upon the following words: "My name is not Rawlinson, nor Hubert either. As you say, truly enough, I am no gentleman. Ask your husband, if I am not doing as I please, simply because he is afraid to send me away."

Something whispered to me that I had touched the key of the mystery.

I now remembered that on the morning after Master Hubert's arrival at Culverton, I had received a telegram from Miss Josephine, in which she said: "A certain party left the house about one o'clock yesterday. Thought he was going for a walk. Took no luggage with him. Not yet returned."

This communication made very little impression upon me at the moment. All my thoughts were taken up with our new and charming guest—what a fool I have been to be sure—and the Pimlico mystery, for the time being, had lost its attractions. In my infatuation I said to myself that Harry, the parlour lodger, and the yellow-haired woman might do as they pleased; I had something better to think of.

Now, however, I recollected with a bitter scorn of my own blind folly, that on the day when the person who called himself Hubert Rawlinson, arrived at Culverton, and consequently on the very day after the parlour lodger had so mysteriously vanished from Pimlico, a stranger who never appeared had evidently been expected at the cottage in the Park.

Every thing was clear. Hubert Rawlinson and Eustace Fletcher, otherwise Sam Hofner, were one and the same. The yellow-haired woman, there could be little question, was the Lucy Clements, falsely asserted to be a former wife of my husband's.

Of course she was merely a rather discreditable friend whom he wished to keep concealed. Here was the grand secret about which I had been fidgetting myself so long.

Hubert Rawlinson might have some other hold over my exemplary cousin; as likely as not; but, for the present, it was enough to know that when the little wretch slunk off to town it was to visit Madam Jezebel.

And that oaf, Eustace Fletcher, had dared to make love to me. No doubt he had threatened, should my Pettums interfere with his little game, to make me acquainted with his *liason*. As if I should have cared. But men are such fools. They think, in their vanity, that a woman would break her heart if she found that she no longer engrossed their worthless affections.

But there was one circumstance for which I had still to account.

Why had Madam Jezebel turned traitor?

The answer was easy. In her coarse animal way she loved this Eustace Fletcher, else, why did she allow him to plunder her? but when she heard that a certain Lady Darlington was mixed up in his schemes, she guessed that her favourite might be tempted to exercise his fascinations on some female, perhaps more attractive

than herself, and after the manner of her kind she became jealous.

She had now two objects in view; to get money out of me in return for the secret that I knew already, namely, that such a person as a former Lady Darlington had never really existed, and by exposing the real character and objects of her precious Eustace, to disgust me with him, and get him back to her side.

There was only one circumstance that militated against my theory. During their interview the man Fletcher had addressed the following words to Jezebel, "If you fancy you can throw me over, you are very much mistaken."

These were certainly not the expressions of a man to a woman who, he knew, idolized him, and I grant they puzzled me. But in the first place Miss Josephine might have reported the passage incorrectly, for she was seated, as she owned, at some distance from the speaker, and had drunk a "glass or two" of sparkling wine; and, secondly, it was just possible that she had added them for the sake of effect. However, the matter seemed one of very little moment, and before I went to bed I had dismissed it from my mind.

I determined that on the following day I would visit Lucy Clements Verner, if only out of curiosity.

That "following day" was to be a very eventful one, for me at all events.

I started on my expedition early in the morning and arrived safe at my journey's end.

So far so good. My husband, I may add, knew nothing of my departure, neither did that precious Sophie Matson. I left the house before either of them were up, and for my breakfast had to be content with a crust of bread and a glass of water. I managed to obtain some more palatable refreshment half-way between Culverton and London.

Lucy Clements Verner was not at all the sort of person I had expected. To begin with, her hair was not golden, and so far from being the "tall blonde with a cold impassive face, finely cut features, and a noble figure" described by my correspondent she was rather short, somewhat dark, quiet in manner, and ladylike in dress.

I confess it freely, I was a good deal taken aback.

I saw at once that somehow or other I had been deceived horribly in my calculations.

The house I may add was in Brompton, and in a by no means superior part of Brompton. It was furnished comfortably, but rather shabbily.

My hostess began the conversation.

She had a pleasing voice, soft, musical, and somewhat melancholy. Altogether I was obliged to own that she had not much the air of an adventuress, but appearances are so deceitful.

"I daresay my letter surprised you," she said, "being so mysteriously worded, and coming as it did from a complete stranger; but I could not well be more explicit. I am glad you have acted on my suggestion and come up to town at once, though I did not expect you till later in the day. I hope to be able to save you an unpleasant surprise."

I said nothing to this preamble, for it did not appear to me that I could say anything with advantage.

"You will pardon me, I hope," continued Mrs. Verner, "if any statements that I may be obliged to make in the course of our conversation give you pain. I may tell you beforehand, however, that as regards the result you have little to fear."

By this time I was puzzled. Everything was so different from what I had expected, that I had not the remotest idea of what was coming.

"I have reason to believe," resumed my hostess, "that there may be a stranger who represents himself as a friend of your husband's, but whom you have never seen before, now staying at your house. Am I correct in this supposition?"

I was doubtful what answer to make, for admissions the most seemingly innocent are often fatal; but after a moment's pause I replied in the affirmative.

"May I ask his name?" enquired Mrs. Verner.

The cross-examination having once commenced, I had no choice but to submit to it.

"He calls himself Hubert Rawlinson," I answered; and then added incautiously, "but I am pretty well convinced that such is not his real name."

"Would you describe his appearance?"

Again I hesitated, for there is nothing I dislike so much as answering questions.

Mrs. Verner saw that my suspicions were aroused.

"This is the last question I shall ask you," she said, with a smile.

Somewhat re-assured, I complied with her request. After all, thought I to myself, little harm can come of my doing so.

"It is the same man," answered Mrs. Verner, "and I must caution you against him. However attractive his manners may be, he is simply an adventurer. He has formed a scheme which he is endeavouring to carry out at the expense of your happiness. Do

not trust him or believe any thing he says. Get him out of your house as soon as you can, for he is a dangerous person. It is more than probable that if you offend him he may endeavour to frighten you by means of an extraordinary and alarming statement. Pay no attention to it. He cannot enforce his threats, though he may certainly cause you some annoyance and prove his assertions in part."

"For instance," I interrupted, "he might declare that I am not really married to Sir Harry Darlington, and that my husband has a former wife still living."

"I see," said Mrs. Verner, "that my warning arrived too late."

"It did," I replied, "but I was not pained or frightened in the least by what I heard. I have satisfactory proof that there was no ground whatever for Rawlinson's statement."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Verner, "are you sure of that?"

The tone in which she spoke was so peculiar that I felt annoyed.

"Yes," I continued, "and I have your own admission that the whole story is a falsehood."

"I am afraid," answered my hostess, "that you have attached too definite a meaning to my letter. I cannot conceive the nature of the evidence to which you allude. As regards myself, I may indeed be able to calm your apprehension in part, but I am by no means in a position to prove the absolute falsity of the statement you have heard."

I began to lose patience. I told Mrs. Verner, in plain terms, that she had better come to the point at once.

"Let us," I said, "descend from generalities to particulars. Be good enough to say what you really do mean. You need not be afraid of shocking me. My susceptibilities are not so tender as you seem to imagine. But if you think that I am to be terrified by dark sayings and mysterious allusions, you are very much mistaken."

"I suppose I must speak plainly," said Mrs. Verner, with an air of resignation, "if only to save you from future annoyance and persecution. You cannot but have noticed," she continued, "that Rawlinson, or Hofner, for such is his real name, has a hold of some sort over your husband. I will explain, as delicately as I can, in what his power consists. It is but too true that Sir Harry Darlington has been married more than once; and I am sorry to be obliged to add, that his second marriage took place before he had received satisfactory proof of the death of his first wife. Her name, by the bye, like mine, was Lucy Clements."

If Mrs. Verner thought to surprise me she was disappointed. I was quite prepared for what she said, having heard the same avowal twice already.

"Hubert Rawlinson," she continued. "is aware how matters stand. He was acquainted with the girl Lucy and her family, and he was also acquainted with your husband during the period of his courtship. He could produce tolerably conclusive evidence that on a certain date, and at a certain place, he was married to the person whose name I have mentioned. He could refer you to a certificate, appended to which you would find a signature in the Baronet's handwriting, but not in his proper name. In explanation of what is to follow, I should state that Sir Harry believes, or believed till lately, that his first wife had committed suicide, and he had strong, if insufficient, grounds for that belief. Any attempt, however, to prove that she was dead would involve him in the admission that he had married for the second time before he could even have heard of her decease. Now Hubert Rawlinson thoroughly understands how your husband is situated, and, unless I am much mistaken, means to turn his knowledge to account. He fancies that he can say what he pleases to frighten you, without risk of contradiction. If, for purposes of his own, he chooses to work upon your fears by declaring that the former Lady Darlington is still alive, how could the Baronet convince you to the contrary without admitting his own guilt, and placing himself more or less at your mercy? Am I wrong in assuming that, rather than do this, he would leave you to be perplexed and tortured by his so-called friend? Forgive me, if in what I have said I have been obliged to pain you. I have revealed the truth in all its nakedness, so that you may be able to guess the tactics of your opponents, and baffle them. Should Hofner produce the evidence at his command, he could torment you with painful suspicions, and keep you in a state of constant alarm. Thanks to his representations, your life would be embittered by the reflection that at any moment a real or false Lucy Clements might appear at the bidding of your enemy, to enforce her claim. Now, the doubt as to the validity of your marriage I cannot remove, but I can give you a satisfactory assurance that you have nothing whatever to fear from your husband's first wife. If not dead literally, she has been so to all intents and purposes for many years."

"How can you prove that?" I asked.

"Very easily," replied Mrs. Verner. "I am myself the Lucy Clements of whom I have spoken."

"Might you not have some difficulty," I suggested, "in convincing a jury of your identity?"

"I see what it is," continued my informant; "you disbelieve me. But, reflect for a moment. What object could I possibly have in making such a statement, if it were not true? I have sought to establish no claim. I have made no demands on your

purse. I think you must admit that my conduct has not greatly resembled that of an impostor. If you still doubt me, I will give you the names of certain witnesses whom you may visit whenever you like, and cross-examine as much as you please. I believe their combined testimony will go far towards proving the truth of my assertions. Should you be incredulous even then, confront me with your husband, and, before the interview is over, I think you will be convinced that I have made no attempt to deceive you; and if even this should not suffice, I shall be obliged to own myself at the end of my resources. Ultimately, however, if not for some time to come, I think you will be convinced that I have spoken the truth."

"Possibly," I answered; "but excuse me if I am not convinced as yet. You say you have sought to establish no claim, that you have asked for no reward. True; but it is an open question how long your reticence will last. You say you can have no object in speaking as you have done. That may or may not be. I dare say you are a very good woman, and have spoken the truth; the only thing I know for a certainty is, that you are acquainted with Hofner, whom I have ascertained to be a thorough scoundrel. I may thank you by-and-bye. I am hardly prepared to do so yet. However, I will sift the matter to the bottom, and if I find that you have been as disinterested as you represent yourself, I will apologize most humbly for my rudeness. For the present, I wish you a very good day."

And with this I flounced out of the room.

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I sit down in the solitude of my own daintily furnished little snugger, and grind my teeth with rage. I had no patience with that woman, and would barely listen to her.

I try not to believe what I have heard, and yet I cannot stifle my suspicions. My husband, Hubert Rawlinson, that abominable female, all tell the same stories.

I know not what to do, or which way to turn. I doubt one moment and believe the next. I cannot unravel the thread of their precious lie—for a lie I am sure it is.

No, in my heart of hearts, I believe that the miserable story is only too true.

Oh what a fool I have been!

No doubt these wretches are exulting in my mortification. And I have no means of retaliating. I cannot even indulge in the common, if rather expensive, consolation, of "putting the matter in my solicitor's hands." If once I begin to stir up muddy water who can guess the consequence?

As I said at the beginning of this chapter, I am frantic with rage and wounded vanity. My greatest humiliation of all is to feel that

for years and years past I may have been the laughing-stock, in secret, of that little wretch Harry.

I have a fresh means now of accounting for his flippant and exasperating behaviour yesterday. It rests however on the unwelcome assumption that he is really married to that abominable woman in Brompton.

No doubt he had been to see the creature, and she had told him what she told me, that she had no intentions of asserting her rights. Relieved of all his fears, he threw off the mask and boldly avowed his guilt.

What did he care about self-crimination, so long as he could have the pleasure of tormenting me? He knew that he could insult and worry me as much as he chose, for what can I do in return? I should lose every thing, and gain nothing by endeavouring to punish the little wretch. Shamefully as I have been deceived, vilely as he has treated me, I must put up with my wrongs in silence, and he knows it.

I have this comfort, however—he cannot desert me, or cut off the supplies. It needs no prophet to tell him that if he treated me shabbily I should at once put the law in operation. But, after all, what should I gain by doing so? Barren revenge; nothing more.

However I have my reckless moods, and Master Harry will be afraid to provoke them.

After all, even admitting the truth of that woman's story, my position is not so much changed for the worse. True, I may be Lady Darlington only in name, but my husband is bound to me, if not by the marriage tie, by the if anything stronger one of fear. Nobody will be a bit the wiser. If Lucy Clements Verner wishes to enjoy the society of my Pettums, she is welcome to it; and if I leave her alone, no doubt she will leave me alone. I have no children to consider.

By-the-bye, if Harry should die before me, how about my jointure?

But it is absurd worrying myself like this. Madam Lucy has not yet established her claim. I think if it came to the worst I could make a good fight. Possession, you know, is nine points of the law. However, in any case, I shall take care to feather my nest, with a view to a possible rainy day.

A CARTHUSIAN LEGEND.

It is scarcely necessary to tell those of our readers who live in London, that the buildings which now are devoted to the Charter-House School were, before the "Reformation," the home of one of the largest and most important Monasteries of the Carthusian order, in England. The house was founded by Sir Walter de Manny, in A.D. 1371; and within its walls, separating what is now the Upper from the Lower "Green" or Playground, were buried the bodies of those who died of the plague in the reign of Edward III. The site of their burial is still marked by a long mound, the "sad funereal hill," of the following lines; and part of the Old Cloisters are still standing, just as they were in the days of Henry VIII., who hanged the Prior over the gateway of the "House," because he would not surrender his Monastery into the King's hands. The Monastery, at the dissolution, was granted to the North family, from which it passed into the hands of the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk. They made it their town house, and in 1611 sold it to Thomas Sutton, a merchant of London, who founded there a College for forty boys and eighty "Poor Brethren." The name of the Charter-House (La Chartreuse) has always clung to it.

The central portion of the Cloisters is traditionally styled "Middle Briers;" but why or wherefore it is so called, is no longer known. The author of the "Legend" itself, as it stands here, was one of the "Poor Brethren," who form part of the establishment; and he may well have been a cricketer in the days of his youth—perhaps even once a boy in the school. From his pious prayer that God may "rest the souls" of the departed, it may be inferred that he was at heart at least inclined to the "Ancient Faith." In any case the lines are well worthy of being preserved in our pages—the more so as the school is about to be transferred into the country, and its venerable buildings will shortly pass into other hands.

I lay me down to sleep
And dreamt in "Middle Briers,"
Of monks of olden time
And gray Carthusian friars;

Yet still my eyes were open,
And I looked upon the "Green ;"
But oh, how dread the sight,
How changed the well-known scene !
For instead of laughing groups
Of boys around each wicket,
Eleven monks and devils
Played a fearful game of cricket ;
And instead of cap and gown
Was the long white robe and cowl,
And each hoary head it glistened
Like a polished silver bowl.
And they played, and they played
For the souls of those that lie
In the bosom of the hill
That rises up hard by ;
And a little azure angel
Stood umpire at the game,
With his sword all gleaming bright,
And wings of heavenly flame.
The devils they were in,
The monks were fagging out,
And Lucifer, the chief of all,
Oh! how he swiped about!
How he laughed to see the weary friars
Running both hard and fast
Beneath the burning sunbeams
And the fell sulphuric blast!
And louder still he laughed
When at length he got a run,
And he capered and he hopped
At the diabolic fun.
And again my eyes were opened,
And they pierced the solemn gloom,
Where lay the shivering souls
In fear of deadly doom.
And I saw the swollen bodies
In the cerements of the dead—
While the long slimy worms,
Oh, how merrily they fed
On the green putrid mass
Within the roomy grave,
And blessed the blessed plague
Which that feast of dainties gave!
But the Prior boldly stood,
That man of holy deeds,—
He bowed his head in prayer
And quickly told his beads ;
And he prayed so long and loud
That the angel, who on high
Stood umpire at the game,
Looked down with partial eye,

And flashed his beaming wings
With pleasure and delight
Before the demon's eyes,
That were dazzled by the sight.
With heavenly hope inspired,
The Prior seized the ball,
Struck off the balanced bales
And broke the wickets all.
Then rose a fearful yell
Of anguish and despair
From that band of baffled fiends
As they vanished in the air.
The earth it shook with horror,
The monks they stood aghast,
The dreadful conflict o'er,
The weary struggle past;
And the hill it opened wide,
A cavern dark and deep,
Where a spirit o'er each body
Did a solemn vigil keep:
Unearthly music rang around
In gladness from on high,
As the ransom'd spirits rose aloft
And reached the parting sky;
And the glory burst upon my eyes
With an all-resplendent beam,
And I woke and found that all had passed
Before me in a dream.
Yet now whene'er I walk along
The sad funereal hill,
I pray God rest the souls that lie
In dreadful durance still.
And no man who has ever been,
Or ever yet shall be,
Has dreamt the dream that I then dreamt,
Or seen that I did see.

CARTHUSIAN.

A STROLL ROUND HAMPSTEAD AND HIGHGATE.

AND so Hampstead Heath is still to remain essentially the "people's" heath,—thanks to the generous spirit of the inhabitants of our "Middlesex Oberland," and the efforts of Mr. de Breton, by whose strenuous exertions the heath has been spared from sharing the fate of some of the other open spaces round London, which, having for many years been the healthy resort of the working classes—Epping Forest for instance—are now being rapidly and cruelly encroached upon for building purposes.

Any one at all familiar with the metropolis is probably acquainted with the situation of Hampstead Heath, occupying, as it does, one of what Mr. W. Howitt so well calls the "Northern Heights of London," and to Mr. Howitt's very interesting book, bearing this title, we are largely indebted for information, and also for the illustrations which accompany this paper¹. There are two routes by which the Londoner may make the journey to this suburban retreat; the one by way of Tottenham Court Road and Haverstock Hill, the other by the Metropolitan (or Underground) Railway, to Swiss Cottage Station. The former road passed the wooden cottage once tenanted by Sir Richard Steele (whose name it bore), but recently pulled down, and where Steele was visited by Addison and other familiar friends. The latter route, from the Swiss Cottage, lies over the pleasant upland meadows, so much admired by Leigh Hunt, having on the right old Belsize, formerly celebrated for its holy fountain of never-failing clear water, concerning the merits of which the monks of Westminster had many a pleasant tale to tell, some three centuries and a half ago. It is a mile's walk from either Haverstock Hill or the Swiss Cottage, to the parish churchyard of Hampstead, but the fatigue of accomplishing it, on a clear day, will be well repaid by the splendid view to be obtained from this spot, which comprises the Crystal Palace and the Surrey Hills, as far as Epsom. The present church of

¹ "The Northern Heights of London; or, Historical Associations of Hampstead, Highgate, Muswell Hill, Hornsey, and Islington." By William Howitt. London: Longmans and Co.

Hampstead—a modern unsightly edifice—was built in 1747, in place of the old parish church, of which the accompanying view from Park's "History of Hampstead," is printed by Mr. Howitt, in his work above mentioned.



HAMPSTEAD OLD CHURCH.

Another five minutes' walk will take the visitor, by any one of a dozen devious paths, up a second ascent to the Heath, where he will have reached an altitude equivalent to the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, or some 400 feet above the level valley of the Thames. Here the panorama includes, on the one side, an expansive survey of the metropolis, with the huge dome of St. Paul's looming out above a dense cloud-vest of smoke; the Knockholt Beeches, near Seven-oaks; Brentwood Hill and the Laindon Hills, in Essex; the Grand Stand at Epsom, and Richmond Hill, in Surrey; the steeple of Hainslop Church, in Northamptonshire; and the regal towers of Windsor; the most distant object visible, however, is said to be a church just on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire; and at our feet the undulating plain, rich and verdant, stretches away, over Willesden and Hendon, to Harrow-on-the Hill.

Well may the Londoner be proud, and justly so, of these "northern heights;" and a song, very popular a year or two ago, enunciated an undoubted truth, when it said, that of all the suburbs of this great metropolis,—

"Hampstead's the place to ruralize."

The loveliness of the scenery of Hampstead Heath, the beauty of its view, the freshness and salubrity of its air, drew thousands to its breezy brow long before London could count its population by

millions. Its green hollows, its shady lanes, its gorse and heather, its sandpits and weird pine-trees, its long avenues of limes and beeches, its fishless ponds and rugged turf have for ages been visited and admired. It is a spot sacred to popular pastime and popular taste for the beautiful—a spot that has been virtually the people's for generations past, and which is now, we trust, secured to the people for all generations to come.

The entrance to the Heath, by way of Hampstead Church, is through a pleasant avenue of shady limes, where may be noticed a rustic seat in what is still called Judges' Walk, or King's Bench Avenue. It is said that during the time when the plague was



KING'S BENCH AVENUE.

raging in London, the Courts of Law were temporarily transferred hither from Westminster, and that "the Heath was tenanted by wig and toga-bearing gentlemen, who were forced to sleep under canvas, owing to the want of accommodation in the village of Hampstead." Prior to the year 1701, when that honour was transferred to Brentford, as a more central spot, the elections of knights of the shire for Middlesex were held on Hampstead Heath; and in the western part of the Heath, behind Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead races were held in the last century. These races, as we learn from Mr. Howitt, drew together so much low company that they were put down on account of the mischief that resulted from them. The very existence of a race-course on Hampstead Heath seems now entirely forgotten, and the uneven character of the ground, which has been much excavated for gravel and sand, is such as would render a visitor almost disposed to doubt whether

such could ever have been the case. The breezy slopes of Hampstead Heath are far better suited for the purposes of a military review, and a prettier sight cannot easily be imagined than a sham fight here on a Volunteer field day.

At the farther end of the Heath, adjoining Lord Mansfield's property of Caen Wood, and overlooking Hendon and Finchley, stands a well-known inn, called The Spaniards, from the fact of its having been once inhabited by a family connected with the Spanish Embassy; it has been a place of entertainment for a century, or even more. Leaving the open Heath, and the unceasing touting of the donkey-drivers, and passing back townwards in a southern direction, by a broad road, which seems to have been artificially raised along the ridge of the hill, we arrive at Jack Straw's Castle, where we get a fine view of St. Paul's, with the whole of the eastern part of the metropolis spread out at our feet, and the valley of the Thames stretching away in the hazy distance, as far as Gravesend. The private residence which we pass on the left, on quitting the Heath, is the well-known Upper Flask, formerly the place of meeting in the summer months for the members of the Kit-Kat Club, and noted by Richardson in his novel of "*Clarissa Harlowe*," as the place to which the fashionable villain, Lovelace, under the promise of marriage, lured away the heroine from her tyrannical family. George Steevens, the celebrated commentator of Shakspeare, lived and died at the Upper Flask.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, owing to the discovery of a chalybeate spring, Hampstead had gained the reputation of a "watering place," and was fast rivalling the glories of Epsom and Tunbridge Wells; but even prior to this it had grown gradually into a place of fashionable resort, on account of its healthy and invigorating air. As early as 1698, "The Wells" were spoken of by that name; and two or three years afterwards the virtues of the "chalybeate waters of Hampstead" were loudly trumpeted by a physician of eminence and local celebrity, Dr. Gibbons, as well as by one Dr. John Soame; they were also duly advertised in the *Post-boy* of the period. The "quality" flocked to "Well-walk" to drink the waters, to flirt and to gamble; and, according to Mr. Howitt, even dice and cards were not the worst or most objectionable of the dissipations there offered to the youth of both sexes, for "houses of amusement and dissipation now started up on all sides, and the public papers teemed with advertisements of concerts at the 'Long-room,' raffles at the 'Wells,' races on the Heath, and 'private marriages at Sion Chapel.'" The character of Hampstead and its fashionable adjunct, Belsize, however, may be even more accurately gathered from Baker's comedy, entitled "*Hampstead Heath*,"

brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, about the period of which we have just spoken, as the following passage will show :—

“Act I. *Scene 1.*—HAMPSTEAD.

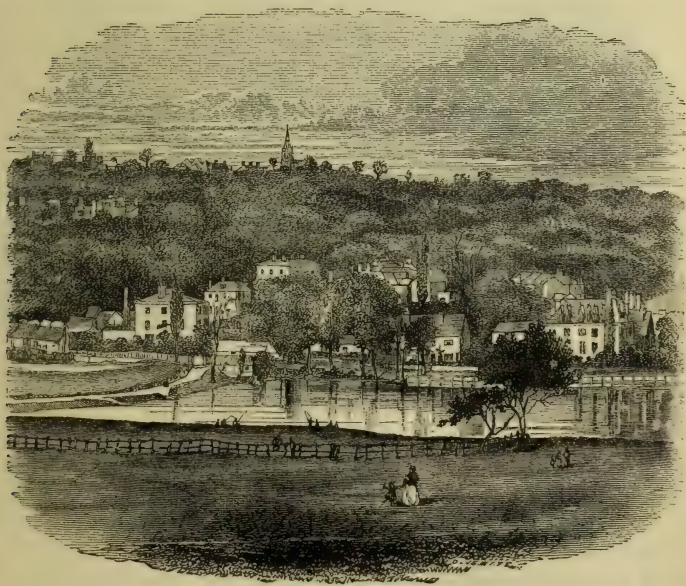
“*Smart.* Hampstead for awhile assumes the day. The lively season o’ the year ; the shining crowd assembled at this time, and the noble selection of the place, gives us the nearest show of *Paradise*.

“*Bloom.* London now indeed has but a melancholy aspect, and a sweet rural spot seems an adjournment o’ the nation, where business is laid fast asleep, variety of diversions feast our fickle fancies, and every man wears a face of pleasure. The cards fly, the bowls run, the dice rattle ; some lose their money with ease and negligence, and others are well pleased to pocket it. But what fine ladies does the place afford ?

“*Smart.* Assemblies so near the town give us a sample of each degree. We have city ladies that are over dressed and no air ; court ladies that are all air and no dress ; and country dames with broad brown faces like a Stepney bun ; besides an endless number of Fleet Street sempstresses, that dance minuets in their furbeloe scarfs, and their clothes hang as loose about them as their reputation.

“[ENTER *Driver.*]

“*Smart.* Mr. Deputy Driver, stock-jobber, state-botcher, the terror of strolling women, and chief beggar-hunter, come to visit Hampstead !



VIEW OF HIGHGATE FROM THE PONDS.

“*Driver.* And d’you think me so very shallow, Captain, to leave the good of the nation, and getting money, to muddle it away here ’mongst fops, fiddlers, and furbeloes, where everything’s as dear as freeholder’s votes, and a greater

imposition than a Dutch reckoning. I am come hither, but 'tis to ferret out a frisking wife o' mine, one o' the giddy multitude that's rambl'd up to this ridiculous assembly.

"*Bloom.* I hope, Mr. Deputy, you'll find her in good hands: coquetting at the Wells with some Covent Garden beau; or retired to piquet with some brisk young Templar."

The wells continued to be more or less a place of resort for invalids, real and imaginary, down to the early part of the present century; but the visit of George III. and the Court to Cheltenham set the tide of fashion in a different direction. The chalybeate waters of Hampstead soon after lost their medicinal reputation, and now merely serve to supply a public drinking fountain in what still bears, as though in mockery, the name of "Well Walk."

But we must now pass across the fields, by way of the "Ponds," and skirting Caen Wood, to Highgate, which almost adjoins Hampstead on its eastern side. Around this spot, as around Hampstead, there are many houses which have an historic interest. Such are Caen Wood, the noble residence of Lord Mansfield, whither Guy Faux's comrades are said to have retreated upon the failure of their



CAEN WOOD.

attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament; Cromwell House, once the home of Ireton; and Andrew Marvel's house which once belonged to the rapacious Earl of Lauderdale; and Arundel House, once the suburban residence of the Earls of Arundel, and afterwards of the noble family of Cornwallis. The walls and timbers of each of these houses are redolent of the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and associated with names which will never die out of English history,—such as Arabella Stuart, Lord

Bacon, and poor Nell Gwynne. In the Grove at Highgate, the house is still pointed out where Samuel Taylor Coleridge resided and died; and long will the pleasant walks round Highgate be connected with his memory.

The story of Dick Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London," is known to every one; but his connection with Highgate will be a sufficient excuse for quoting from Mr. Howitt's work already alluded to, the following paragraph relating to "Whittington Stone:"—"Descending the hill from Lauderdale House,



WHITTINGTON STONE AND THE LAZAR HOUSE.

towards Holloway, and not far before we come to the Archway Tavern, we arrive at a massive stone, standing on the edge of the footpath, which seems to give reality to the tales of our nurseries. It bears this inscription:—

WHITTINGTON STONE.

Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.

1397	Richard II.
1409	Henry IV.
1419	Henry V.

So Dick Whittington was a real man of flesh and blood, flourishing in an historic period, and not the creation of some old storyteller, who delighted to amuse children. Here he really sat and listened to 'Bow Bells,' which rang him back to be 'thrice Lord Mayor of London.' Whatever of fable has wreathed itself like ivy round this old story, there was a *bonâ fide* substantial tree for it to twine round. Here Dick sat on a stone (which appears to

have been the base of an ancient cross) and listened to that agreeable recall. The stone, we are told, is not the actual one on which Dick sat. That had been thrown down and broken to pieces in an age which ignored the worship of relics; and its fragments were removed years ago, and placed as kerb-stones against the posts at the corner of Queen's Head-lane. But this stone was erected on or near the spot as a proper memorial of the fact that the hero of this story—no longer plain Dick, but Sir Richard Whittington—loved to ride out in this direction, and to dismount, in order to walk up the hill, at this stone, and by it to remount his horse again—a very characteristic trait of Whittington's humanity."

GOOD AND BAD.

IN men whom men condemn as ill
 I find so much of goodness still;
 In men whom men pronounce divine,
 I find so much of sin a blot,—
 I hesitate to draw a line
 Between the two, where God has not.

JOACHIM MILLER.



"As I rose, I threw some money into her hand."— See page 421.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE.

As I rose, I threw some money into her hand.

I hurried off as fast as I could hobble, lest she should overtake me, and though she murmured something indistinctly, I chose to be obstinately deaf, and refused to attach any meaning to her remonstrance.

It was sad to think that my old schoolfellow and his daughter should have fallen so low. I, through no particular merit, intellectual or moral, had become a rich man; he, in spite of all his efforts, well meant if misdirected, was at the workhouse door.

The last time I had seen little Effie, she was a rosy-cheeked, laughter-loving child, playing in her father's garden. Now—it grieved me to think of all she must have suffered, and I knew that her pleading eyes would haunt me reproachfully, till I had rescued her from the depth of misery into which she had fallen.

I met the poor creature in this wise.

One bright summer evening I was wandering homewards, through St. James's Park, from the City, quite glad to enjoy a breath of fresh air.

Presently, feeling rather tired, I sat down to rest my old limbs under the shade of one of those trees which form the long avenue stretching from Buckingham Palace to the Horse Guards.

As I gazed abstractedly at the gay folk on their way to ball, opera, and concert, and dreamt vaguely about many things, a young woman approached, and by the hopeless way in which she sunk down upon the bench, I could see that she was tired out, utterly exhausted in body and mind.

She had a pretty, though care-worn, face, and in spite of her shabby, dust-begrimed dress, there was something in her manner and appearance that bespoke the lady.

"You look very tired," I ventured to remark.

"I am," she replied, in heart-broken tones, clasping her hands together, despairingly, "very, very tired."

By degrees, I managed to gain her confidence, and she informed me of her troubles.

It was the old, sad story.

Her father, a man of limited means, had been induced to risk his money in speculation. Of course, the result was not the wealth he had expected, but ruin.

Then, as misfortunes never come singly, illness supervened, to increase the troubles of the family.

The old man was now bedridden, and mother and daughter, both of whom had been brought up in comparative luxury, were forced to work, not for themselves only, but for a hopeless invalid.

Effie had tried every thing—in vain. She was too poor to advertise, but she had gone about from place to place, soliciting employment. Her aspirations were humble enough in all conscience. She was, she said, ready to do any thing by which she could honestly earn a little money. She had tried governessing, and, of course, literature. But she could obtain no employment as a teacher, and her MSS. were returned by editors, who either could not or would not see that they possessed any merit.

Ultimately she had applied for a situation as barmaid, having previously sought employment as attendant in a boot-shop, where, however, her services were declined on the ground that she had not sufficient "strength of wrist." Frame her petition as she might, refusal was always her lot. She owned she was very stupid, very shy, and nervous—not at all brisk, pushing, and business-like, and she despaired of ever meeting with success.

As I have already said, I left her, after having forced some money on her acceptance, and as I hobbled home, wondering how I could best befriend the poor dispirited creature, I fell into a gloomy reverie concerning the many delicate and gently nurtured ladies, who in these days of commercial vicissitudes and gigantic crashes are thrown upon their own feeble energies for support, without any kind of aptitude for a task that is enough to daunt the bravest of us.

No form of poverty is so hopeless or so hidden as what is termed "genteel poverty." It is one of the curses, and one of the least manageable curses of the day.

Think of the hundreds upon hundreds, the whole tribes, as we may say, who have been brought low by insolvent banks, fraudulent companies, and commercial villainy of all kinds. Think, too, of those both in our own country, and still more in France, who have been reduced from competence—ay from wealth—to sheer beggary, by the merciless war that is even now scarcely at an end. How shall we help them? for help they sorely need. What has become of them? They are not the sturdy vagrants who tramp indolently up and down our streets making the air hideous with loud voiced plaint and rough discordant chant. The true suf-

ferers are stowed away in the far-off dark corners of the earth. They gnaw their hearts in silence; they pass out of the way and are forgotten—gently nurtured girls, once comely matrons, disinherited children, ruined and heartbroken parents, who are sent into the ranks to battle with adversity, without even that poor armour which habit affords.

It is a hard fight for those who have been born to it, who are, so to speak, up to all the tricks of the adversary, but what chance have those who are plunged into beggary of a sudden?

All the girls cannot be governesses or novelists; all the men cannot be clerks. What is to become of them? How many institutions are there for the relief of gentlewomen in distress, and what is the sphere of their operation? How many are rescued from the water; how many sink and are drowned?

Knowing what the world is, how hard, how merciless in temptation, can we contemplate their future without a shudder?

Let the reader be assured of this; if one thing more than another be needed, it is a determined effort to deal with “genteel poverty,” which is not, as people suppose, merely indigence, but, in too many cases, absolute beggary—hunger, thirst, the workhouse, the casual ward, the river, and the prison.

It is the veriest commonplace to say that London is a city of great contrasts. So is every great city; so, for that matter, is the country—the pure, free, innocent country, with its lordly mansions on one side of the road, and its miserable hovels—of which there are even now by far too many—on the other.

In an accompanying woodcut we reproduce a scene, painful, and yet not without a tinge of the ludicrous, which lately came beneath our notice, in a ramble homeward from the City.

In the foregoing pages I have simply indicated the existence of an evil; on a future occasion I hope to be able to suggest something, however imperfect, in the way of a remedy.

MYSTERY NO MYSTERY.¹

WHEN will mankind be tired of the marvellous ?

Never, let us hope—for the sake of author, printer, and publisher—so long as an honest penny is to be earned by sensational stories and “Christmas numbers.”

We can in the present article promise our readers a grand treat. It is our privilege to be in a position to lay before them some of the most extraordinary and really true narratives that the most exacting devourer of romance could require.

Weird and puzzling enough in all conscience are some of the tales that we are about to relate; and yet, whatever appearance may say to the contrary, it will be found that they are in nearly every instance susceptible of explanation.

Our mission is to prove that terrors of the “raw head and bloody bones” type are simply and solely the effect of “hallucinations” consequent upon a vitiated state of the bodily organs, the result produced by their action varying in intensity from a disagreeable and oft-recurring impression to a state of absolute agony, by which the patient is impelled to the commission of the most horrible acts.

From the time of the Nymph Egeria to the later period of the Ghost of Wilmington Square, silly people have been found ready enough to put faith in the impossible, on the evidence—incontrovertible as they fancy it—of their “own senses,” that is, on the strength of some occurrence which with their limited knowledge they cannot explain.

In the middle ages, we had stupendous revelations from the unknown world, visitants from heaven appearing to the holy men on earth, and fully detailed, because dreamt of, exploits performed at witches’ sabbaths, or by sorcerers, demons, and weird wolves.

Even in the present day, though we all feel it a bounden duty to scoff at the supernatural, there is scarcely a man of eminence who has written his autobiography and not acknowledged some extraordinary and apparently inexplicable event in his own life. The

¹ “Hallucinations.” Par Brierre de Boismont. Paris.

most sceptical have experienced at some time or other a mental emotion, either a phantasy or a hallucination.

Few men are more philosophic, more worldly, or more wedded to material doctrines than was Prince Talleyrand, and yet we are told that there was one circumstance which he could never speak of without shuddering, and without betraying an emotion which amounted to something like an exhibition of excitement.

"I remember" said he, "upon one occasion, having been gifted for a single moment with an unknown and nameless power. I know not to this day whence it came; it has never once returned; and yet, upon that one occasion, it saved my life. I had freighted a ship in concert with my friend, Beaumetz. He was a good fellow, Beaumetz, with whom I had ever lived on the most intimate terms; and in those stormy times, when it needed not only friendship to bind men together, but almost godlike courage to show that friendship. I had not a single reason to doubt his attachment. On the contrary, he had given me, on several occasions, most positive proof of his devotion to my interest and well-being. We had fled from France; we had arrived at New York together; and we had lived in perfect harmony during our stay there. So, after having resolved upon improving the little money that was left by speculation, it was, still in partnership and together, that we freighted a small vessel for India,—trusting to all the goodly chances which had befriended us in our escape from danger and from death, to venture once more conjointly to brave the storms and perils of a yet longer and more adventurous voyage. Every thing was embarked for our departure—bills were all paid, and farewells all taken—and we were waiting for a fair wind with most eager expectation,—being prepared to embark at any hour of the day or night, in obedience to the warning of the captain. This state of uncertainty seemed to irritate the temper of poor Beaumetz to an extraordinary degree; and unable to remain quietly at home, he hurried to and from the city with an eager, restless activity, which at times excited my astonishment: for he had ever been remarkable for great calmness and placidity of temper. One day, he entered our lodging evidently labouring under great excitement, although commanding himself to appear calm. I was engaged at the moment writing letters to Europe; and, looking over my shoulder, he said, with forced gaiety, 'What need to waste time in penning those letters?—they will never reach their destination. Come with me, and let us take a turn on the Battery; perhaps the wind may be chopping round; *we may be nearer our departure than we imagine.*' The day was very fine, although the wind was blowing hard, and I suffered myself to be persuaded. Beaumetz, I remembered afterwards,

displayed an unusual officiousness in aiding me to close my desk and put away my papers, handing me, with hurried eagerness, my hat and cane, and doing other services to quicken my departure, which at the time I attributed to the restless desire for change, the love of activity with which he seemed to have been devoured during the whole period of our delay. We walked through the crowded streets to the Battery. He had seized my arm and hurried me along, seemingly in eager haste to advance. When we had arrived on the broad esplanade—the glory then, as now, of New York—Beaumetz quickened his step still more, until we arrived close to the water's edge. He talked loud and quickly, admiring in energetic terms the beauty of the scenery, the Brooklyn heights, the shady groves of the island, the ships riding at anchor, and the busy scene on the peopled wharf—when suddenly he paused in his mad, incoherent discourse; for I had freed my arm from his grasp, and stood immoveable before him. Staying his wild and rapid steps, I fixed my eye upon his face. He turned aside, cowed and dismayed. 'Beaumetz,' I shouted, '*you mean to murder me: you intend to throw me from the height into the sea below. Deny it, monster, if you can.*' The maniac stared at me for a moment; but I took especial care not to avert my gaze from his countenance, and he quailed beneath it. He stammered a few incoherent words, and strove to pass me; but I barred his passage with extended arms. He looked vacantly right and left, and then flung himself upon my neck, and burst into tears. "'Tis true—'tis true, my friend! the thought has haunted me day and night, like a flash from the lurid fire of hell. It was for this I brought you here. Look! you stand within a foot of the edge of the parapet: in another instant the work would have been done.' The demon had left him; his eye was unsettled, and the white foam stood in bubbles on his parched lips; but he was no longer tossed by the same mad excitement under which he had been labouring, for he suffered me to lead him home without a single word. A few days' repose, bleeding, and abstinence, completely restored him to his former self."

The most frequent hallucinations are those of the sense of hearing. They are also the most complicated. They generally take the form of troublesome noises in the ear, such as sounds made during the night in the chimney. We have known an invalid complain of a perfectly sleepless night occurring for weeks, in consequence of the idea that dwelt upon her mind, that some rooks were building a nest in her chimney. She had returned from a country house where a rookery was established. After the lapse of a few weeks she had an intermittent fever, upon her recovery from which the noises ceased. But the following year, when she again returned

from the country, she underwent a precisely similar attack. Her condition was attributed by the physician in attendance to an effect produced on the nervous system by an autumnal miasma.

A singular case occurred in Paris, in 1831. During one of those fatal disturbances once so common in that city, a female saw her husband, a workman, fall dead at her feet, struck by a ball. A month later she gave birth to a child, but the tenth day after her confinement delirium came on. At its commencement she heard the noise of cannon, pickets firing, and the whistling of bullets. She ran into the country, hoping by getting out of the city to escape the noises that so persistently tormented her. She was arrested and conducted to the Salpêtrière. At the end of a month she was completely restored. During ten years six similar paroxysms took place and the delirium always began with the hallucination of sound. In each successive attack the patient ran into the country to escape the imagined discharges of cannon and the firing of guns. In her headlong flight she frequently fell into the water; twice she threw herself into it to escape the horror of the tumult that reminded her of the death of her husband and recalled the miseries she had endured.

Single voices are by no means so common as two voices, and the subject of the illusion is frequently accompanied and caused by some emotion of the mind. Pariset, however, in his lectures mentions the case of a young girl who heard a voice constantly calling her a thief, and reproaching her with having stolen a particular article. At length she restored the object taken, and the hallucination soon ceased. This is a curious instance of the state known to our forefathers as "conscience stricken." From the days of Cain downwards many a murderer has fancied himself pursued by the cries of his victim.

An unfortunate maniac at the Salpêtrière, was tormented by a voice that proclaimed his death and the punishment that he was to undergo for his sins. Females who have led the most blameless lives have sometimes been persecuted by voices calling them by the foulest epithets.

The common hallucination which believes that echo is answering every word is to be explained by the fact that the individual utters his thoughts aloud but unconsciously, and hearing his own voice, mistakes it for that of a stranger. A distinguished nobleman some years deceased who at one time held a high office in the administration was subject to an hallucination of this kind. He not only spoke to himself when alone, as those who labour under such fanciful impressions generally do, but even in the society of strangers, which is less common.

An anecdote describing one of the many predicaments into which he was led by his misfortune is ludicrous and painful at the same time. Though the facts of the story may not have occurred exactly as described, they are yet similar to many circumstances that actually happen. The noble lord in question took a friend whom he met at the country seat of another friend, in his carriage to London. Arriving there rather late in the afternoon, he said, as he fancied to himself, "I suppose I must ask this man to dinner," but from his peculiar habit of abstraction he expressed himself aloud. His new acquaintance not knowing that disease was the cause of this singularity, promptly replied, as if also speaking to himself, "I suppose this nobleman will ask me to dinner; if he does I shall not accept his invitation."

In many instances a patient hears two voices in earnest conversation, sometimes loudly disputing, sometimes giving advice, colouring being imparted to the subject under discussion by the passions or the feelings of the listener. Thus a lady, who spent much of her time at the toilet table, was greatly disturbed by being obliged to listen to the conversation of two men whom she had never seen, who pursued her every where, and left her no peace with the compliments that they continually addressed to her. Morning after morning they were prepared with their praises and admiration of the clearness and beauty of her complexion.

A curious case, quite worthy of being quoted at length, has been recorded by Dr. George Sigmond, an eminent authority, on the subject of hallucinations and the affections of the mind which produce them. "At the period," says the writer, "when my lectures on *Materia Medica* were appearing weekly in the *Lancet*, the person who conducted Mr. Wakley's printing establishment, in Essex Street, Strand, called on me one morning, and requested my professional assistance for one of the printers immediately under his own direction, who had lately betrayed a singular species of hallucination, for which his friends were exceedingly anxious that he should obtain medical advice. He was described to me as an individual of superior ability to those of his own position, a man fond of reading, and particularly attentive to medical literature; he had lately been gloomy, misanthropic, and, in contradiction to his former habits, which were abstemious, he now passed much of his time at the public-house, and had been frequently intoxicated, but rather from a wish to drown thought than from a love of liquor. On an appointed day he presented himself to me, accompanied by a friend; he was evidently labouring under great embarrassment, and seemed unwilling for some time to place confidence in me, for I could not get any acknowledgment that he was unwell. At length, he

began by imploring me to forgive the unusual request he was about to make, and to bear in mind that nothing but the great misery he endured could lead him to ask me to take the only steps by which he could be relieved. He then said that he had been persecuted for several months by the unwearied attacks of two imps, which had taken up their residence in his body; their size was exceedingly small, but their voices were tremendously powerful—one was a lively, agreeable, merry devil, always with something jocular to say, but the other a most sulky, unhappy wretch, who was constantly tormenting him, and advising him to commit suicide; he in fact it was by whom his whole life was rendered one scene of wretchedness. He had never confided his sorrows to any one but the friend who accompanied him, and he should not have done so, but that he was in some measure obliged to do it, for, whilst walking with him some days ago, in Fleet Street, he had been under the necessity of borrowing his pocket handkerchief, a thing he was too well aware was so unusual and so ungentlemanlike, that he felt it a duty he owed to himself to explain the cause, which was, that, on leaving the house, he had placed his pocket-handkerchief in his hat, where, by a lucky accident, the two devils were at the moment, that they, of course, were in confinement upon his head, where he hoped to keep them; but the merry little imp had suggested to his companion that if they tickled the nose of their victim, he would be obliged to take the handkerchief out of his hat, and they would escape; to obviate this misfortune it was that he borrowed one from his friend. All this was told with the greatest gravity, and then came, with a most piteous look, the prayer of the petition he had to make to me. After the usual compliments paid to physicians for their skill and humanity, and the assertion of the belief that I was the only man in London who could restore him to health, he proposed that every aperture in the room should be carefully closed, that the key-hole should be stopped, and that not the slightest chink should be left open, whilst he stripped himself naked, and I hunted after the imps, seized and confined them. This was the only remedy for the state in which he was. I humoured him to the top of his bent; I listened with the appearance of belief to his melancholy narrative, and commenced the shutting up the crevices; I soon saw, however, how useless any attempt would prove to relieve his mind. It was evident that, however hermetically sealed the apartment, the idea was too rooted ever to be removed; and I was, after some length of time given to his assistance, compelled to conclude my interview. Of course, I could only foretell to his friends the sad termination of the case, which I afterwards learnt he hurried on, by his complete abandonment

to the momentary respite that spirits and fermented liquors gave him."

A singular hallucination to which the sense of hearing lends itself is the carrying on a long uninterrupted conversation, during which the individual speaks, addresses a third party, and waits to listen to the response, which seems to be perfectly new to him, as he receives it with marked attention, and replies to it at length. During hallucinations of this sort, the patient often exhibits a far higher degree of intellectual power than he had received credit for in his calmer moments. Many persons not naturally eloquent have been heard, when in the condition we describe, to express themselves with a considerable flow of appropriate language, and with no slight degree of wit. The explanation of the phenomenon consists in the fact that the powers of our mind intensify in proportion as we can concentrate them in some one particular direction. We all know the opinion of Sir Isaac Newton on this subject. Having once learnt a thing we forget it, because for the time being it is elbowed into an obscure corner of our brain by more important matters. It returns to us after the lapse of years—perhaps one day when brooding over the fire, or early in the morning when awaking from sleep. Then, to our surprise, we find ourselves muttering passages once familiar, but forgotten for years. Many a schoolboy can repeat his task correctly to himself, but when the critical moment arrives, even the fall of a book is enough to drive what he has learnt out of his head. The writer of the present article has a peculiar fondness for music, but he is certainly not clever at "catching up" a new tune—an art by-the-bye in which many persons who have no love at all for music greatly excel. However much he may be struck by a melody, it is next to impossible for him, by any ingenious device, to fix it in his mind. Frequently, however, it turns up quite of its own accord at some unexpected moment. When the attention is fixed on any thing rather than music, the wished-for tune hums in the ear, and is impressed upon the memory, if not for ever, at least "for good." The very effort to remember a thing is often its own hindrance. Most of us know by sad experience what came of fidgeting ourselves in the days of yore by trying to hook and land a text. Listen, leave the mind to its own processes, and in nine cases out of ten the result will come, though perhaps not immediately, by some strange path that we wot not of.

At the risk of seeming egotistical, we shall add two or three more personal experiences of the freaks of that sly witch—memory. During a performance at the Italian Opera-house, the author was much struck by the storm-scene in "Rigoletto." He cannot now

remember a note of it; but more than once of late he has heard it played through, and, as it seems to him, correctly, in his sleep. Certain reckless individuals, by-the-by, are fond of declaring that sounds are not possible in dreams, merely, we suppose, because they have never heard sound in dreams themselves. Any musical *amateur* (we do not use the word in its modern and perverted sense) will set them right on *that* score. When asleep or half asleep, a composer is frequently able to extemporize the most fluent melodies and complicated harmonies, though in his waking moments he may have but slight powers of improvisation. The explanation is simple. The performer does well what he usually does ill, merely because his mind is given up the more completely to the desired object. He is not plagued by sights and sounds and stray thoughts that distract his attention. The man of one pursuit has an advantage over the man of many;—your blind poet usually dates the real growth of his imagination from the loss of his sight. After a hard day's work, the author, when dropping off to sleep, has again and again heard the voices of those with whom he has been engaged during the day, repeating scraps of conversation that he has already nearly forgotten. Sometimes he studies late into the night, and then it is his fate to hear passages from his note-books—repeated *aloud*, and sometimes with any thing but flattering comments—by imaginary voices at his bedside.

During the hallucinations produced by taking the Indian hemp, the intensity of the sense of sound is most striking. Theodore Gautier related to Dr. Moreau some of the marvellous effects resulting from its action. "My sense of hearing," he says, "was prodigiously developed. I actually heard the noise of colours—green, red, blue, yellow sounds, reached me in waves perfectly distinct; a glass overthrown, the creaking of a footstool, a word pronounced low vibrated and shook me like peals of thunder; my own voice appeared to me so loud that I dared not speak for fear of shattering the walls around me, or of making myself burst like an explosive shell. More than five hundred clocks rung out the hour with a harmonious silvery sound; every sonorous object echoed like the note of an harmonica or the *Æolian* harp—I swam or floated in an ocean of sound."

Doctor Carrière made experiments upon several medical pupils with *haschych*, and spoke of its effects upon the sense of hearing in a strain quite on a par with the above. Once when a brother physician of his was under its influence, a servant girl in the next room began an ordinary song. The physician put his ear to the keyhole in an apparent ecstasy of delight, as if he were unwilling that the least sound should escape him. He remained under the

charm for nearly an hour, until the muse of the broomstick quitted her work.

The situation from which, during the imaginary dialogues of hallucination the supposed voice emanates has been the subject of much discussion. Some refer to the epigastrium as the spot from which the voices generally issue. Bertrand remarks that all those who profess to have the power of magnetic somnambulism say that they derive it from a voice seated in the parts we have named, and the greater number of highly nervous persons, of *epileptics*, and *convulsionnaires* always refer to the same spot. The top of the head is not unfrequently described as the position from which the voice comes. When there are two voices they are spoken of as issuing from two different parts of the head; in one case, observed by Dr. Baillarque, a man had one voice at the back of his head, recommending self-destruction, another at the anterior, dissuading him from it. Occasionally the two hemispheres appear to be the seat of antagonistic voices, each inspiring a different train of thought, and more generally opposing each other.

When the sight is in fault the imagination is engaged in a very different way to what it is when the hearing is disordered. The scenes painted are not so exciting, the reason is not brought into action, and it is generally one object alone that attracts the attention or that is complained of. The false impression may appear under various shapes, but it is generally connected with some idea that has previously struck with great intensity on the mind. Thus Pascal, after being in danger of his life at the bridge of Neuilly, frequently saw a precipice with a yawning abyss at his feet. Persons whose minds are strongly bent on devotion, and whose thoughts are yielded up to religion, are prone to fancy that they have been visited by the saints, the apostles, or the Virgin Mary. A story is told of a clergyman who had for some time shewn symptoms of a disordered mind, but whose behaviour had never evinced actual insanity: one Sunday, when in the pulpit, he broke off in his discourse, and pointed to what he believed to be the presence of the Holy Ghost. Timely interposition saved him from madness, but he was never afterwards capable of resuming his duties. During a state of illusion, a huge black cat by the fireside has been mentally transformed into the image of a beautiful woman: a white garment floating in the wind, into a celestial messenger; the dark, miserable alleys of Cairo have been lighted up into magnificent bazaars; and a brilliant fête has been seen where a few beggars have been assembled. It is well known that Napoleon Buonaparte was, in the early part of his career, subject to a hallucination of sight, in consequence of the vivid impression left upon his mind by one of the occurrences

of his eventful life. In the heat of one of the many battles in which he was engaged, his impetuosity carried him into the very midst of the fight. His immediate followers fled, and he was left alone, surrounded on all sides by assailants. How he escaped from death, and that too unhurt, no one was ever able to ascertain. The deep impression, however, of the danger which he had run was not effaced from his mind even after he had mounted the throne. At intervals an extraordinary scene would be witnessed in the palace. In the midst of the silence the Emperor would suddenly start up, utter loud cries, and gesticulate, as if fighting desperately with invisible foes. The combat seldom lasted long, but while it prevailed it seemed a tremendous one. The incident gave rise to the report that the great general was subject to epileptic fits; but the fact, as we have stated it, was commented upon by Pariset, in his lectures.

Visions such as we have alluded to will not unfrequently cease upon shutting the eyes; generally, however, they are permanent. Esquirol has described a visit to a patient connected with the family of Napoleon, who had formerly been in the army. After several reverses of fortune he exhibited undoubted signs of insanity, and was placed under the immediate care of the great physician we have named. He was subject to delusions and hallucinations as well, for he saw around him members of the Imperial family, and when the servants belonging to the establishment did not pay due homage to these imaginary beings his anger knew no bounds, and he worked himself up to a high pitch of irritation. On a certain occasion he fell upon his knees before one of these creatures of his own disordered brain, and implored protection and pardon. In the midst of a most outrageous paroxysm Esquirol advised him to place a bandage over his eyes. This he did, and his illusions instantaneously vanished. He no longer saw any imaginary beings; there was nothing any longer to excite him; he became calm and collected, and could even speak rationally of his peculiar state of mind. The experiment was afterwards frequently tried, and was always attended with marked success. On one occasion the bandage was kept on for twelve hours, during which time he was quite in possession of his senses, and did not betray for a moment any symptoms of his malady. At the end of that period, however, his eyes were uncovered, and directly the darkness ceased the delusions recommenced.

Sometimes a *train* of ideas arises; the hallucination is complex, one visionary object disappearing, another takes its place. Dr. Moreau relates an instance of this peculiar species of disorder, by which he was very forcibly struck, when he entered as a pupil at Charenton. Subsequently, through a combination of circumstances, his attention was directed to the same case still further. A young

lady, a near relative of his, gifted with acute sensibilities and a lively imagination, had been subjected to some chagrin which preyed much upon her spirits. It produced, however, no bad effect either upon her health of body or upon the general functions of her mind. Returning home one evening with a younger sister, she had scarcely put her foot upon the first step of the staircase which led to her room, when she fancied that the whole of the steps were enveloped in flame. Being a person of great presence of mind, she reflected that there could be no reality in what she saw, and that she must be the sport of her fancy. She therefore courageously went into her room, and knowing where some allumettes were kept, felt for them in the dark, but being naturally in a state of great agitation she threw the box that contained them on the ground. On stooping to pick them up she uttered a most fearful cry, which excited general alarm—she had seen extended at her feet the dead body of a man. Her sister, who was not in the slightest degree aware of the cause of her alarm, immediately seized one of the phosphorus matches, and lighting it the whole hallucination disappeared. Salverte tells a story of a female, who was bitterly bewailing the loss of a brother, when suddenly she heard what she imagined to be his voice. Overwhelmed by fright she cried aloud, and firmly believed that she saw her brother's shade surrounded by a resplendent halo of light.

Some patients do not see a single apparition merely; they have represented before their eyes different objects, generally, however, having a reference to the one matter that absorbs their thoughts. A lady, much attached to the card-table, became impressed with the idea that she had succeeded to a large fortune, and that it was necessary for her to exhibit great hospitality. Twice every week she fancied that she received her friends. At the proper hour she laid out the card-table, went through all the courtesies of a hostess with great tact and politeness, looked over the hands of visionary partners, praised their skill at the game, hoped they would reach home in safety when she took leave of them, and acted with all the politeness she would have shown had she really been in the position suggested by her imagination.

Bonnet, in "*L'essai Analytique sur l'ame*," tells us that he was acquainted with a man full of health, of honesty, of judgment, and of merit, who in open day, and independently of all external impressions, saw from time to time before him figures of men, of women, of birds, buildings, &c. He saw these figures make different movements, approach, retire, go away, diminish, increase, appear, and disappear. He saw buildings rise up before him, and exhibit all the different parts that enter into their construction.

He saw the carpets of the rooms change into richer carpets ; sometimes he saw rich tapestry on the walls, or else pictures resembling beautiful views in the country ; then quickly all this would give place to less ornamental decoration or to common materials. The paintings seemed to be of the most perfect beauty, and to represent the objects for which they were intended with all the force and brilliancy of nature. They were paintings, however, and nothing more ; neither the men nor the women ever spoke, they were perfectly silent, and not the slightest noise attended their movements. This person had undergone in both eyes the operation for cataract at an age somewhat advanced. A remarkable circumstance in his case was that he did not, like visionaries in general, take these apparitions for realities. He knew perfectly well that they were merely day-dreams, and looked upon them as a source of amusement. He could not tell at what moment a new vision might present itself, or under what form it might come. " His brain," said Bonnet, " is as a theatre, in which the scenery is executed by machines, which afford the greater pleasure to the spectator because they are totally unforeseen and unexpected."

When the mind is taken up by a peculiar train of thought and bodily disease, more especially of the nervous system, supervenes, visions of a most startling and terrible nature are by no means of unfrequent occurrence. The following singular story will illustrate our assertion : The Marquis of Rambouillet, the eldest brother of the Duchess of Montansier, happened once to be in conversation with a young friend, the Marquis de Precy, when a discussion arose as to the probability of a future state. As both of the young men were rather sceptically disposed, they doubted whether on the occurrence of death the soul might not, before leaving this earth for ever, visit a friend ; and each promised the other that in case of his falling a victim during the battle he would visit his surviving companion and make him acquainted with the nature and causes of his death. At the end of three months the Marquis de Rambouillet went to Belgium, where the war had broken out. De Precy was seized with a violent fever which compelled him, in spite of his wishes to join his regiment, to remain for the time being at Paris. Six weeks later, when De Precy became convalescent, he heard, as he was lying on his bed, about five o'clock in the morning, some one draw the bed-curtain, and on turning round to see from whence the noise came, to his great astonishment he saw the Marquis de Rambouillet booted and spurred. He jumped out of his bed immediately and rushed to throw his arms around his neck, to testify the pleasure he enjoyed at his safe return. But Rambouillet, retreating several steps, repulsed him, and said that his reception was altogether out

of season—that he had only come there with a view of fulfilling the promise that he had made; he had been killed the previous day in the trenches; all that had been said of another world was true; really his friend ought to think of living in a different way—he had no time to lose, since he was destined to be killed on the first opportunity that presented itself. The astonishment of the Marquis De Precy may well be understood. Not believing what he heard, he made still further attempts to throw himself upon the neck of his friend, whom he imagined to be laughing at him. His efforts were in vain, he found that he was embracing the air; and Rambouillet, pitying his incredulity, exhibited to him the wound he had received; it was in the region of the kidneys, and blood seemed still to flow from it. After this the phantom disappeared, leaving De Precy a prey to fright easier to comprehend than to describe. He repeated the tale to the whole house. Had by any chance the Marquis De Rambouillet actually been killed about this time there would have been all ready laid the foundation of a true and seemingly inexplicable ghost story.

There are many states of the body which predispose to the visions of hallucination. Enormous abstraction of blood, by emptying the minute vessels of the eye, gives rise to an altered condition of the optic nerve, during which strange effects have been produced by the visual rays. Starvation has the same effect; the stories of ships' crews perishing at sea abound with singular phenomena; the famished victims have not only seen before them beings luring them on with promised food, but they have witnessed the most beautiful scene which the imagination can display; gardens abounding with Hesperian fruit, crystal streams, delicious rills, ever blooming flowers, and all the fascination of the Elysian fields; sometimes angels minister to them robed in celestial garbs, and their last hours are rendered happy by the delusions to which the sense gladly lend themselves. There are certain tonics which also have an extraordinary influence. The preparations of iron are said, but probably without much foundation, to be remarkable in this respect.

Hallucinations affecting the power of smell are not unfrequent. They are generally, but not necessarily, associated with a deranged state of the sense of taste. An insane person believed firmly that he could detect the existence of cholera by the odour which followed it every where. He was first struck with it, he said, when dining; it came upon him like the smell of a dead body; he recognized its existence at Orleans and at Bordeaux directly he entered those cities.

Esquirol had under his care a female who imagined that she had

a most disagreeable odour about her, and on being asked to go into the garden, she refused, under the plea that she should kill all the vegetables in it by the scents she bore. The late Thomas Taylor, who translated the works of Plato and the Greek philosophers, was an enthusiastic believer in the heathen mythology. He worshipped Jupiter, Venus, and Mars, and on one occasion complained that his landlady had turned him out of the house, because he wished to sacrifice a bull in her parlour to one of the Gods. He also insisted that his wife exhaled a most ambrosial smell which captivated everyone who approached her. An eminent physician who heard him dwell with rapture on the circumstance, was led to ask its confirmation from one of his intimate friends who remembered her; he, however, so far from bearing witness to the fact, assured him that she was any thing but attractive in her habits of cleanliness. Cases are of frequent occurrence in which patients believe that every object around them is impregnated with some disagreeable odour. This is not at all unusual towards the termination of fever. Some individuals have a notion that their breath will infect any one who approaches them, and carefully drive away nurses and children, lest they should be the unconscious instruments of mischief to them.

Those maniacs who enjoy religious ecstasies, speak of delicious perfumes, divine exhalations of camphor, myrrh, and frankincense, of celestial food, of holy manna, of the blood which is that of the lamb, sweet yet savoury. The language of these poor creatures is generally that of happiness, and they are frequently convinced that they have been made partakers of some exquisite repast to which the worldly and unregenerate are strangers.

The hallucination of touch varies exceedingly. Sometimes a patient is admitted into an asylum who believes that he has rats crawling over him, that spiders infest him, and that he receives occasional blows from an unknown hand. When such is the case it is a curious fact how soon other patients will adopt and insist upon the same impression. If by any chance suspicion falls upon an attendant, and he is imagined to have been accessory to a blow, all the other inmates who complain, whether from cunning or from a wish to obtain the compassion which is generally shown, load the servant with charges of being the person who annoys them. Some invalids will maintain that cold water has been thrown on their heads; others, that corrosive substances, poisonous powders, have been thrown upon them—that hence their bodies are metamorphosed—that they are unlike what they once were, and are grossly maltreated. Some of them cannot bear the slightest breath of air to blow upon the body. If any of our readers have witnessed

the horror expressed by patients labouring under hydrophobia, when the least air touches them, they can judge of the horror which some experience when they fancy that they are blown upon.

Some years ago a poor fellow was in confinement at the Salpêtrière, upon whom the trial of Madame Laffarge had produced such an effect, that he believed his wife was following her example, and slowly poisoning him. He would not even get into bed, because, as he asserted, she threw poisoned powder into it. He was kept in a state of the most tremendous agitation. He always locked up his clothes, to prevent their being tampered with, and hid the key. By-and-bye he discovered that his supposed wicked wife disseminated powders in the air; he respired nothing but poison; he could no longer bear the horrors which accumulated around him. At last, in a paroxysm of violent madness, he struck his wife repeatedly with a hammer, left her for dead, and then inflicted upon himself several severe wounds, from which he eventually recovered, though his mind was completely lost.

Many patients believe that they have swallowed animals, reptiles and insects; and even those who are otherwise sufficiently sane often cannot be induced to lay aside the impression. Sometimes they beat the stomach and bowels with great violence, often wounding and severely hurting themselves. They declare that the internal organs have disappeared; they know it, they say, by the sense of emptiness, by the hollowness of sound. Occasionally they accuse a friend of being the cause of this affliction, or they lay it at the door of some one to whom they have taken, without apparent cause, a violent dislike. Spiders and mice are frequently said to be the cause of the mischief, and to have entered the stomach. Sometimes the head is very light, or enormously heavy; sometimes one arm is longer than another, or there may be three arms. Day and night, for years together, is the unfortunate individual haunted and persecuted; sleep vanishes, devils take him by the feet, and strike him constantly on the back at the moment he most needs repose; he is seized by vampires, who, during the night, suck the blood from his veins till atrophy and deformity of these organs takes place. Invisible agency, of some malevolent kind, is constantly at work.

There are cases—especially in diseased states, such as *delirium tremens*—in which the senses all partake of the hallucination; the eye, the touch, the hearing, the smell, and the taste, are all so disordered as to convey unhealthy impressions to the brain. At the Salpêtrière, a woman was confined, who made daily complaints of the suffering she had to endure, and which were consequent upon the hallucinations in which all her senses were wrapt. At night she saw forms which menaced her—frightful heads on deformed

bodies. Sometimes it was her own image, her own portrait, that was represented to her. Once she saw her mother, who had been for some time dead, crawl towards her on her four paws. She constantly heard voices which insulted her, oftentimes they told her melancholy tales—for instance, they would repeat that her mother was dead. They sent the bodies of putrefying children to her. She had sometimes the complete odour of arsenic. This woman would eat nothing but bread, because, as she asserted, both flesh and vegetables tasted of poison. Besides all this, she received blows upon the head—upon the limbs. The demons gave her cramps in the legs, icy sweats, colds; they took away her breath, and drove the blood to her head.

A peculiar condition of the brain is produced by certain vegetable substances. It is not brandy alone that will in some constitutions cause a reckless fury, an insane love of destruction. There is a species of mushroom called *Arnanita muscaria*, whose effects are of the most striking character. It used to be said, but with what truth we know not, that certain of the Cossack tribes never went to battle without adding a portion to the spirituous liquors which they habitually took, and that by so doing they became filled with a blood-thirstiness which nothing could resist. The *Cannabis indica* has been known to inspire even a humane and reflecting individual with a propensity to kill and destroy; it often fills the mind with an impulse that cannot be resisted. On one occasion, when Dr. Moreau had himself taken it by way of experiment, he entreated piteously that the windows should be immediately shut, as he felt coming over him an incredible desire to throw himself out.

A person afflicted with a fixed erroneous impression, which remains known only to himself, often makes no complaint, and studiously conceals the internal struggles which harass and destroy him. It is only when the madness bursts out with uncontrollable vehemence that it is known. The suicide has long fought within himself before he rushes to the fatal extreme; it is only when he can bear his misery no longer that he divulges his long-kept secret. The following case, one of the most curious exemplifications of homicidal monomania on record, will be read with interest. It is a *proces verbal* of a French medical man. It needs no preface, for it explains itself. With it we shall conclude our paper.

“I, the undersigned, Guillaume Calmeilles, officier de santé, inhabiting and being domiciled in the chief town of Cazals, Lot, certify to those it may concern, that, upon the requisition of the mayor of the Commune of Marminiat, I went this day to the village of Brunet, in the said Commune of Marminiat, to testify as to the state of mind of John Glenadel, a farmer, domiciled in the

said village of Brunet. I found Glenadel seated upon his bed, having a cord round his neck fixed by one end to the foot of his bed; he had his arms fastened together at the wrists by another cord. To give my report faithfully, I do not think that I can do better than repeat the conversation which passed between us in the presence of his brother, his wife, and his sister-in-law. 'Are you ill?' 'I am very well—my health is almost too good.' 'What is your name?' 'John Glenadel.' 'What age are you?' 'Forty-three; I was born in '96—see if that is not correct.' 'Is it by force, or at your own wish, that you are thus tied up?' 'It is by my own consent, and indeed at my own wish.' 'Why is that?' 'To prevent me from the commission of a crime of which I have the utmost horror, and which I am impelled to commit in spite of myself.' 'What, then, is the crime?' 'I have an idea which attacks me, and relative to which I am no longer master of myself—I must kill my sister-in-law, and I shall do it if I am not prevented.' 'How long have you had that idea?' 'It is about six or seven years.' 'But have you any thing to complain of in your sister-in-law?' 'By no means, sir; it is an unfortunate idea which I have, and I feel that I must carry it into execution.' 'Have you never had an idea of killing any other person than your sister-in-law?' 'I had formerly the thought of killing my mother; that possessed me when I was about sixteen or seventeen, when I began to be a man, in 1812; I remember it very well. Since that time I have never had an hour's happiness, and I have been the most miserable of men.' 'You got over that first thought?' 'In 1822, I could no longer resist; I was then between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age. To take this unfortunate idea out of my head I entered the army as a substitute. I was two years in Spain with my regiment, then I returned to France, but this fixed idea followed me everywhere. More than once I was tempted to desert, that I might return to kill my mother. In 1826 I received an unlimited leave of absence, which I had not asked for, and I returned to my father's house; my dreadful idea returned with me. I passed four years with my mother, having an irresistible desire to destroy her.' 'What did you do then?' 'Seeing, sir, that I should infallibly commit a crime, which alarmed me and filled me with horror, I again entered the army as a substitute, to escape the temptation. It was in the year 1830 that for the second time I left my father's roof; but the idea still pursued me, and at length I decided to desert, to go and kill my mother.' 'You had, then, something to complain of with regard to your mother?' 'No, sir, I loved her very much; indeed, before leaving, I said to myself, What! go and kill your mother, who so tenderly watched

over your infancy, who loves you so much in spite of all the melancholy ideas which you nourish against her. No! never will I be guilty of it; but still you must kill some one. And then it was that the idea came into my head to kill my sister-in law. I remember it very well—it was at Daix; it was in the year 1832. It was announced to me by mistake that my sister-in-law was dead; it was another of my relations who died. I then accepted the leave of absence which was given to me, but which I should not have done, had I not believed that she was no longer living; then, as soon as I arrived at home, and learnt that she was not dead, I felt a sudden seizure, a drag at my heart, which did me considerable injury, and my idea took its course.’ ‘What is the instrument with which you desire to kill your sister-in-law?’ Here Glenadel melted away, his eyes were bathed in tears, he looked at his sister-in-law, and said, ‘The instrument! the gentlest; but, whatever it is, once begun it must be finished; I know that I must see her dead—that is as certain as that God is God.’ ‘Are you not afraid to plunge your brother and your little nephews in misery and despair?’ ‘That idea comes to me a little, but I shall be killed, and then I shall not see them. Such a monster as I am will be got rid of—I shall cease to live. I wish for no other happiness.’ I then recollected that M. Grandsault de Salviat, my colleague and friend, who is at the present moment in Paris, had spoken to me, about a year before, of a young man who, some years ago, had come to him, accompanied by his mother, to consult him upon a similar case, and, as such instances are exceedingly rare, I thought that it might have been Glenadel himself; I therefore asked him if it was he that had consulted my colleague, and he answered in the affirmative. ‘What advice did M. Grandsault give you?’ ‘He gave me some excellent opinions, and afterwards bled me.’ ‘Were you at all relieved by the bleeding?’ ‘I did not find the least benefit from the bleeding; the idea still followed me with the same force.’ ‘I am about to give my report upon the state of your mind, and it will follow that you will be shut up in an asylum, where most probably you will be cured of your madness.’ ‘To cure me is impossible; but make your report as quickly as you can—that is of the greatest consequence. I cannot longer control myself.’ ‘Your parents must have given you good principles of morality, and good examples; and you must also have had an honest mind to have been enabled so long to resist so terrible a temptation.’ Here Glenadel was again very much affected. He shed tears, and answered, ‘Sir, you guess that; but resistance pains me more than death. I see that I can no longer exist; I shall certainly kill my sister-in-law, unless I am prevented,—that is as certain as God is God.’ ‘Glenadel,’ I said,

‘before I leave you, I request one favour: resist yet a few days; you will not much longer see your sister-in-law; we are about to remove you from hence, as you desire it so much.’ ‘Sir, I thank you; I will do my best to obey your recommendations.’ I left the house, and as I went to mount my horse to take my departure, Glenadel desired that I should be called back; and, on my return, he said, ‘Tell the gentlemen that I beg of them to place me where there is not the slightest chance of my escape, for I shall make every attempt to do so; and if I can escape, be assured that immediately my sister-in-law will be dead. I shall only escape to kill her. I beg you to tell the gentlemen so.’ I assured him I would do so; but as I saw that he was in a state of high excitement, I asked him whether the cord that bound his arms was sufficiently tight, and if he did not feel that he had sufficient strength to release himself. He made an attempt, and said that he feared he had. ‘But if I find you something which will keep your arms more strongly bound, will you accept it?’ ‘With gratitude, sir.’ ‘In that case, I will ask the brigadier of the *gens-d’armes* to lend me that which he makes use of to tie the hands of prisoners, and I will send it to you.’ ‘You will very much oblige me.’ I purposed going frequently to Glenadel to assure myself of the state of his mind; but after the long and painful conversation I had held with him, and after that which had been said to me by my colleague, M. Grandsault, and likewise after that his brother and sister-in-law reported to me, who are deeply affected in consequence of the melancholy condition of Glenadel, without repeating my visits, I am perfectly convinced that John Glenadel is afflicted with delirious monomania, characterized in him by an irresistible propensity to murder,—a monomania by which Papavoine and others have been afflicted, fortunately but few in number. In faith of which, I hereunto affix my name, &c.”

ROYAL ROADS TO MARRIAGE.

OLD questions are for ever being ground young again, and the matrimonial is one of them.

A year or two ago the papers were full of it. Fierce waxed the controversy, fervid was the eloquence employed, bitter were the denunciations felt necessary, wild in the extreme the suggestions hazarded by one side and the other.

At length people grew tired of the whole business, and in less than a month it was forgotten. The world, like a great baby, had "had its cry out," and charitable editors searched diligently for a new grievance, knowing that John Bull cannot be happy without his grumble, though, like the rest of mankind, he is, as the Latin Grammar sententiously remarks, "greedy of novelty."

Since the marriage question was last discussed we have had a Spanish revolution, a Franco-German war, a Communistic outbreak, and an imaginary, but none the less exciting, "Battle of Dorking," not to mention other spirit-stirring events; now, however, that there is a lull in the arena of politics, our old friend is again to the fore.

Little boys run about the streets, holding up to public admiration the "Matrimonial Gazette," and the irrepressible clerk is again beginning to ask himself, "Can I marry on a hundred a year?"

We propose, in the ensuing pages, to tell the young clerk, and a few other stalking-horses of the same kidney, what he can and cannot do.

But first a word as to the condition, real and alleged, of the "matrimonial market."

Celibacy, we are told, is "on the increase." Single blessedness—a state, let the Amazons of the Victoria Press say what they will to the contrary, usually considered by no means blessed by the ladies—has been discussed with much fervour in the United States—we trust to be excused for the involuntary pun—and our transatlantic brethren are ungallant enough to say that marriage is on the decrease, and that they are glad of it. In England, however, Dan Cupid is still in the ascendant, and we are by no means disposed

to exult in a theory which would sadly have grieved the heart of his late domestic Majesty King George III.

Should any reader be alarmed into fancying that our young men and women are no longer on the look-out for "a settlement," he will be quickly reassured when he glances at the literature of the period, in the way of newspapers, reviews, and magazines. Proof in abundance may be had, on reference to the last page of such publications as the "London Reader" and the "Penny Miscellany," which, until the last year or two, have been the chief media of communication for suitors of both sexes in a certain rank of life. Such, indeed, is the anxiety for the married state now prevalent that the ingenious in speculation have been emboldened to establish a "Matrimonial Agency Office," the impatient spinster or bachelor still in a condition of single unhappiness being promised a sure and speedy release from purgatory, if he will only consult the enterprizing Schwartz, the great international go-between, who can "produce testimonials," and has reduced matchmaking to a science, who attends to the gentlemen whilst his wife manages the female department, to whom all applications must be sent "pre-paid," and who brought about the famous union of "Louis Sabbarth, Esq., Chancellor of the Royal Prussian Consulate at Belgrade, with the Lady Pauline Von Timini, daughter of a Commander of the Turkish Order of Ilnaschar, with brilliants."

But, as we said before, a royal and economical road to marriage may be found in divers cheap and popular, but not fashionable, weekly journals. Applicants for relief describe their recommendations, mental and otherwise, exchange *cartes de visite*, and are able to come to an arrangement more or less satisfactory, in fields that but for this ingenious plan would have remained unbeaten, in a straightforward, business-like style, with none of the tedious personal interviews, lovers' quarrels, &c., that embarrass matrimonial operations in general. It is possible that a few of the advertisements alluded to are hoaxes, or something worse; but there is every reason to believe that the large majority are put forward in perfect good faith, and with hopes of a happy result. From the number constantly appearing, we may argue that the experiment cannot have been found quite a failure. We should remember, too, that the fact of lads and lasses being reduced to the desperate resource of advertizing does not involve the assumption that they are altogether unworthy of the blessed state—miserable screws, who could not possibly succeed by legitimate means. They are simply the victims of untoward circumstances. Just as there is a lack of labour in one part of the kingdom, and an overplus of "hands" in another, so does the sterner sex unduly

preponderate in one district, and the "dear creatures" in another. It is the mission of the amiable Schwartz and others of his tribe, including divers philanthropic editors, to restore the balance, to encourage emigration, to open up fresh fields of enterprize, and to put the despairing ones in a fair way of getting all they want.

And now we shall pause for a moment, to allow some of the advertisers to speak for themselves. By so doing we may gain some clue as to their occupations, desires, and the extent of their means. "G. T." is forty, and a widower, with 200*l.* a year. "S. T." is "an industrious mechanic," whose average earnings are not specified. "Pretty Gipsy Nell" is a governess, tired of schooling, as well she may be, and in her own opinion equally adapted to the kitchen, the business house, or the drawing-room. "Leon de Monte," in addition to attractions too numerous to mention, can boast that of being the owner of a grocer's shop, in a good way of business.

"Adolphus," who has nothing to say for himself except that he is "tall," and has 300*l.* a year from household property, wishes to correspond with Beatrice Anne, about whom we should know more if we could lay hands on a certain missing back number. "St. Clare" is not only dark and handsome, but has a yearly income of 400*l.*; "Anne," nineteen, and a handsome blonde, has one of 300*l.*; and "Kitty Clyde, twenty, and very pretty"—in her own estimation—is an heiress, but to what, or to how much, she does not inform us.

"B. A." "the father of a young gentleman, aged twenty-one years, is extremely desirous of obtaining a suitable wife for his son, and would settle at once from 100*l.* to 200*l.* a year on him, provided the lady, after strict inquiry, pleased both." The young gentleman, so competitors are confidently assured, "is not as yet aware of his parent's wishes for his welfare, and he is described as a remarkably fine young man, five feet ten inches in height, and moral in the extreme in every way." For aught we know to the contrary, this highly advantageous young person may be one of those whose sentiments on the matrimonial question have elicited such warm commendations from the Editors of the *New York Nation*, and who, according to a native contemporary, when they see a happy swain conducting a very pretty girl out of a carriage into St. George's, Hanover-square, are wont to ejaculate "beast!" A young gentleman, it may be added, whose opinions,—if such as we suspect,—would be sadly at variance with those of his esteemed father, who plainly has the most orthodox, good, old-fashioned convictions on the subject of marriage, and who, looking around at his olive branches as they sprout luxuriantly on each side of his dinner-

table, no doubt feels, in spite of intrusive reflections on butcher's bills, what a blessing it is to have his quiver full of them. How astonished the young man, moral in every way, will be at the little *denouement* prepared by his father, at all events if he be one of those who, according to the paper we have already quoted, says "Why marry at all? No life can be pleasanter or more comfortable than the one I lead. . . . If I am to marry to secure myself a good income, why limit my demand to what will merely cover the necessities of married life. Why not say 1000*l.* a-year. There are lots of marriageable girls in the market." How overwhelming will be his dismay on being presented by his fond parent, say with the eligible "Lucy Mortimer," who "has an objection to fast men," or "Mira May," with only an "independency"—not a fortune, and the doubtful advantage in the eyes of a young scoffer, of being "tall, dark, and with regular features."

But we are wasting the reader's time, and our own space. We must sober down a little. We would only beg attention to the fact, that none of the advertisers quoted above are more than decently well off; that in some instances they are absolutely poor.

It will now be useful to consider the social status and means of those young gentlemen who fight shy of family quivers in any state, filled or empty, and to pass in review some of the reasons that they assign for continuing to drag on a wretched bachelor existence, "uncheered by loving eye." Let us sit for a moment at the feet of that Gamaliel of the American press, the *New York Nation*. A truculent and ungallant publication, it lays the whole burden of responsibility on the shoulders of the fair sex. "Little Jennie," it observes, "must have in her John the piercing intellect, the dauntless courage, and the noble soul of Estracourt. If John does not possess them he cannot satisfy the wants of Jennie's heart. If John does not grow pale with throes of passion, and gush his love in tides of broken rhetoric, he cannot feel real love for her; and if she herself does not thrill in John's presence, and pine in his absence, and experience all the ecstasies of emotion which Lilian Holme does for her beloved, John cannot be her destined soul-half, and so, though Jennie likes John much better than any other of the fellows, she tells him with a little sigh, 'we must be only friends you know.'" Satisfactory for John, and no doubt a warning to young men in general; but are the young ladies of the present day so ultra-romantic? In America, perhaps, we think not in England. It is curious to be told on the top of all this, and by the very writer from whose article the above is taken, that "men and women too, now have a livelier sense of the serious and sacred character of the mar-

riage union, and of the high motives from which alone it should be formed."

And now for a word or two from our own side of the Atlantic. We are told to get rid of the idea that sensible men won't marry, because girls now-a-days are so frivolous and ill educated, for, says the writer, "Girls were never better educated than they are now; they never dressed with better taste; they were never so much preached to, and 'improved,' and corrected."

Be sure that is not the *Saturday Review* that is speaking.

"Moreover," adds the essayist, "if one listens for an hour or two to the highly intellectual conversation of the marriageable young men at a club, and is then informed that the girl of the period is too shallow, and ignorant, and frivolous, to satisfy the wants of these superior creatures, all we can say is, there will be suggested to his mind an intensity of shallowness, ignorance, and frivolity, such as he never dreamed of before, and such as he cannot believe in now."

It is only fair, after this formidable rattle of musketry, that the young man of the period should be allowed to say a word on his own behalf. He urges that "the chief impediment to marriage among the middle classes is, the haste displayed by the fair sex to rush to the Hymeneal altar, which often prevents their getting there at all,"—nearly the exact converse of the proposition laid down by the American writer.

He complains of the fickleness of young women in general, their tendency to flit from flower to flower, to "leave the one who might eventually have made a good and loving husband," fancying they see "some more eligible opening—some prospect of a more speedy marriage" on the far horizon. An assertion, by-the-bye, which seems to hint that the eligible young man's pecuniary condition is none of the most flourishing. But after all we may be mistaken. The ladies, as one writer says, "are so greedy." Before now, a baronet has been thrown over for the chance of an earl.

The eligible young man goes on to state that before any strong measure of reform can be brought about in things as they are, "there must be some new understanding as to the intercourse between the young people of opposite sexes—more Platonic friendships, more opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted," &c., "fewer of those foolish (?) restraints imposed by parents and guardians," on the removal of which last—we have a young man of the period's own word for it,—“the proportion of happy and well assorted alliances will be greatly increased.” One writer seems to think that the fall in the number of marriages is referable to the growing dread of mothers-in-law and wives' relations in general. On the duties and obligations of relationship to the first

of these repellants, "the weakest, most easy going, most affectionate of men," says the author, "have been taught to enter with suspicion and misgiving." The bride's papa is not so objectionable. "Though he does transpose his h's with consistent perversity, he is plain and unpretending, and talks common sense." But would not any man fight shy of a female relative who sat "continually checking off in her mind little fancied extravagancies of housekeeping," and making "mental notes of the servants, with a view to future lectures to them," and who criticized with freedom the friends and acquaintances of her son-in-law? "Then there are the brothers, who, if the unlucky swain has married beneath him, are the most intolerable of self-imposed burdens." "They know no medium between the closest intimacy and an open quarrel;" haunt their newly-acquired relative "like spectres;" "flit about the lobbies of his clubs, and rise before him in his favourite resorts." "He would willingly avoid shaking hands with them," but "ten to one they are pushing, clinging men, who have the convenient pride that is proof to hints, and insensible to slights."

A "husband and father" inclines to the belief that matters would be much mended if married couples would "come forward with a balance sheet of their income and expenditure for a given period." With all due respect for the "husband and father," we are disposed to think that the facts made public by such means would have any but an exhilarating effect on the minds of the youthful betrothed.

"C. H. V.," though he has travelled a great deal, both in town and country, has never had the good fortune to meet with a really well-educated young lady. He is impressed with the conviction that the maidens of this degenerate age are wont "to encourage slang in its milder forms." Horrible, most horrible! He is a fastidious young man—that is clear. What will frivolous damsels say to an Adonis, himself of course the pink of perfection, who cries out, "I cannot marry a wife, because I never knew a lady on the sunny side of thirty who preferred Mozart and Beethoven to Verdi, or who would give the palm of poetic excellence to Shakespeare and Tennyson, rather than to Byron and Moore!" Lay in much sackcloth and ashes, young ladies, and own that your want of critical acumen is grievous. But, after all, wouldn't it do our clever young rascal good to read that pretty little story of the late Mrs. Barbauld's, called "Eyes and No Eyes," in the "Evenings at Home?"

However there are various ways of looking at the same subject, and now a gallant gentleman starts forward, who sees things in quite a different light to that thrown upon them by the young

Apollo just quoted. He declares that men remain bachelors—1st, because they have a conviction amongst themselves that prospective husbands are so scarce, and prospective brides so superabundant, that marriage is an act of sacrifice, for which any one who takes a wife deserves to be well paid; 2ndly, from a deference to club sentiment and cynical journalism, which makes not very brilliant fun of the “emotions,” the two together forming a sort of floating public opinion, that has far more influence in determining a man’s conduct than is generally supposed; 3rdly, from the fact that both young men and young women of the present day are too greedy.

In this respect, however, the writer seems to think that the males are rather the worse of the two.

The commercial crisis has forced some too sanguine speculator to sacrifice his pack of hounds, or his brougham, or to take to a clerkship. The young lady to whom he is engaged—sweet, illogical creature—considers “that no outward circumstances ought to interfere with her private prospects;” and, as her original admirer has come to grief, thinks it the better plan to drop his acquaintance, and to look out for a life-partner in rather more favourable circumstances.

On the other hand, we are shown the young man of the period, who “knows that there are lots of marriageable girls in the market,” and is content to bide his time. To-day he would close with 600*l.* a year; to-morrow 1000*l.* will be not quite up to his mark. “So he sits and waits, and the young ladies sit and wait, and marriages are getting fewer and fewer, merely from the excessive greed of the parties more immediately concerned.”

But it is not necessary to say more to make it clear to the reader, that though there is a growing desire for marriage at the very time that bachelors are on the increase, the growth of celibacy, broadly speaking, is confined to one grade of society, whilst the sentiment we have indicated prevails in another. The celibates are members of the higher middle class; the desire for marriage is with persons of a humbler sphere, of more limited means. Every one who has less than 300*l.* a year seems to be cudgelling his brains for some plan by which man and wife may be able to live on 120*l.*, 100*l.*, 80*l.*, or 60*l.* a year. The attractive and sanguine young man, who is inclined to put up with things as they are, and to bide his time, is the member of one or more fashionable clubs, the prosperous “cadet of an honourable family,” the frequenter of Cremorne, the patron of St. John’s Wood, the idolizer of lemon-coloured “kids,” and the votary of self-indulgence in all its branches. Your clerk, who is wearing himself blind and crooked over his desk, whose home in a cheap lodging-house is indeed a “a howling wilderness;”

your decent mechanic; your small shopkeeper; your really struggling, and it is to be hoped rising, young barrister; your not very flourishing, but economical curate; your diligent man of letters; your not very famous, but toiling artist; these are the men who are in earnest on the marriage question, who are (so to speak) lashing the waters into foam, who are actively exercising their pens in discussing whether a man can pay his butcher and his tax collector, and bring up his children decently on 90% a year; whether the female sex is better or worse, more frivolous or more economical than it used to be, marriageable and open to reason, or selfish above all things, and desperately wicked; whether, too, it is possible by any ascertained means to make the fire and food, that do very well for one, equally serviceable, not to two only, but to half-a-dozen, or indeed to a number that a prudent man will regard as indefinite. The arguments employed—the statements bandied on one side and the other—are amusing from their boldness, their simplicity, their defiance of logic, the utter ignorance of the world shown by those who use them. Sometimes they are suggestive—rather of the writer's imbecility than of any thing else; and now and then, but not often, they are really valuable. It is not within our present purpose to consider them in detail, but it is interesting to notice what conflicting ideas they express. A young clergyman is quite sure that it is utterly impossible for man and wife—leave alone a family—to live on less than 300% a year; but then, in a sort of aside, in a list of his weekly expenses, he gives you to understand that a dinner without good wine is not a dinner at all.

An undaunted and irrepressible couple tell how they began life, and lived very comfortably (?) on 60% a year, and go the rash length of recommending members of the rising generation in like circumstances to pluck up courage, and follow their example. One impatient and moneyless bachelor discusses the expediency of a man's limiting the number of his offspring—a Malthusian suggestion that would have the monthly nurses up in arms at once.

Another can prove very satisfactorily (to himself on paper) how married folk can exist—even this sanguine individual doesn't dare say live—on 40% a year, but breaks down utterly when he comes to the children.

Another highly theoretical gentleman feels justified, for some reason best known to himself, in leaving children out of the question altogether.

It is indeed remarkable in most discussions on marriage, how little the writers consider the possibility of there being any members of the family besides the happy couple themselves. But surely in practice aged or infirm parents, or sickly brothers and sisters,

have to be taken into some sort of account. People, in discussing their matrimonial prospects, seem rather apt to ignore the claims of duty in preference to those of self-indulgence and self-interest. But man and wife ought never to reckon on being able to live entirely to themselves. We have a perfect right to study our own comfort, but we must not quite forget the interests of others—even those of generations yet unborn. Nobody, for instance, is really justified in marrying on such slender means or to put it quite, or nearly, out of his power to provide for children, as to give them a fair chance of earning a livelihood. Unfortunately it is too much the received opinion that so long as a man in marrying can gain some immediate personal advantage, moral or material, it matters little whether the ultimate consequences to others be good or evil.

If young persons of limited means really want to lower the expenses of married life, they may do much by getting rid of some of the exaggerated respect that we are all of us too prone to entertain for certain conventional usages, for the minor idiosyncracies of some particular phase of society. Half the troubles and difficulties of beginners are the result of ill-judged attempts to live up to some imaginary right standard of manners. We should only be following the example of our betters if we were to enlarge on the wrong-headedness of young persons, who first contract simple marriages of affection, and then try to assume at starting the ground to which the parents of one or both families attained only after the toil of many years, or from exceptional worldly advantages. Legion surely is the name of those who have set off at the rate of a thousand a year, when their real income was barely half that sum.

But even in the humbler paths of society we meet with conduct of much the same sort. A clerk, with a small income, married to a girl as poor as himself, takes a house at a comparatively high rent, merely to make an impression on the minds of his acquaintance. Or he engages a servant—one of the “drab” *genus*—at wages that may be thought exorbitant, considering that she does little but get in the way, and break nearly every thing she sets hands on. How gladly would husband and wife do all that wants doing, for themselves! If they could carry out their wish, what a saving it would be to them! But then consider the neighbours!

We have taken an extreme instance, but a similar influence is at work in higher ranks of life. The clerk ties a millstone round his neck in the shape of a servant, whom he could do better without, but whose maintenance he thinks essential to his respectability. The young barrister gets himself sadly in arrears through his modest dinner parties, his wife’s brougham, or an indispensable boy in buttons—all luxuries indulged in not from recklessness, but from

an honest, though mistaken, idea of "living up to" some vague "position in society." Living "up to" its mark; not living *beyond* it, though this is generally the result.

If the young barrister could find it in his heart to dispense with certain luxuries, mistaken for necessities, merely because in common use with more prosperous members of his own class; if the clerk could resolve to forego certain doubtful advantages, thought indispensable merely because a part of "clerical" households in general; both would be able to live quite as comfortably at a much lower rate, and with less real risk of losing caste in the eyes of their neighbours. Young couples at starting are, as a rule, overburdened with false shame. If they could manage to throw a good deal of it overboard, and to see some fancied necessities in their true light of unjustifiable luxuries, they might be able to make married life a success, on means that would otherwise entail beggary, or be barely sufficient to keep up that melancholy domestic phenomenon, a "scramble for existence."

THE TWO MAIDENS.

YOUNG Love went offering kisses
 To Evangeline and Maude,
 Two comely-looking misses,
 Whom by chance he spied abroad.

Spake Evangeline, deep blushing,
 "I'll have no kiss from thee;"
 "Gentle youth," said Maude, scarce flushing,
 "Neither any bring to me."

Then he smiled, the pert offender,
 As he passed the maiden by,
 Love-sick for Maude so tender,
 And Evangeline so shy.

Once again he met those misses,
 Singly forth each maiden came;
 When he forward sprang to kiss them,
 Neither maid disdained the same.

F. U. R.

THE TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“FLEMING OF GRIFFIN’S COURT,” “GRACE CLIFFORD,” &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the middle of December, 1799, Parker and Alice Masters sat together before a blazing fire in the drawing-room at Uplands.

The day was very cold, and the snow fell in swift white flakes, just as it fell that awful night almost three years ago, when Masters walked away across the sheeted common with blood upon his hands.

“It’s a dreadful bitter day,” Parker observed, by way of opening the conference he came upon, while he stared at the snow drifting past the window.

Alice glanced round involuntarily, and shuddered.

“I hate the snow,” she said, turning her head away, and setting her face towards the fire, at which she stared for a moment in abstracted silence; then glancing up, with her dark eyes full on Parker’s face, she asked, “When am I to see Masters?”

There was some gold lying loose in her lap, some of those paltry instalments which Masters continued to send her through Parker from time to time; she took the money up in her fingers, and threw it down again, guinea by guinea.

“Masters has a good deal of business on hand now,” Parker said, apologetically.

“Indeed!” she answered, with slow scorn. “Well, as you know so much about his affairs, perhaps you can tell me when I must leave Uplands.”

“Leave Uplands!” he repeated after her.

“Yes; I suppose you know my husband has sold it, and that I am here on sufferance.”

“Yes,” he said, “I know he has sold it, but the gentleman who bought it, would be the last man on earth to disturb a lady.”

She sat upright, proud and still, her luminous eyes alight.

"I cannot shelter under the bounty of my husband's creditor," she said briefly.

"But if your husband's creditor wishes it, then the obligation of your stay lies the other way, does it not?"

He rose, and stood upon the rug, looking down on the silken smoothness of her hair, on the supple grace of her figure, on the contour of her pure pale cheek. She was just twenty-five then, standing on the golden mean between girlhood and womanhood.

She cast her eyes upwards at him, with a sweeping glance.

"You are that creditor?" she hazarded.

The blood deepened the florid hue of Parker's face, as with swift cunning she mellowed her tone, until her words fell upon his ear subtle and soft, while she folded her hands over the gold upon her knees, and looked up into his face with a glance half inquisitive, half beseeching.

Power she had none, strength she had none; so she set the will of her nature against the ready coarse belief of his.

He smiled a little assuredly.

"Why do you suspect that, Mrs. Masters?"

Another glance, grateful this time, as well as curious.

"Because there is no one else from whom I could expect such mercy," she said, with the same low subtle accent.

He came over closer to her, and stood glancing down on her still white face, on her scarlet lips, half parted, on her wistful entreating eyes. Surely she had never looked so beautiful, never so pliable, nor so soft-voiced as in this supreme moment, when he sunned himself in the warmth of her gratitude.

"Don't talk about mercy," he said, with hasty deprecation; "I only bought the place that you might not be disturbed by any rascally creditor."

"But my husband?"

"Masters knows all about it. The fact is he is in a little trouble at present, and he wishes you to stay here till the sky clears."

With a woman's instinct, Alice saw the pit open before her feet. Covert ruin courting her upon one side, almost open desertion meeting her on the other; but her mind did not lose its purpose, nor her voice its subtle enticement.

"You have always been my friend," she said, "although I never thanked you, as I ought. Will you be my friend now, and bring me to my husband?"

Parker shook his head.

"Will you give me some address to which to write to him?"

"I will take any letter you like, and deliver it safely. You see the fact is, Masters is hiding from the Sheriff's officers. If they

get a man into the Fleet now, there is no saying when they'll let him out again."

She had no clue whatever to Masters's haunts in London. Beyond a general suspicion of gaming-houses and taverns, she had no knowledge of where or how he spent his time when he was absent from her. Where should she find him if she went forth alone into the chaos of that great city? Yet find him she would—see him she would—not in submission, nor in consent to her own abasement and desertion, but in the strength of her right as a wife, and in a strength stronger yet—the knowledge of his hidden sin. So she put a smile upon her lip, and cast a soft inflection into her voice to dupe a nature as passionate, as wily, and far more coarse and lawless than her own.

"I want to write to him privately on a special subject," she said, in seeming candour. "Give me an address to which I can write, and I shall await his answer here."

Parker's red face grew redder.

"No, by George!" he said to himself. "If she finds out his address, she'll haunt him ever after."

He glanced round uneasily at the window, where the swift snow-flakes were flitting by in the fast closing twilight; at the blaze of the fire, gleaming on the purple folds of Alice's silk dress; at the rings upon her folded white hands—Masters' gifts in the early days of their marriage; at the supple lines of her figure; at the dazzling splendour of her eyes, uplifted beseechingly still; at her crimson lips, luscious and dewy.

All this beauty was his, or might be his, if he only played the cards he held warily. He moved a step upon the hearth, coming nearer to the chair where she sat, rustling her silk dress by the closeness of his approach.

"I do not know Masters's address this moment," he said; "and if I did, what end could it serve? The truth is, he is a ruined man. He has gambled, and lost every shilling he had. He played right and left, he betted like a madman, and the end has been ruin."

Her entreaty changed to anger.

"Where is he?" she demanded, in a voice from which the seductiveness had departed. "I must see him, and hear the truth of this from his own lips." She lifted herself up erect, her unclasped hand twitching idly at the gold in her lap. "Do you hear me, Mr. Parker; I, his wife, must see him."

Poor soul, poor soul, how she clung to that one claim, through the shadow of her great fear, and her great despair.

Parker shrugged his shoulders.

"Where am I to go to in that great city, unless you guide me to him?" she said, softening a little in her tone, and trying the effect of a fresh appeal.

She half rose up from her seat, but Parker put out his hand and stayed her.

"There is no need for you to go to London. Stay here quietly; use this house as your own; use my purse freely. Masters may pay me some day, and if he does not, no matter."

She gathered the gold from her lap into her hand, and rose up and stood before him, white and rigid.

"I cannot take food and shelter from you," she said.

It was all she did say; and having said it, she turned away and made a step towards the door. Parker wheeled round, and stood before her.

"Don't be mad," he said. "Where would you go to alone in the snow?"

She wavered a moment, and then asked—"Is it snowing still?"

"Snowing and dark. You would be lost upon the road such a night."

She moved away a step, and stood resting her hand on the high back of a chair.

"If I stay here to-night, will you let me go away to-morrow?" she asked.

"How could I prevent you: I can only advise; and I advise you not to go away at all. A sensible woman would accept things as they are. How long do you think those few guineas in your hand would last you up in London, where bread is dear, and compassion rare?"

She drew her hand over her forehead wearily, and sighed.

"I wish I were dead," she said.

The words were the last pitiful words that ever passed her lips; the sigh, the last sob of a human heart, that man or woman ever heard her utter.

"It would do her good, if she took on a little," Parker thought, on the strength of his acquaintance with the feminine love of a burst before a calm. In his notion, taking on first and giving in after, was the natural close of female excitement.

"Pooh," he said, with a rough effort at rough consolation; "take things as they are; Masters is gone, and there's no help for it."

"Gone!" she repeated sharply.

"Well, there's no use in telling a score of lies about it. He is gone, and does not mean to come back. That's just what he wished me to make plain to you."

Her cheek flushed hot, her eye flashed a sudden fierce fire.

"It is a lie," she cried. "I don't believe you. He could not leave me; he shall not leave me. I am his wife—his wife. Do you understand that?"

Parker ran his thick fingers through his red hair, not much moved by her vociferation. It was some sign of the taking on, that was all.

"Yes, I understand; but then he says——"

Here he looked at her and paused. Her cheek was white again, deadly white; the lines rigid round her mouth. He did not like the look of her face: even his obtuse sense was struck by the dangerous glance in her eye.

"He says—What does he say?"

He passed his fingers through his hair again, this time puzzled and irresolute.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," he said, in the tone of a man humouring an exacting child.

She struck her foot on the floor, impatiently.

"No; I choose to hear it to-night. I will hear it now. He says, what——?"

"That you are not his wife——"

She stood before him still and white. She neither screamed nor cried, but asked, hoarsely, out of her dry pale lips—

"Who is his wife then, if I am not?"

"A French Canadian girl, whom he met abroad. He married her before he came to England."

She moved nearer the chair, and laid her other hand on the back, clasping it tightly.

"If this be true, what am I to do?" she asked, her mind wavering an instant, under the sudden stroke of Parker's words.

"Let Masters go to the devil his own way," Parker suggested, bluntly, "and stick by me. It was none of your fault if he was a rascal; and I am willing to marry you after all that has come and gone."

She stood staring at him in shuddering silence. Dishonoured and abandoned, he was willing to marry her. In his offer, even, there was a tone of self-conscious condescension. Had it come to this, that this half-sober sot, saddened with brandy, reeking with the breath of taverns and gaming-houses; a gamester and a cheat, who had most likely risen to his present precarious prosperity on Masters' own money, could dare to be magnanimous towards her—could dare to think that the dishonour of bearing his name was not a dishonour deeper than that which overwhelmed her now. Psha! it made her sick to think of it, and involuntarily she pushed

the chair, on whose back she still leant, between herself and her burly suitor.

"Aye, aye ! let her go on," Parker thought, on whom the action was not lost ; "she may turn round in the trap, but she'll not get out of it."

He moved a step nearer the chair, behind whose shelter she stood straight and still.

"What I say, I'll act up to, short and sharp," he said, anxious to show his good faith by his readiness to fulfil his bond ; "so you had best take a day or two to think about it, and let me know."

"That is not the question now," she said, passing his offer by with passionless indifference. "The question is, can you prove what you have said?"

"Of course I can prove it. Masters himself will tell you, or he'll write it."

She shrugged her shoulders, contemptuously.

"Let me see this woman," she said. "Tell me where she lives, and I shall go to her. How do I know but she is some low, base creature, between whom and Masters a pretended marriage may be a concoction to get rid of me."

"What wiser would you be then?" he asked, unwilling to yield to her demand.

She drew her hands together, twining her fingers nervously in and out.

"Let me look upon her face, and I shall know. Let me speak to her, and if the tale be a lie, I shall drag the truth from her lips, in spite of herself. Let me, I say, only look upon her face."

Parker hesitated.

"And if the story be true, what then?" he asked.

"Then I shall come back here, and be your bond-slave for ever."

The bait caught him on the instant. He stepped over eagerly, and closed his coarse, broad palm over her slender fingers. She neither shrank away from him, nor resisted, but stood there with her white hand buried in his strong clasp.

"So help you, God?"

"So help me, God!" she repeated after him, slowly and solemnly. But, like the prophet of old, "she lied unto him."

CHAPTER XV.

THE snow fell intermittingly all that night, and it was still snowing at noon next day, when Parker drove out to Uplands, to keep tryst with Alice Masters.

He saw her standing in the dining-room window, watching for him, when the carriage stopped before the door, dressed as for a journey. She turned away from it, as he ran up the steps, and met him just within the dining-room door.

"I expected you an hour ago," she said, keeping her hands in her muff. "Now, I suppose, we may go."

But Parker walked to the fire, and held his numbed fingers before it, gratefully.

"By George! it's cold," he said, "and no mistake."

Alice followed him, and taking up the poker, stirred the coals into a flame.

"You had better have some luncheon," she said, touching the bell. "I had forgotten the severity of the day."

She was quite calm then, as Parker testified afterwards, quite calm and self-possessed, only her voice was hard when she spoke.

"Well, I should not mind taking a nip of brandy," he answered, "although it's rather soon in the day."

But despite his half apology for early tipping, about his breath there hung the suspicion of a still earlier "nip."

The servant carried the brandy into the dining-room, together with glasses and water, with which latter Parker was supposed to dilute his drink, but the dilution was of the lightest. He poured the brandy into his tumbler with a free hand, put a little water to it, and turning himself round before the fire, so as to prop his shoulder against the mantel-piece, stood basking in the blaze, drinking his potation leisurely.

Alice stood before him on the hearth, one gloved hand thrust into her muff, the other resting on the mantel-piece, while she waited until he chose to go. The old habit of watching for seasons, and biding times, had given her a strong, mute patience, a sullen reticence, which made this woman, even in her hours of most anxious watching, or acutest suffering, so different to other women.

The vivid flame went flitting and quivering over her dress, brightening or deepening its purple colour, as light or shadow fell on it, while she stood with her sloping shoulders bent forward slightly, and her eyes dropped downwards on the fire.

"Don't you think it's too cold a day for you to travel," Parker suggested, breaking the silence which had remained undisturbed since he accepted her hospitable offer of luncheon; "don't you think it's too cold to travel?"

For in those times of bad roads and slow conveyances, from London to Tottenham was called a journey.

Alice lifted her eyes from the fire to his face, with swift mistrust.

"You are repenting your promise," she said, curtly.

"No, by jingo, I'm not the fellow to repent," he answered, covering over a hesitation he felt, although he denied it, by a jaunty assumption of readiness; "I'm prepared to stick to my bargain, if you'll stick to yours."

"I am quite ready to adhere to mine."

Parker laid his empty tumbler on the table, and held out his broad red hand.

"Give me your hand on it again," he said,

Without wavering or shrinking, Alice took her right hand from the mantel-piece, and laid it within his.

"Now let us go," she said, and they went, Alice leading the way with her measured, leisurely tread, which then as ever wanted the elastic grace of youth.

For an instant her step wavered on the threshold of the door, as her eye rested on the spread of billowy white which covered the lawn, on the slanting flakes drifting past the open doorway, as though she was afraid to adventure her foot beyond the house.

Parker stepped forward and offered his arm, but she motioned him away, and drawing her veil over her face, walked on alone. Somehow Parker's mind misgave him as he followed her into the carriage, misgave him sorely, when he reflected how far he had overstepped Masters' instructions in telling of that Canadian marriage, which he revealed solely and simply from blind anxiety to compass his own ends—to cut a way for himself through the implacable cold of her nature, by holding out a shield to cover her tarnished name.

He had loved this woman with such rough love as he had to give. He had loved her for more than six years with a love which was all the stronger, perhaps, for being baulked and spurned. But now, when his hand almost seemed upon success, he began to doubt. Yesterday he had gone away jubilant from Uplands; to-day he sat beside her, puzzled and uneasy. He wheeled round in the carriage, and strove to read the still white face under her veil, to gather something from the expression of her eye. But her face was immobile and cold, and her eyes shaded by their lids, the long lashes lying on her cheek.

"I wish the devil had never put it into my head to tell her he was married," he thought; "his desertion might have driven her to me without that."

"See here," he said aloud, "it's all moonshine your going to have a row with this woman. Had we not better turn back?"

She opened her eyes and looked at him.

"I never turn back," she said.

"But what will you do, suppose I turn back?" he asked bluntly.

She bent forwards, and looked out of the window, and saw houses surrounding her on all sides. They had entered London by the Bishopsgate-street end of the town, and the carriage was making its way past dingy rows of buildings. She laid her hand on the door.

"I shall get out here, and go my way alone," she said. "The end may be slower without you, but it will be as sure."

The inflexible resolve in her voice swayed him: If he broke his compact now, his hold over her was gone. If he lost sight of her in this mighty Babylon (mighty even then), how could he reclaim her again?

"Well, then, here goes," he said, pulling open the door, and stepping out, "You wait for me a moment, until I come back."

He crossed the street to a tavern, and disappeared through the open door. Alice strained out, and marked the place in her memory. It was one of his haunts, no doubt; perhaps one of Masters's haunts as well. She would remember it again, if need were, but need never was.

CHAPTER XVI.

PARKER came back reeking with the smell of brandy, having fortified his courage by a fresh glass. He stood at the coach door and bawled up an address to the driver, then he got in, and they went on.

The day was wearing on as they drove down Cheapside and Snow Hill, and it was past four o'clock when they reached their destination, a small detached country-house surrounded by trees and closed in by high wrought-iron gates, which stood in the then outlying district of Paddington.

The gates were laid back, and there was the track of wheels upon the snow, as if some one had driven out lately. Alice walked through alone, leaving Parker coiled up in the corner of the carriage to await her return.

She walked on with swift, sure steps, looking right and left at the fair stretch of park-trees, under which the soft white snow lay in the winter gloaming; at the goodly face of the house, more pretentious than her own; but then was not this more favoured woman Masters' wife, while she——

She set her teeth close, and drew her lips with pitiless purpose while she laid her hand on the knocker.

The door was opened by a pretty young serving-maid, whose well-

smoothed hair and snowy apron was in contrast to the soiled and tumbled maid of all-work presiding at Uplands.

"Is Mrs. Masters at home?"

She asked the question boldly and steadily, without a waver in her voice to show she felt that her honour was given to another.

"Yes, Mrs. Masters was at home. Who should she say?" The girl questioned stood back, struck with respectful awe at the richness of Alice's silk dress, at the costliness of her velvet mantle, and the magnificent furs upon her throat and hands.

"Just say to your mistress"—she could not utter the name twice—"a lady wishes to see her a moment on business. My name is of no consequence, as I am quite a stranger."

The girl stepped back, and opening the door of a room on the right hand, made a curtseying sign for her to enter, and Alice passed on in the glory of her rustling silks, her delicate velvets, and costly Russian sables, with all her wrongs and misery, and wild unsated vengeance, surging round her heart, a being of wonder and of splendour in the eyes of the simple serving-maid.

In the grey uncertain twilight, Alice was conscious of standing in a handsome expansive room, softly carpeted, and furnished with less weight and more taste than was usually seen in the days of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. So much Alice saw in her eager scrutiny of this woman's surroundings, and then the maid returned with lights, which cast a tender waxen halo about the room, shedding itself softly on gilded books and dainty tables, old Sevres china, and costly Etruscan vases.

There was the sound of a child's trotting step in the hall, the touch of a child's hand on the handle of the drawing-room door, and a pretty brown-haired boy ran into the room.

"Mamma is toming," he said, staring in baby wonder at the strange lady, who looked at him without uttering a word. He came nearer to her, and stood gazing at her, with pretty childish curiosity.

"Ralph, you naughty boy, how can you be so rude?" a flexible foreign voice uttered, as a lady entered the room, and Alice, rising from her chair, stood face to face with her rival.

A small fragile woman, with jewels glittering on the creamy whiteness of her throat and arms. A woman with an exquisite mobile face, on whose cheeks lay the softest rose tints, on whose lips the brightest carnation. A face on which sat at one moment the beautiful gravity of a woman, the next, the laughing witchery of a girl.

"Pray sit down. I hope I did not detain you. I was dressing for dinner when my maid brought your message, and I came down

as soon as possible," she said, her English flowing glibly, although spoken with a pretty foreign accent.

"I hope my visit is not an intrusion," Alice answered, and in her voice there was a tone of covert mockery, which escaped the unsuspecting ears of her listener.

"Oh, no. I am sorry my apology led to that impression," she said, with ready politeness. "I expect my husband to bring home a few friends to dinner, but not just yet. We shall have quite leisure enough to transact our business. My servant said you wanted to see me on business."

She was rather curious to know what this lady could require of her, whose face looked so strangely white behind her veil, whose voice sounded so strangely cold.

"I wish to interest you in our parish poor," Alice said, telling her falsehood readily. "We are collecting money to distribute this bitter weather, and I hope you will contribute."

"We, who?" Mrs. Masters asked, surprised by the unexpected demand.

"I and some other ladies. There are people here dying of cold; women within a stone-cast of you, with scarce a shilling between them and hunger. I know one, a woman cheated with the mockery of a marriage, whose husband has deserted her. A woman left without money and without friends."

She told her own story with bitter fervour, watching the pity rise in her hearer's soft brown eyes.

"Ah, he was cruel," she said, in tender sympathy. "Could I help her? Is she one of those you will let me help?"

The little child had stepped back beside his mother, and stood with his tiny fingers curled into hers.

"No, she is one of those women who are strong enough to help themselves," Alice answered, dropping into the usual cold leisure of her tone.

"Ah, it is good to be strong," Mrs. Masters said, gently, while she played with the little fingers which lay in her lap. "I should die if such a thing befell me."

"But your husband is not likely to desert you," Alice answered, with a slow smile.

"No," she said; and as she said it she laughed downwards on the face of the child a pretty assured laugh, then glancing up at her visitor, with a sudden gravity on her face, she added, drawing out her purse. "Now about this money for your committee. Will you take charge of my subscription?"

"No, not I. I only want the names of probable subscribers," Alice answered hastily. "Some one will call to-morrow for it."

She moved upon her chair, as if about to go, but she did not go.

"Perhaps I did wrong in offering you the money," Mrs. Masters said, flushing a little. "But you see I do not quite understand your English ways, being only here a short time."

"Then you did not marry in England?" Alice asked, in as natural a tone as if the answer did not concern her vitally.

"Oh no. Our family were French settlers in Canada, and I married in my native Montreal."

Alice rose up, erect and silent, the words of reply common courtesy demanded, choking in her throat. Mrs. Masters stood up likewise, slightly offended, slightly surprised at her visitor's abruptness.

"I should not have worried you with these details," she said, forgetting in her flurry that Alice's question had elicited them.

"No, I was not at all worried, only it is late, and I must go," Alice answered, making an effort to command her voice, and leaning her hand with a kind of weary lingering, on the back of the chair she had risen from.

"Ralph, darling, go and bid the lady good bye; go, like a little gentleman, there's a pet."

The boy let go his mother's hand unwillingly, and bent forward a step or two.

"Put out your hand, that's a darling," his mother said, persuasively.

The child looked at the tall figure standing before him in shining silk and Genoa velvet, then back at his mother, doubtfully, and held out his hand in obedience to the gentle command in her eye.

With a movement as abrupt as her gesture of departure, Alice dropped down upon her knees, and drew the astonished child over to her by his hands.

"Ralph, what a pretty name it is, quite an English name too," she said, looking with eager, burning gaze into the full grey eyes of the boy, on the childish cherry mouth, on the baby dimples on his soft cheek, for glimpses of the harder comeliness of his father.

Ralph's boy and hers! the son of that pretty Frenchwoman, whose unwelcome beauty had stolen away the heart of her idol, had stood between her and her claim for wifely honour, and almost seemed to have robbed her of her son—Ralph's son; the son for whom she had prayed upon her knees in restless loneliness at Uplands.

"Yes, it is a pretty name. It is his father's name," Mrs. Masters volunteered, unconscious of the struggling agony of the woman kneeling at her feet. "And you are Papa's own darling, are you not, mon mignon?"

The boy tossed back his head, and smiled, flinging the clustering rings of hair off his pretty forehead, whose whiteness was the creamy whiteness of his mother's neck and arms.

"Oh! my pretty pet. Let go his hands, madame, and he will show you what he does when papa comes home."

Alice's clasping fingers slid away from his, and with baby glee, and baby laughter, the child held forth his hands and clapped them. Alice drew herself up from her knees, white and shivering.

"Bless me, how pale you are! Ah; you should not have come out, even on errands of mercy, such a day," the kindly-souled young Frenchwoman cried, forgetting even the pretty tricks of her child; "do let me get you some wine."

Alice shook her head in dissent, she would neither eat bread nor drink wine in that house; not if they bribed her with all the gold of Ophir.

"I never take wine," she said.

"Well, coffee then, or tea; your English tea. Let me order some," Mrs. Masters urged, with kind persistence.

"No; I have stayed too long already, I have a gentleman waiting for me in a carriage at the gate."

She passed into the hall, where the pretty serving-maid stood ready to open the door, trailing her purple silk after her as she went, resplendent anew in the eyes of that innocent serving-lass, who came with curtsying eagerness to speed the parting guest.

"How cold it is," Mrs. Masters said, shivering back a step from the blast entering through the open door. "That poor gentleman waiting in the coach must be lost. Your husband, I suppose, madame."

Alice stepped upon the threshold of the door, and fixed her burning dark eyes on the face of her questioner.

"No; I have no husband," she said, and then bowing her adieux, she passed on, with her hands folded in her muff, lest she should be forced to touch the hands of the wondering woman to whom her coming was a surprise, and her going something very like a relief.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE slam of the coach door upon Alice's entrance awoke Parker from a sleep superinduced by cold and brandy.

"Well," he said, rousing up with a start, and gathering his wits together to recall where he was; "Well."

"Take me to some hotel for the night. It is too late to return to Uplands."

He could not see her face because of the darkness and her drawn veil, but her voice had no more excitement in its tone than when she left him.

"You told me you would go back," he said, suspicious of her good faith.

"So I shall, to-morrow; you cannot wish me to risk the danger of the road to-night."

Her demand was so very reasonable, night travelling being pre-eminently unsafe in those days, that his suspicion wavered. The driver looked in at the window for orders.

"Drive us to the Blue Man!" Parker said, "you know the house, don't you?"

The man nodded assent, touched his hat and vanished, while Parker drew up the glass, to shut out the cold.

"I often stop there a night myself, so I know it's a decent place," Parker observed, as they drove on.

Alice made neither comment nor demur, but drew herself into the corner of the carriage in silence.

"You stayed a precious time in yonder," Parker said presently, his curiosity piqued by her reticence; "had you a row?"

"No."

Her voice had lost the even inflexion, observable on her return, and sounded strained and hollow, like the voice of some one speaking far away.

"All right," he said, surprised and relieved, "though I don't understand how you settled it so peaceably."

"Simply because we did not settle it at all. She neither knows who I am, nor whence I came."

"But you believe she is Masters's wife?" Parker put the question a little anxiously, feeling he could not be sure of his prey until she believed that.

"Yes, I believe it!" she said briefly.

"All right," he cried again, "now what do you mean to do?"

She passed her right hand absently over her muff without answering.

"What do you mean to do?" he pressed again, not quite content with her absolute quietness.

"What can I do?" she asked, questioning back.

"Well, of course, it's bigamy, and all that, marrying two wives; but I don't see what good raking it up could do you, more especially when I am ready to stand in Masters' shoes, and make it all straight for you."

She put out her hand as before, and smoothed the fur of her muff.

"It would not do you any good to make a row about the two marriages," Parker repeated.

"I do not mean to raise the question," she said, again gathering herself into the corner of the carriage, and leaning her head against the stuffed back.

A little beyond the corner of Oxford-street, where Tyburn Tree stood then, and close to where the Marble Arch stands now, the coach drew up.

"Here we are," Parker said, right glad to see the gleam of the dull oil lamps before the hotel.

He opened the door while the driver was clambering down from his seat, and led Alice into the lighted hall. An obsequious waiter came forward bowing and smiling.

"How do you do, sir? Glad to see you, sir," he said, peering curiously at Parker's veiled companion.

"Find a good sitting-room and bedroom, for this lady, Norman," Parker said, cutting short his bows. "It's rather late for her to get out of town to-night."

"Aye to be sure, sir; the roads ain't no ways safe these times," the man answered, leading the way upstairs to a small close sitting-room, having a bed-room behind. "No nicer room in all the house, than this, sir; only it's a bit chilly like, for want of a fire, but we'll have a fire lighted in two minutes."

He skipped over to the door, with his napkin across his arm, like his descendant of to-day.

"Any orders for dinner, sir? What would the lady wish? I can see to all at once, when I go down."

"What would you like?" Parker asked.

Alice had walked to the mantel-piece, and was standing twisting one of its paltry ornaments in her fingers. She laid it down at Parker's question.

"Nothing," she said; "I don't wish to eat."

Parker turned to the expectant waiter; "Send some one up to light the fire, I'll go down to the bar myself to order dinner."

The man accepted his dismissal and went; when he had gone Parker crossed the room to Alice.

"Come," he said, in a voice half soothing, half imperative, "there's no use in knocking yourself up by fasting. You have not tasted a bit since morning."

He laid his hand on her shoulder with a gesture of authority, a repulsive red hand, whose touch made her shudder.

"How can I eat when I am not hungry?" she asked, slipping her shoulder from his clasp, and standing back a pace.

"Let me send you up something hot," he persisted, "a cutlet and some wine."

"Very well," she assented, in the tone of a woman who had no more energy for denial; and turning to the mantel-piece, busied herself anew, with the discarded ornament.

He went downstairs, leaving her alone with the little shell toy in her hand; the chamber-maid coming in to light the fire, found her still standing there fiddling with it, her bonnet and mantle on, like one who had come in for a moment and was ready to go out again.

"Perhaps you would like to take your bonnet off, ma'am," the girl suggested, half disposed to be familiar with a lady appearing under the doubtful escort of Mr. Parker, half disposed to respect the richness of her attire.

The woman threw the bed-room door open to invite Alice's entrance; and she went in, absently carrying the tiny ornament in her hand.

She divested herself of her bonnet and mantle, while the girl carried up warm water from below, in which she laved her face and hands with something like a feeling of refreshment. Then standing before the glass, she smoothed her dark hair with as much exactness as she had done in her honeymoon days at Uplands, smoothed her hair, and arranged the folds of her dress with a care which had a certain dull apathy about it, as though her hands were busying themselves with what her head set slight store by.

When she had quite done, she left the room again, with her usual slow leisure, and sat down by the sitting-room fire, to await Parker's return.

He came up along with the waiter who carried in the dinner, and pressed her to eat, tempting her with the daintiest bits on the board. She drew her chair to the table, and made a feint of obeying him, turning the meat over with her fork, and swallowing down a morsel now and then, while Parker himself ate and drank heartily, smacking his lips with vulgar enjoyment. After the cloth was removed, he sat there opposite to her, drinking drams of hot brandy and water, and talking with vinous loquacity, striking his hands upon the table when he meant to impress his words on his hearer, as he used to do at Uplands.

And this was the wretch side by side with whom, Masters designed she should pass her future life. This loathsome, drunken wretch, roué and blackleg as he was, was the shelter behind which she was to screen the honour Masters had trailed in the mire.

"Take your wine, take your wine," he cried, jubilant with the fumes of brandy and success. "I want you to get roses on your

cheek brighter than that mite of a woman's, for whom Masters threw you over. It was an infernal shame of the rascal, but then it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

How long did he mean to sit there, insulting her by his coarse triumph? She took out her watch, and looked at it.

"Do you know it is nine o'clock," she said, "and that I want rest before my journey to-morrow."

"Aye, begad, I forgot the journey," he cried, draining off the last drop in his glass, and staggering up to his feet. "I suppose we are to go back together."

"Of course we shall go back together. I should like you to bring a coach for me about eleven."

She had risen too, and stood facing him while she made her appointment with an air of perfect good faith.

"Yes, eleven is a sensible hour. I hate early starts, a fellow has to get up so cursed soon," he said, well pleased at her extraordinary docility.

He shook hands with her across the table, pressing her fingers with tipsy warmth. Something in her eye, which spoke even to his muddled senses, forbidding any more lovely adieu.

She rang the bell when he had gone, for her bed-room candle, which the chamber-maid carried lighted into her room. She followed the girl in directly, and stood before the fire, while she folded down the bed and put the dressing-table to rights, never once looking round, only standing there twisting her watch-chain through her slight white hands, and watching the glitter of the rings upon her fingers.

"Do you wish to be called early, ma'am?" the girl asked before she left the room, seeing that Alice herself gave no directions.

She turned round at the question.

"You need not disturb me before ten," she said. "I shall have time to dress and breakfast in an hour. Mr. Parker will not call for me until eleven."

The girl saw that the face lifted to hers looked pinched and worn, and had dark circles round the eyes; but it never occurred to her to think aught else but that the lady was tired.

When the woman had gone, she sat down before the dressing-table, and pushing her hair back from her forehead, leant her head forwards on her hands. She sat thus more than an hour, without lifting her head or changing her position, listening to the gradual dying out of all sounds of life in the house, as one by one its occupants went to rest. At half-past ten she rose, stepped cautiously into the sitting-room, opened the door, and looked out upon the landing. Every thing was still above and below. She listened a

minute cautiously, and then stealing to the head of the stairs, peered over the banisters into the hall, where only one dim lamp glimmered, while the night porter dozed in his big, leathern chair, waiting for belated guests. Then she stole back to her room as noiselessly as she had left it, and began putting on her bonnet and mantle before the glass.

Without hurry or excitement of any kind, she wrapped her sables round her throat and drew her gloves upon her hands, gathering up her dress so that the trail of it along the ground might make no sound. Then she blew out her candle, and stealing back to the door of the sitting-room, stood listening in the dark.

No sound below, save the hall clock striking eleven; no sound above, except the sonorous snoring of some one sleeping heavily in the next room. She crept to the stair-head again, and looked down upon the porter still dozing in his chair. She went down stairs with a fleet, soft tread, and passed him without rousing him. She undid the fastening of the doors, and passed down the inn steps into the street.

The night blast struck chill in her face, and swept through the inn door, waking the porter from his sleep. He rose up puzzled, and stared through the open doorway. There was no one there with whom he had any concern, only a woman's figure flitting swiftly down the street.

ADVICE TO NICODEMUS.

BY A BACHELOR UNCLE.

You have left the Quadroons and Mulattos¹,
 You are living a civilized life :
 And, amongst other troublesome matters,
 You are thinking of taking a wife :
 So while we're on this of all topics,
 Since women *will* try to ensnare,
 And since you are fresh from the Tropics,
 I'll tell you of whom to beware.

If, blest with a managing mother,
 Her attractions she's taught to display,
 With a "charming" young man for her brother,
 Living, no one knows how, on his pay :
 If, just freed from the nursery rule,
 The blush and pert giggle² are there,
 If she's fresh from a "finishing school,"
 My dear Nicodemus, beware !

If she's ever read Malthus or Smithe,
 And is deep on the "wealth of the nation,"
 On rent and the poor-laws and tithe,
 And the woes of increased population :
 If of learning she prates and vertu
 With all a philosopher's air,—
 Of such maids with the 'stockings of blue,'
 My dear Nicodemus, beware !

If she pretty confusion betrays
 While her charms she conceals with her fan :
 If she timidly shrinks from the gaze
 Of that "boldest of animals"—man :

¹ See The "Dignity Ball" in Marryat's *Peter Simple*.

² All giggle, blush, half pertness, and half pout.—BYRON.

If she hears her friend taken to pieces
 With a "Come, that's too bad, I declare,"
 Though her mirth every moment increases,
 My dear Nicodemus, beware !

If you find that her talk's sentimental,
 Or with sense, dull and solid, abounds ;
 If she flirts with a coat regimental,
 If she ever rides after the hounds :
 If she's one of the "terribly good,"
 Be sure there's a fire-ship there ;
 Of that worst of all women, a prude,
 My dear Nicodemus, beware !

If she asks you to write "something pretty,"
 In that thing which an "Album" they name :
 If she ever says anything witty,—
 For rudeness and wit are the same :—
 If she keeps a pet-dog or a parrot,
 If she lingers to talk and to stare,
 If her hair has the least tinge of carrot,
 My dear Nicodemus, beware !

Of the widow, well practised to rule,
 By years of experience taught ;
 Of the sweet-tempered, spiritless fool,
 With soft insipidity fraught :
 Of the Miss who "cares nothing for gold,"
 Though Love cannot live upon air ;
 Of the girl who is purchased and sold,
 My dear Nicodemus, beware !

In short, of the Beauty who's poor,
 Of the Fright who's as rich as a queen ;
 Of the maiden of wither'd threescore,
 Of the maiden of bashful sixteen :
 Thou rash, inexperienced man,
 Of each and of all have a care :
 They'll all take you in if they can—
 So my dear Nicodemus, beware !

MUSIC AND CRITICISM.

THERE are signs of war. That, too, in a field which has not always been a peaceful one. Since the divisions respecting Glück and Piccini on the other side of the Channel, and between the champions of Handel and Buononcini on this, there have been rife respecting one genius or the other in the musical microcosm, sentiments rather than opinions which have found passionate advocates—angry opponents.

It is possible that most of these strivings have had their origin in matters personal rather than artistic.

The last great breach of the peace was committed by the hosts of Jenny Lind, who overran the land mercilessly compelling universal assent. If any would not fall down and worship the idol and deny all other powers, he was fain to hide in holes and caves of the earth.

If my memory serves me, this circumstance has been recorded by Mr. Chorley, and he adds, unless I am much mistaken, an impartial and well judged account of the artistic merits of the great lady in question. Possibly his praise is somewhat deficient in warmth; but then he deals with her solely in her character of operatic singer.

But without doubt the triumphant zealots of that day relied very greatly on a curious weapon—if not new at least of new employ. The artist's personal characteristics, her blameless life, her munificence, all were dragged into the field. Let folks of good memory and the periodical literature of that time—if not burned or spider consumed—witness if I exaggerate.

Since the period to which I have alluded I cannot recollect any strong unmixed partizanship in matters musical, and even what I have termed a fight was scarcely one in fact, the battle being all on one side. In those days all men professed enthusiasm, even if they felt it not, for fear of being lynched.

Of late the musical world in general—no longer to be called a *microcosm*—has to some extent abated the virulence of its partizanship respecting favourites by proceeding to “execute” music itself.

When this fashion came in—and Mr. Hullah and his subordinates demonstrated that all men and women decrepit, deaf, halt, blind, dumb, imbecile and lunatic, might learn to sing at sight—in choruses at least—shortly there arose a host of professors of the art, who, like their pupils and people in general, might be divided into a few good, more bad, and most of all indifferent. In this last class must be ranked many who had a thorough comprehension of the branch of art they professed—genuine, honest and able τεχνικοι; lacking two things, however, of which the first was the slightest power of conveying in any language to the untaught mind what it was that they desired to have done. The other faculty in which they were deficient was that of penetrating into the mind and ascertaining the direction and limits of the artistic powers and emotional conditions they had to deal with. So that they almost invariably missed the selection of the art-form most proper for the subject. In other words they failed to provide the pupil with the particular dialect needed to convey such ideas as might spontaneously arise. Hence arose a race of amateurs—any thing but extinct now—who, whatever their mastery of the arts of execution, could never establish any emotional communication between themselves and their listeners. Of these some few remain, stolid executants of good things to which they impart no charm; because what little warmth themselves possessed has never been fostered by the needed sympathetic glow of heedful hearers.

Others, who have dreamed lovingly over the remoter thinkings of great composers, find it is quite a different business to execute the same in such a manner that their meaning should at once reach the sympathies of unprepared, perhaps unthinking, listeners. Then they conclude that the world in general loves only “light music,” and proceed, kindly, to indulge the world therein with performances either supercilious and disgracefully unprepared, or if conscientious at all, then much suggestive of the style in which a cow “takes a fence.” To declare, categorically, the short-comings of amateurs, would be a task utterly beyond my patience: and, possibly, rather an ungracious one.

It would be more interesting to analyze the condition of amateur art, and to indicate its proper limits; this, however, is without the scope of the present paper; but I think I have shown some of the reasons why amateurs so seldom fulfil the expectations we form concerning them.

Concerning those, I mean, who *deserve* the name of amateurs. Not by any means people who play and sing for fashion, society, or pure vanity, but people who love the art so well that they are glad to

devote time and money (without hope of pecuniary return) and who submit to the chances of humiliation and failure, in order that they may more thoroughly enjoy music. The enjoyment comes to them, I think, in three ways, 1st. In the more entire appreciation of finished performances by artists; 2. In executing music themselves; 3. In awakening the sympathy and delight of others in the good things they have found.

This last is an entirely wholesome and legitimate object with all genuine lovers of art, professional or otherwise; and is utterly opposed to the miserable spirit of proselytism which aims at making people reject all forms of art but this or that; a statement, by-the-bye, that brings me back to the point from which I have wandered.

The professional world is growing jealous of the amateur. The camp of the latter is ill-organized—is hardly a camp at all; and from the other side a few shots—in some cases, I fear, angry ones—have already been fired, of which one or two are in reality directed at the very existence of amateur music—at its life—though apparently pointed in quite another direction.

Notably, I must instance, with real regret and surprise, how the pages of one of our most valued and admirable musical periodicals have been disfigured by two childish and petulant articles. One calls itself “An Essay on the Pernicious Influence of the Italian Language on Musical Art,” to which we will refer presently. The other is an unworthy attack on Rossini, under cover of criticism on his “Messe Solennelle.” It is not needful to enter into the merits of that work; but the spirit of the article signed “G. A. M.” is worthy of attention, since it is in parts so suggestive. Vaguely throughout the criticism there hovers a flavour of conviction that Rossini lacked all those more solid qualities which go to make up, we will say, a “G. A. M.” More palpably we are led to conclude that the composition is not such a one as “G. A. M.” and his fellows would have penned; which is credible.

Still more clearly do we recognize this quality when we meet in almost every paragraph dogmatic assertions that the composer was endeavouring to display a learning he did not possess. There were not found wanting men who imputed the same paltry motives to Beethoven; unable to recognize the value of the results, to obtain which the composer has used just as much contrapuntal form as suited his purpose. It is curious to see these small analysts measuring out to inventors how much or how little “science” they may use. And these repeated accusations of spurious learning give the whole article a very close resemblance to those advertisements headed “Caution.” Further, they point delicately to the

conclusion that "G. A. M." and Co. alone are prepared to supply the genuine article.

The critic also falls foul of the employment of four "p's" in the score, on the ground that *three* have hitherto been taken to mean "as soft as possible." Surely it is hardly fair to notice this trivial circumstance as a "peculiarity of the work," or to weave so petty a grievance into the web of accusations. The mass was originally written for pianoforte and harmonium accompaniment, and "G. A. M." must surely know that modern pianoforte works published in France not unfrequently have "p p p p," whence it follows that in their language "p p p" no longer means "as soft as possible."

Another assumed offence is the over-care of the notation generally. True, Meyerbeer has been found guilty of such a crime; but till now we had supposed Rossini's error to lie in the other extreme. Over-finish of his works, especially in directions to performers, is a new characteristic. He certainly has lavished beauties of melody, figure, and harmony on his works, with a prodigality which, to the mind of many a North Briton, would doubtless appear "just a sinful waste."

There is, moreover, an appeal to the more conceited and narrowly-informed among readers. Such as like the "Stabat Mater," we are told, will delight in this composition.

It is, without doubt, wicked to like the "Stabat Mater." Seriously, however, people may be excused for thinking that production theatrical. It was originally written as an opera, and adapted afterwards to sacred words; a great part of it at least. What, however, are we to think of the good faith of a process, whereby we are juggled into the belief that the author of the decried work must be incapable of writing sacred music?

There is something clever in the prophecy of popularity, should the work be judged worthy. "We said so. *Populus vult*," &c. And herewith is connected the most noteworthy point. The hit of the whole paper is made by judiciously taking advantage of a growing disposition to poke fun at amateur performances.

The writer foretells, among other scenes of success for this work, that it will be performed with applause in drawing-rooms; and—sublimity of scorn!—predicts "endless performances in private." Why not? Does "G. A. M." monopolize the good taste of the community? Is he indeed the musical Chesterfield of the age?

Among the numerous folk who frequent drawing-rooms, who even attain sufficient technical power to produce a performance of this and other works without a catastrophe in the second page, are there none whose culture, artistic powers, reverence, judgment,

taste, and specific knowledge may save them from being made a conveyance for pouring contempt on the mighty dead, so lately gone away?

But then the dead man was not a fellow-creature; not an Englishman, Scotchman, or German; not even an Irishman; only an Italian, and naturalized in France, hardly within the pale of humanity; and not capable of conceiving or conveying a message worthy of our virtuous ears.

But there are left in England people of education, who yet retain their love of grace, beauty, charm, and especially of distinction, who are capable of recognizing these qualities; and it is such, who, by implication, are included in the condemnation our critic pronounces.

Poor Schubert spoke of Rossini as a "rare genius." I believe that even Beethoven acknowledged great qualities in him. Mendelssohn gave practical evidence of a very different judgment of Rossini, his works and genius, from that character which our critic finds evidenced in his compositions:—"An applause-seeking voluptuary, who retained to the last the *sensual* (sic) love of all the sweetness of his native south: but who coveted esteem for erudition which he did not possess, which would have been irksome to him to acquire; and which, as much in itself as in its results, was ungenial to his taste and to his feeling."

Most certainly Mendelssohn would not have endured this. Of one of the lightest works of Donizetti, he said, in reply to criticism of the "G. A. M." order: "Do you know, I should like to have written it myself." But Beethoven and Mendelssohn might have been excused if they could not move from their own place to look through Southern eyes. They dwelt in their own castles, built high towards heaven, whence, gazing out through Northern air (though lovingly Southwards many a time), they saw, and told the world what they had seen, in the language, the one of nine symphonies, the other of a Lobesang. Is it by the passionate thought which prompted these works, or by the structural artifice thereof, that their makers hoped to move the hearts of men? Was it for the musical analyst, who would dissect the material; or for the living-hearted lover of the message delivered, that they recorded their more sacred inspirations?

And would these men have derided their fellow-labourer, or envied him, because his work should be accepted by those very people whose hearts they strove to reach?

Will "G. A. M." say what we may like?

In the other article we are asked to forswear Italian music in all

its forms, and to adhere principally, if not altogether, to English compositions.

Yet what and where is the English music we are invited to admire? Of songs there are few enough by native composers—I beg pardon; there are hosts; but putting aside translations, how long would it take to sing through all the really worthy *songs* originally written to English words by native musicians? We should soon be starved. Or must we feed mainly on the twaddling ditties of bygone generations, with “symphonies and accompaniments,” &c., &c.

Can people with blood in their veins make it run faster by means of the loves and sorrows of an extinct if picturesque *bourgeoisie*, though told in never so minor a key?

But what native songs can we show, of power to awaken any thing beyond a passing sentimentalism? A few touching songs we have. Some the earnest works of composers of very moderate if genuine powers, some the work of masters into which nevertheless, it is but too plain that their authors have not laid their full strength. Dear little gems, apparently done with one hand, and a pipe in the mouth.

The very few exceptions will not enable us to show by the side of the hearty, intense and absorbing work of German, French, and Italian song writers, who—the last especially—knew the sympathy that in a healthy organization exists between the emotions and the powers of voice, and knew also the capability which that marvellous organ possesses of striking through the senses into the very heart, and of stirring all the finer feelings, rousing all the diviner aspirations. And even when we have a better show of native productions, must we be such fierce protectionists as to shut the door to any outside influence? Because we recognize beer, may we never again touch wine?

This mad insularity is not patriotism. It finds its parallel in the *New York Tribune*.

But perhaps the argument is in favour of part music. Without entering into the merits of this question, I will ask, how are we off for it? There are many beautiful works of this kind to be found, by diligent search among the heap of manufactured stuff published. Mr. Macfarren coolly asserts that *no one* wants to hear Italian music from the lips of English singers.

Wholesale annihilation of unhappy amateurs!

I cannot help retorting that I hope never again to be obliged to listen to such compositions as a part song I have before me, bearing Mr. Macfarren’s name. It is called “Orpheus with his Lute,” and is the most ingenious device conceivable for depriving the ear of

the melody of Shakspeare's numbers. According to it the poet wrote thus:—

Orpheus with his loo-oot
 Bis :
 Made trees and the mountain tops,
 The mountain tops that free-eeze,
 Bow themselves—bow themselves
 When he did sing.
 Made trees and mountains bow themselves
 When he did sing.
 Tō his music plants and flow-ers, plants
 And flow-ers ever *sprung*,
 As sun, as sun and show-ers,
 There had made a lasting spring.

Yes, verily : and we are left, by the nature of the harmonic anti-thesis with that jingle in our ears between *sprung* and *spring* as if it were intended for a rhyme! It is forced on us without escape, as are the other absurdities in the setting. The ludicrous effect of the words I have written, “loo-oot,” &c., does not result so much from their division as from the utterly inappropriate prominence given to it: a sort of rhythmical dead-lock occurring at those points leaves one no choice but to be hurt by it.

Any one who examines the composition will acquit me of twisting or exaggerating the setting. Even to give the words as nearly rational a division as I have done, it is necessary to adopt a most artificial phrasing of the music¹.

Such work as we have indicated is free indeed from the influence of Italian art. The flimsiest Italian that ever spun a tune *could* not have made such mincemeat of a verse.

Then the music for the sake of which this is done! A thing made of graceless harmonies—hard, shapeless, bony phrases, articulated with suspensions. The composition is as bald and paralytic as a lay-figure in a surgical shop, and might bear comparison with the “*Quis est homo*” about as well as might the lay-figure afore-said with the *Niobe*!

And for such as this we are to give up the sunny South! For

¹ There is one delightful bar, let me add, where the billows of the sea “hang their heads and then lay by,” to a phrase which recalls—not the lull of listening waves—but the staccato retreat of a discomfited magpie.

There is some display of constructive power: an odd flourish of the materials—the tool which masters use, but keep concealed, and one is reminded of the old couplet—

“Old Orpheus played so well, he moved Old Nick,
 But thou mov’st nothing—but thy fiddlestick.”

Contrast Mr. Sullivan’s song to these words, not free from carelessness perhaps, but having a congenial grace which would cover even serious faults.

this miserable drab music, from which every particle of pure and primitive colour has been most effectually washed.

There are vast numbers of amateurs, worthy of the name in its best sense, who care but little for part songs at all; and very few who care at all for most English works of this kind. Of those who do, some perform therein themselves. Not having character enough to give interest to a song, they sing in parts, and obtain the sound of their own voices cheaply. These people have a tolerably indiscriminate appetite. The rest are conceited folk, who having caught a glimpse of what structure means, forthwith parade their knowledge before their less enlightened friends, much as fledgeling amateur painters bore us with grey tints and vanishing points.

All honour to craftsmen, from lexicographers downwards, who provide us with sound and authentic material for our use! Many and warmest thanks to Mr. Macfarren, and, after him, to his fellows, for showing us with reverent and faithful hand the technical threads wherewith such as Mendelssohn wove their grander tapestries. And the composer of "Robin Hood" has laboured to some purpose in the cause of art, and won a well-deserved name and authority, whereby he is under the greater obligation to be discreet and fair.

But he betrays the trust he has won, by this *ex cathedrâ* condemnation of an entire school of art, which his canons are too narrow to embrace, which uses material he is unable to analyse, and appeals to emotions with which he personally appears to have no sympathy.

And all men who love the arts, as the vehicle for the conveyance of some emotion not otherwise to be expressed, will resent these efforts to substitute engineering for architecture, and to persuade every man to become his own carpenter.

It is interesting and amusing at first, but very soon becomes an intolerable annoyance, to submit to the company of some skilled builder in walking through a cathedral. It meets one's sense of *physical justice*—of conformity with natural laws to learn how thrust balances thrust; how arch plays back to back with arch; and steep roof leans on faithful buttresses.

But the glory and holiness of the work are in quite other things than these, else would the railway station divide honours with the fairest work we have in pillar and vault.

But should a Giorgione have been willing to lay on some portion of our walls a garment of many colours and forms, should we thrust the work aside, even though he had chosen the thinnest of lath partitions to paint upon? Thanks! good friend, with the axe in hand. It certainly is a shaky structure, and we are sorry if it

obscure some solid masonry of yours; but we would rather not have it cut up.

Let me say a few practical words to the profession. At present its members eat, drink, and clothe themselves, entirely by means of the money they earn of amateurs. These last are thoroughly professional in one point; they have plenty of vanity; and if we laugh them out of their performance, sneer at their taste, or try to tie them to dead forms instead of living melodies and glowing harmonies, we shall break the springs of their interest, deprive ourselves of a considerable number of pupils, of a most legitimate means of influence, and be reduced to fill our concert-rooms with people who go for fashion and not for improvement.

Amateurs who with the smallest possible shreds of technical knowledge conceive themselves artists, are certainly very foolish birds; but to be provoked, by the cackle of these few geese into searing away the whole feathered race, would be a proceeding worthy of a sparrow club.

I should like at some time to make a few suggestions towards determining the limits of amateur art, and perhaps to offer some remedies for certain unsatisfactory circumstances in the body musical.

“THE MATCH-BOX.”

A CRY OF THE POOR CHILD.

(INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, M.P.)

IN a pamphlet printed by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, Incumbent of St. Matthias, Bethnal Green, with a view of showing the extent of the destitution which prevails in his district, he alludes to the “children’s trades” which, unhappily flourish in Bethnal Green, and says:—“Among these trades the foremost perhaps is the manufacture of lucifer match boxes. For this work the payment is twopence farthing per gross, or thirty-two boxes for one halfpenny, out of which sum the little labourers have to find their own paste. The other day,” he says, “I took upon my knees a little girl who is employed in this manner. She told me she was four years old. Her mother said the child had earned her own living ever since she was three years of age. This infant now makes several hundred boxes every day of her life, and her earnings suffice to pay the rent of the miserable room which the family inhabits. The poor little woman, as might be expected, is grave beyond her years. She has none of a child’s vivacity. She does not seem to know what play means. Her whole thoughts are centred in the eternal round of lucifer-box making, in which her whole life is passed. She has never been beyond the dingy street in which she was born, she has never so much as seen a tree, or a daisy, or a blade of grass. A poor sickly little thing, and yet a sweet obedient child, the deadly pallor of her face proclaiming unmistakeably that she will soon be mercifully taken away to a better world, where, at last, the little weary fingers shall be at rest. And this is only one case out of scores and hundreds.”

The following lines are an attempt to give expression to the harsh poetry of one stern reality of life as it exists in an Eastern district of “Modern Babylon.”

It cannot be—it must not be—

So tender a bud, and frail!

She should roam where the winds are free

To play on her cheek so pale;

And she should romp on the breezy heath,
 Where the gorse is crowned with gold.
 Alas! she is wooed of the shadow of Death,
 And his arms are chill and cold.
 Would you list to the wail of woe
 From a frail young heart opprest?
 Lend her words, and the tale shall flow
 Thus from her burthened breast:—

"The match-box—the match-box—
 My busy fingers ply;
 I mould the box, I form the box,
 I set the box to dry.
 I paste the label on the box,
 I place it on the pile,
 And they say that I number up each gross
 With the ghost of a faded smile."

"I seem a little woman now,
 I scarce have been a child;
 But amidst a life of busy toil,
 I knew not that I smiled.
 The heart hath lit the eye perchance,
 When mother smiled and said
 'That in every little match-box
 She can find a little bread'."

"The match-box—the match-box
 Was hard to make at Three,
 But now I'm Four, or rather more,
 It is easier far to me;
 For every night, nine farthings bright,
 For twelve-times-twelve they pay;
 So I labour, and I labour still,
 From the dawn to the death of day.

"The children say they love to play
 All on the dappled green,
 Midst buttercups and daisies gay—
 But I scarce know what they mean;
 For I never saw the trees wave,
 Nor the daisies on the plain,
 But the match-box—the match box!
 Oh it fills my heart—my brain.

"I often wake and wonder
If the meadows daisy-dight
Are like those blue, calm fields I view,
As I lie awake at night.
Those fields of rest, so still—so blest,
Those plains of pleasant blue,
Which the pale moon lights so softly,
And the daisy-stars bestrew.

"I have no roses on my cheek,
No lightness in my breast,
I am wearied when the morning breaks,
And at night I cannot rest;
At times I wish to wander through
Those meadows overhead;
But no!—in every match-box,
‘Mother finds a little bread!’”

W. H. WRIGHT.

ROBERT BROWNING'S FIRST POEM.

THE young poets of the present generation, if they needed it, might derive some consolation from the fact that nearly all their great predecessors in this century, whether still living or not, have had to pass through the same ordeal of ridicule and misapprehension which they are now suffering, and have at last come out from it triumphant. To go back to the opening of the century, and to commence with Wordsworth, or with the trio of "Lake Poets," Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, who does not remember the lavish abuse and indiscriminate censure that were heaped upon these three—the eagerness to magnify their faults or mannerisms—the utter blindness to their real beauties—displayed by that great organ of critical taste, the *Edinburgh Review*? The same journal fell foul of Byron in 1807, not discerning in the "Hours of Idleness" the first faint promise of that genius which a few years later was to electrify the world. The *Quarterly Review* was just as slow to recognize a new poet. First Keats, and afterwards Tennyson were demolished by it, to the critic's satisfaction at least. It is curious to think of these four great names now—Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, and Tennyson,—shining so serene and unapproachable as stars in the dark night of Time, and then to listen to the distant echoes of those critics starting from their kennels and baying at them.

Another great reputation has now at length, after many years' struggle with public indifference and neglect, raised itself to an unassailable position. But if the reader will turn to an article headed "Poets of the Day" in Fraser's Magazine for December, 1833, he will see what the modern "Zoilus" said of Robert Browning's maiden effort:—

"'Non dubito quin titulus¹,' &c., quotes the author of 'Pauline,' our next poem, from Cornelius Agrippa, which we, shearing the sentence of its lengthy continuation, translate thus: 'We are under no kind of doubt about the title to be given to you, my poet;' you

¹ The critic's joke, poor as it is, is founded on a misconception of the opening clause of this quotation, which runs thus: "Non dubito, quin titulus libri nostri raritate suâ quamplurimos alliciat ad legendum."

being, beyond all question, as mad as Cassandra, without any of the power to prophesy like her, or to construct a connected sentence like any body else. We have already had a *Monomaniac*; and we designate you, 'The Mad Poet of the Batch'—as being mad, not in one direction only, but in all. A little lunacy, like a little knowledge, would be a dangerous thing¹."

The poem thus criticized—"Pauline: a Fragment of a Confession"—was written by Robert Browning in his one-and-twentieth year, and published in 1833, three years before "*Paracelsus*."² It is a thin volume of less than 80 pages; the poem itself, which is in blank verse, contains 2050 lines.

Like all that Mr. Browning has written, this first work of his is purely dramatic, and may be said to head the series of "*Men and Women*" and "*Dramatis Personæ*," which he has since introduced to the world under somewhat better auspices. By some unaccountable accident it seems to have been almost entirely forgotten, and yet there are lines in it which no lover of poetry would willingly let die. The oblivion into which it has fallen is no doubt principally attributable to the fact that Mr. Browning has never thought fit until now to include it in any collection of his poems³.

We intend to enter into a brief analysis of the nature and subject of the poem, interspersing with our remarks, as we proceed, a few of the choicer passages.

The argument, concisely stated, is this:—A deeply-erring genius, but one who has not sinned so irretrievably as to find "no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears," is brought back by the beauty and calm wisdom of a woman whom he loves to the ways of truth and peace. At her request he begins to recount the story of his life, or rather the history of his mind, the tortuous ways through which he has passed, and the process of his gradual redemption. His mind has, however, lost its balance, and the clear retrospect of the past, with all its faults and follies, is too much for him: he is overcome by delirium while painting a dream of the happy future that would await him in the plenary enjoyment of his love of Pauline, to whom he has been proposing a retreat in the summer land of her birth. But at least his "last state is happy." The powerful exhibition of a diseased mind, struggling with its own weakness and indecision towards something better, is interspersed

¹ Fraser's Magazine, December, 1833, pp. 669, 670.

² The poem itself is dated, "Richmond, October 22, 1832;" and the quotation from Cornelius Agrippa, which does duty as a preface, "London, January, 1833." "*Paracelsus*" was published by Effingham Wilson in the winter of 1835.

³ It is included for the first time in the New Edition of Mr. Browning's works, published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, in monthly volumes.—[ED.]

with passages in their magnificent description of nature which, even in his maturest productions, Mr. Browning has never surpassed. Throughout the poem the supposed speaker addresses "Pauline." It opens thus :—

"Pauline, mine own, bend o'er me—thy soft breast
 Shall pant to mine—bend o'er me—thy sweet eyes,
 And loosen'd hair, and breathing lips, and arms
 Drawing me to thee—these build up a screen
 To shut me in with thee and from all fear,
 So that I might unlock the sleepless brood
 Of fancies from my soul, their lurking-place,
 Nor doubt that each would pass, ne'er to return
 To one so watch'd, so loved, and so secured.
 But what can guard thee but thy naked love?
 Ah, dearest! whose sucks a poison'd wound
 Envenoms his own veins:—thou art so good,
 So calm—if thou should'st wear a brow less light
 For some wild thought which, but for me, were kept
 From out thy soul, as from a sacred star.
 Yet till I have unlock'd them it were vain
 To hope to sing; some woe would light on me;
 Nature would point at one, whose quivering lip
 Was bathed in her enchantments—whose brow burn'd
 Beneath the crown, to which her secrets knelt;
 Who learn'd the spell which can call up the dead,
 And then departed, smiling like a fiend
 Who has deceived God. If such one should seek
 Again her altars, and stand robed and crown'd
 Amid the faithful: sad confession first,
 Remorse and pardon, and old claims renew'd,
 Ere I can be—as I shall be no more.
 I had been spared this shame, if I had sate
 By thee for ever, from the first, in place
 Of my wild dreams of beauty and of good,
 Or with them, as an earnest of their truth.
 No thought nor hope, having been shut from thee,
 No vague wish unexplain'd—no wandering aim
 Sent back to bind on Fancy's wings, and seek
 Some strange fair world, where it might be a law;
 But doubting nothing, had been led by thee,
 Thro' youth, and saved, as one at length awaked,
 Who has slept thro' a peril. Ah! vain, vain!

Thou lovest me—the past is in its grave,
 Tho' its ghost haunts us—still this much is ours,
 To cast away restraint, lest a worse thing
 Wait for us in the darkness. Thou lovest me,
 And thou art to receive not love, but faith,
 For which thou wilt be mine, and smile, and take
 All shapes, and shames, and veil without a fear
 That form which music follows like a slave;

And I look to thee, and I trust in thee,
 As in a Northern night one looks alway
 Unto the East for morn, and spring and joy.
 Thou seest then my aimless, hopeless state,
 And resting on some few old feelings, won
 Back by thy beauty, wouldst that I essay
 The task, which was to me what now thou art :
 And why should I conceal one weakness more ?

Thou wilt remember one warm morn, when Winter
 Crept aged from the earth, and *Spring's first breath*
Blew soft from the moist hills—the blackthorn-boughs,
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening
In the sun-shine were white with coming buds,
Like the bright side of a sorrow—and the banks
Had violets opening from sleep-like eyes—
 I walk'd with thee, who knew not a deep shame
 Lurk'd beneath smiles and careless words, which sought
 To hide it—till they wander'd and were mute ;
 As we stood listening on a sunny mound
 To the wind murmuring in the damp copse,
 Like heavy breathings of some hidden thing
 Betray'd by sleep—until the feeling rush'd
 That I was low indeed, yet not so low
 As to endure the calmness of thine eyes ;
 And so I told thee all, while the cool breast
 I lean'd on alter'd not its quiet beating ;
 And long ere words, like a hurt bird's complaint,
 Bade me look up and be what I had been,
 I felt despair could never live by thee."

Yet, feeling that he has fallen, he has a vague foreboding, shadowed forth to him in dreams, that any one who 'clings to him now must suffer the taint of his corruption. He would give up all his aspirations, all his hopes of fame to be young and innocent again. Yet these aspirations were smiled on by a great poet, whom he invokes in a beautiful apostrophe as the 'sun-treader.' If he can even catch a tone of his harmonies, there is a gleam of hope still : where reverence is not extinct, there is always room for regeneration.

But Autumn has come ; and here is he,—the scoffer who "has probed life's vanity"—won by a word of his sweet friend back into the old life. The "faultful past," if he tell it, is to be forgotten as a sad sick dream. He commences with an analysis of his mind.

"I strip my mind bare—whose first elements
 I shall unveil—not as they struggled forth
 In infancy, nor as they now exist,
 That I am grown above them, and can rule them,

But in that middle stage, when they were full,
 Yet ere I had disposed them to my will;
 And then I shall show how these elements
 Produced my present state, and what it is.

“ I am made up of an intensest life,
 Of a most clear idea of consciousness
 Of self—distinct from all its qualities,
 From all affections, passions, feelings, powers;
 And thus far it exists, if track'd, in all.
 But link'd in me, to self-supremacy,
 Existing as a centre to all things,
 Most potent to create, and rule, and call
 Upon all things to minister to it;
 And to a principle of restlessness
 Which would be all, have, see, know, taste, feel, all—
 This is myself; and I should thus have been
 Tho' gifted lower than the meanest soul.

“ And of my powers, one springs up to save
 From utter death a soul with such desires
 Confined to clay—which is the only one
 Which marks me—an imagination which
 Has been an angel to me—coming not
 In fitful visions, but beside me ever,
 And never failing me; so tho' my mind
 Forgets not—not a shred of life forgets—
 Yet I can take a secret pride in calling
 The dark past up—to quell it regally.

“ A mind like this must dissipate itself,
 But I have always had one lode-star; now,
 As I look back, I see that I have wasted,
 Or progress'd as I look'd toward that star—
 A need, a trust, a yearning after God,
 A feeling I have analysed but late,
 But it existed, and was reconciled
 With a neglect of all I deem'd his laws,
 Which yet, when seen in others, I abhorr'd.
 I felt as one beloved, and so shut in
 From fear—and thence I date my trust in signs
 And omens—for I saw God everywhere
 And I can only lay it to the fruit
 Of a sad aftertime that I could doubt
 Even his being—having always felt
 His presence—never acting from myself,
 Still trusting in a hand that leads me through
 All danger; and this feeling still has fought
 Against my weakest reason and resolves.”

The vivid sense of imagination converted all objects to its use.
 His youth was passed alone with the love of antiquity, and this
 became “halo-girt” to him. He was absorbed in the tales he

read: the chiefs and the gods of classical mythology presented themselves to him as warm, living realities: the fables became instinct with life and beauty. Strange, he thinks on looking back, that one to whom such glorious dreams were given, should fall to any thing lower. But he came to have a twofold life: the common life of the present hour was debased to meet its passing wants. A long period of restraint and self-loathing succeeded; but, as peace returned, he sought out some pursuit, and his spirit was directed to song.

“For music—(which is earnest of a heaven,
 Seeing we know emotions strange by it,
 Not else to be revealed)—is as a voice,
 A low voice calling Fancy, as a friend,
 To the green woods in the gay summer-time.”

Then he turned to those old times and scenes, and made rude verses on them. But this did not satisfy him: he was singing to himself only. He looked to see what the mightiest poets had already achieved and he found his own thoughts recorded, his own powers exemplified, and felt their aspirings were his. He sought then to imitate their marvellous creations rather than to form creations of his own. But a change came on: he was growing to manhood: the fever of genius was in all his veins; the past gave way to the future. He gazed boldly on all schemes and systems, seeking to shape out one of his own. He vowed himself to liberty. Men should be divinities walking on earthly heaven. What a life should be his! How his whole soul rose to meet it! But he will go mad if he recalls that time. Yet he will look back on it for a moment—on the time when he lived with Plato, when he looked upon men—on their cares and hopes and fears and joys, and pondering on them all, sought how best the end of life might be attained—comprising every joy.

“And suddenly, without heart-wreck, I awoke
 As from a dream—I said, ’twas beautiful,
 Yet but a dream; and so adieu to it.
 As some world-wanderer sees in a far meadow
 Strange towers, and walled gardens, thick with trees,
 Where singing goes on, and delicious mirth,
 And laughing fairy creatures peeping over,
 And on the morrow, when he comes to live
 For ever by those springs, and trees, fruit flush’d,
 And fairy bowers—all his search is vain.”

His high hopes for the consummation of the race, his faith in mankind, freedom, virtue, human love itself, all departed in turn. He did not feel this as a decay, for in their place arose new powers

—diabolical instead of godlike—wit, mockery and the happiness of enjoying them. He cast hope joyously away. God was gone and a dark spirit sat enthroned in his seat. Troops of shadows knelt to him and confessed him their Lord and King: the worship of self succeeded, supported by the buoyant and rejoicing spirit of youth and health. No age should come on him ere the hopes of youth departed; he would wear himself out, seize every joy, and die, spent like a taper. The thoughts of fame were a fanciful chimera. He would leave all shadowy hopes and weave only such lays as would encircle him with praise and love. The still night brought such thoughts; but in the morning the hollow mockery laughed out once more at hollow praises and smiles, and he sank again.

“And then know that this curse will come on us,
 To see our idols perish—we may wither,
 Nor marvel—we are clay; but our low fate
 Should not extend to them, whom trustingly
 We sent before into Time’s yawning gulf,
 To face whate’er may lurk in darkness there—
 To see the painter’s glory pass, and feel
 Sweet music move us not at once, or worst,
 To see decaying wits ere the frail body
 Decays. Nought makes me trust in love so really,
 As the delight of the contented lowness
 With which I gaze on souls I’d keep for ever
 In beauty—I’d be sad to equal them;
 I’d feed their fame e’en from my heart’s best blood,
 Withering unseen, that they might flourish still.”

These alternations of hope and despair are followed by a sense of relief in opening his mind to the ear of one who seems to him like a pitying angel. Our next extract describes the ideal home which he pictures in fancy for himself and his love, in the happier possible future.

“I can live all the life of plants, and gaze
 Drowsily on the bees that flit and play,
 Or bare my breast for sunbeams which will kill,
 Or open in the night of sounds, to look
 For the dim stars; I can mount with the bird,
Leaping airily his pyramid of leaves
 And twisted boughs of some tall mountain tree,
 Or cheerfully rise springing to the heavens—
 Or like a fish breathe in the morning air
 In the misty sun-warm water—or with flowers
 And trees can smile in light at the sinking sun,
 Just as the storm comes—as a girl would look
 On a departing lover—most serene.

Pauline¹, come with me—see how I could build
 A home for us, out of the world ; in thought
 I am inspired—come with me, Pauline !

Night, and one single ridge of narrow path
 Between the sullen river and the woods
 Waving and muttering,—for the moonless night
 Has shaped them into images of life,
Like the upraising of the giant-ghosts,
Looking on earth to know how their sons fare.
 Thou art so close by me, the roughest swell
 Of wind in the tree-tops hides not the panting
 Of thy soft breasts ; no—we will pass to morning—
 Morning,—the rocks, and valleys, and old woods.
 How the sun brightens in the mist, and here,—
 Half in the air, like creatures of the place,
 Trusting the element—living on high boughs
 That swing in the wind—look at the golden spray,

¹ This passage bears a remarkable similarity (not to speak of the coincidence of the name) to the following from Lord Lytton's play of "The Lady of Lyons," the date of which is five years subsequent to Mr. Browning's poem.

THE LADY OF LYONS, 1838.

Melnotte. Nay, dearest, nay, if thou wouldst have me paint
 The home to which, could Love fulfil its prayers,
 This hand would lead thee, listen !—A deep vale
 Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world ;
 Near a clear lake, margin'd by fruits of gold
 And whispering myrtles ; glassing softest skies
 As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
 As I would have thy fate !

Pauline. My own dear love !

Melnotte. A palace lifting to eternal summer
 Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
 Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
 Whose songs should syllable thy name ! At noon
 We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
 Why Earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens
 Still left us youth and love ! We'd have no friends
 That were not lovers ; no ambition, save
 To excel them all in love ; we'd read no books
 That were not tales of love—that we might smile
 To think how poorly eloquence of words
 Translates the poetry of hearts like ours !
 And when night came, amidst the breathless Heavens
 We'd guess what star should be our home when love
 Becomes immortal ; while the perfum'd light
 Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
 And every air was heavy with the sighs
 Of orange-groves and music from sweet lutes,
 And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
 In the midst of roses !—Dost thou like the picture ?—Act 2, Sc. 1.

Flung from the foam-sheet of the cataract,
 Amid the broken rocks—shall we stay here
 With the wild hawks?—no, ere the hot noon come
 Dive we down—safe;—see this our new retreat
 Wall'd in with a sloped mound of matted shrubs,
 Dark, tangled, old and green—still sloping down
 To a small pool whose waters lie asleep
 Amid the trailing boughs turn'd water-plants
 And tall trees over-arch to keep us in
Breaking the sunbeams into emerald shafts,
 And in the dreamy water one small group
 Of two or three strange trees are got together,
 Wondering at all around—as strange beasts herd
 Together far from their own land—all wildness—
 No turf nor moss, for boughs and plants pave all,
And tongues of bank go shelving in the waters,
Where the pale-throated snake reclines his head,
And old grey stones lie making eddies there;
 The wild mice cross them dry-shod—deeper in—
 Shut thy soft eyes—now look—still deeper in :
 This is the very heart of the woods—all round,
 Mountain-like, heap'd above us ; yet even here
 One pond of water gleams—far off the river
 Sweeps like a sea, barr'd out from land ; but one
 One thin clear sheet has overleap'd and wound
 Into this silent depth, which gain'd, it lies
 Still, as but let by sufferance ; the trees bend
 O'er it, as wild men watch a sleeping girl,
 And thro' their roots long creeping plants stretch out
 Their twined hair, steep'd and sparkling ; farther on
 Tall rushes and thick flag-knots have combined
 To narrow it ; *so, at length, a silver thread*
It winds, all noiselessly, thro' the deep wood,
Till thro' a cleft way, thro' the moss and stone,
It joins its parent-river with a shout.
 Up for the glowing day—leave the old woods :
 See, they part, like a ruin'd arch, the sky !
 Nothing but sky appears, so close the root
 And grass of the hill-top level with the air—
 Blue sunny air, where a great cloud floats, laden
 With light, like a dead whale that white birds pick,
 Floating away in the sun in some north sea.
 Air, air—fresh life-blood—thin and searching air—
The clear, dear breath of God, that loveth us :
 Where small birds reel and winds take their delight."

But delirium succeeds : the soul can find nothing, in the limited range of human powers, to satisfy her immense and boundless desires. She can find repose only in the immensity of the Divine Nature. And here follows a sublime apostrophe to Christ, as the Great Sufferer and Conqueror—a passage which the critic of 1833 —(we may here remark) thought fit, with singular bad taste, to

parody for the sake of adapting it to a sorry witticism of his own. To Pauline he vows eternal constancy; but he feels the spirit which buoyed him up deserting him. He has sung the song for her, and when dark hours come again still something will remain to show his love for her. He sighs to think that the pleasant life which he has pictured is only a dream.

"But whate'er come of it—and tho' it fade,
 And tho' ere the cold morning all be gone
 As it will be;—tho' music wait for me,
 And fair eyes and bright wine, *laughing like sin,*
Which steals back softly on a soul half-saved;
 And I be first to deny all, and despise
 This verse, and these intents which seem so fair;
 Still this is all my own, this moment's pride,
 No less I make an end in perfect joy.
 E'en in my brightest time, a lurking fear
 Possess'd me. I well knew my weak resolves,
 I felt the witchery that makes mind sleep
 Over its treasures—as one half afraid
 To make his riches definite—but now
 These feelings shall not utterly be lost,
 I shall not know again that nameless care,
 Lest leaving all undone in youth, some new
 And undream'd end reveal itself too late:
 For this song shall remain to tell for ever
 That when I lost all hope of such a change,
 Suddenly Beauty rose on me again.
 No less I make an end in perfect joy.
 For I, having thus again been visited,
 Shall doubt not many another bliss awaits,
 And tho' this weak soul sink, and darkness come,
 Some little word shall light it up again,
 And I shall see all clearer and love better;
 I shall again go o'er the tracts of thought,
 As one who has a right; and I shall live
 With poets—calmer—purer still each time,
 And beauteous shapes will come to me again,
 And unknown secrets will be trusted me,
 Which were not mine when wavering—but now
 I shall be priest and lover, as of old.

Sun-treader, I believe in God, and truth,
 And love; and as one just escaped from death
 Would bind himself in bands of friends to feel
 He lives indeed—so, I would lean on thee;
 Thou must be ever with me—most in gloom
 When such shall come—but chiefly when I die,
 For I seem dying, *as going in the dark*
To fight a giant—and live thou for ever,
 And be to all what thou hast been to me—
 All in whom this wakes pleasant thoughts of me,

Know my last state is happy—free from doubt,
Or touch of fear. Love me and wish me well!"

And so the poem ends. Such a poem—of which all the parts have so necessary a dependence on each other—must unavoidably lose much by being presented in extracts; and we feel we have been able, by our intercalary comments, only very inadequately to convey to the reader any idea of the force and vigour—still less of the rich imagery of the original. Fortunately Mr. Browning has at length been induced to receive again into his favour this offspring of his youth, and give it a fair chance along with the later and maturer productions of his genius. We never met with a poem containing a greater number of striking and remember lines. We will even go so far as to say that if Mr. Browning, unfortunately for the world, had come, like Pauline's lover, to a premature end, and so never accomplished his rich promise, this "Fragment" alone would have secured him a permanent place among the English poets of the nineteenth century.

One thing we have to note, as briefly as possible, before concluding. We cannot better illustrate the moral purpose of *Pauline* than by comparing it with the work of another great Poet of this age, similar throughout in its idea, and by a strange coincidence, exactly cotemporaneous in date of publication, viz.—*The Palace of Art*. Pauline's lover was also

"A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts,
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
A glorious Devil large in heart and brain
That did love Beauty only—(Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind)—
And Knowledge for its beauty; or if Good
Good only for its beauty, seeing not
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears."

To him, too, came the same punishment:

"He that shuts Love out, in his turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness."

And his soul sought the same process of redemption.

"She howl'd aloud, 'I am on fire within.
There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?'

So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away.
' Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
' Where I may mourn and pray.
Yet pull not down my palace towers, that were
So lightly, beautifully built :
Perchance I may return with others there,
When I have purged my guilt.'"

With these quotations we bring to an end our remarks, one object of which is to show, by a forcible example, to young and inexperienced authors, how little reason there is to be cast down by the adverse opinion of one or more anonymous critics. The critics of the press are not infallible : their verdict is not irreversible : and in the long run what is really good will find its own circle of admirers and of purchasers.

“GERMANICUS,”

A SONG OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

It is almost needless to state that these lines are suggested by reading
Tacitus' "Annals," Book II.).

“SALVUS est Germanicus !”
 Now let the bells ring out.
 And “Salvus est Germanicus !
 Io !” the people shout ;
 And “Salvus est Germanicus !”
 Rings joyous through the town ;
 But one pale brow grows paler,
 Beneath its Royal Crown.

* * * *

But ah ! False hopes are flying ;
 The news comes creeping in
 With a murmur low of terror,
 And a darker hint of sin.
 For Germanicus is dying,
 Who led the Roman host
 To plant the Roman Eagle
 Upon the Baltic coast.
 He waved the Royal banner
 Upon Vesurgis' shore,
 And when the Cattians saw him,
 The Cattians were no more !

And there, where false Arminius,
 By Amisia's marshy stream,
 Had well nigh won the battle
 After Cæcina's dream,
 Through ten long desperate hours
 In Idistavisias' vale,
 He press'd on false Arminius
 With javelins thick as hail ;

Drove the Cheruskans backward
Into the swampy plain ;
Led the Prætorian cohorts
Triumphant to the main.

Thence to the gloomy forests
Of Teutoburgium's hill,
Where the blanched bones of Varus
Lay, all unburied still,
Though six long years had vanish'd
Since there he fought, and fell
By his own hand, with Legions
Whom he had led so well.
Germanicus in silence
Buried the bones of Rome ;
Gather'd the three lost Eagles,
And sent them, sadly, home.
The skulls, all white and batter'd,
He laid beneath the sod—
Wolves had howled o'er the corpses ;
The souls were gone to God !

But when the Conscript Fathers
Welcomed the hero home,
The Emperor smiled all coldly
On the favourite of Rome ;
Joy reigned throughout the city
And shouting on the plain,
Down to where yellow Tiber
Rolls foaming to the main.
And mothers bore their children
And lifted them on high,
To see the hero enter,
And join the people's cry.
The Lictors bore the Fasces,
A second time before
The wearer of the laurel wreath,
Right proudly, as of yore.

But Germanicus is dying,
Who served his land so well ;
Dying by base Plaucina's drugs
And vile Martina's spell ;

Urged on by Piso's infamy
 Of the Calpurnian name.
 Oh ! ye great gods ! reward him
 For that dark deed of shame !
 And may the Gods reward him
 Who wears the royal crown ;
 And when he heard the tidings,
 Could scarce assume a frown.
 May his last years be bitter
 In Capri's treach'rous isle,
 His death a death of anguish,
 Vile as his life was vile.

But is there now no watchword
 That can arouse the slain ?
 Recall his soul from Charon's boat
 Back to this earth again ?
 Hush ! utter it in whispers ;
 Lo ! stands a licitor there !
 For these are not the years to come,
 Nor the brave days that were !

Lives there the man that dares to say,
 “ Where is our liberty to-day ?
 We are not brutes, but men !
 Down with the tyrants ; let them feel
 The sharpness of our free-born steel.
 We are not slaves, but men ! ”
 Speak not those stirring words again
 Sejanus and his mongrel train
 Might hear, as well as we.
 Then rest thee, hero ! in thy grave
 We are not those thou camest to save,
 Who do not dare be free !

G. T.

NUMBERING THE PEOPLE.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE CENSUS OF 1871, BY AN ENUMERATOR.

HAS any man ever considered how many great, great—you may add seven or eight more “greats”—great grandfathers he has had? As we look forward rather than backwards, the chances are that he will have calculated how many grandchildren rather than fathers. We do not “bless our progenitors” after the manner of Mr. Bret Harte in his imitation of Dickens; but we are selfish enough to centre some little interest in the boys and girls we leave behind us. But these small ancestors of ours in a few generations, counting backwards after the fashion of the Chinese, mount to a goodly number. Every man must have had two grandfathers, four great-grandfathers and eight great-great-grandfathers; so that going back to the reign of Henry VIII., counting a generation as thirty years, he must have had no less than two thousand and forty eight male ancestors concerned in his production! If this be so, it is clear that he must have the same number of female progenitors; and these, by the ingenious process of doubling, would in the year 1420, or a little before the death of our great Henry V. have had no less than thirty two thousand seven hundred and sixty eight grandfathers, sixteen times removed, and counting the year of the birth of the man as 1871. This is a calculation which does not appear in the census, and is a very curious, one because it shows how very nearly all of us must be related. For in the reign of Henry V. we had in this little island considerably less people than we have at this time in London, namely just three millions of people, and 32,768 people all directly connected with Smithius of 1871, form no inconsiderable part of the whole lot. It is a comfort for persons descended from nobody to know this, because in fact they somehow or other *must* touch upon somebody; they *must* be a relation to some one or other of gentle blood.

From the reign of Henry V. let us take a leap at once to that of our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, upon the

night of the third of April, 1871, a fine open Sunday night, when a small, compact, and very intelligent army of just the size of the progenitors of our friend Smithius marched out upon their business of numbering the people. In actual fact they had deposited the census papers previously, and after church or prayers the householder was bound to fill up those papers, telling who and what was the head of the house, who was his wife, who were his guests, his servants, and the strangers within his house, or his lodgers. In actual fact, therefore, the report which the enumerators began to collect on the night of Palm Sunday, April 3rd, 1871, is a pleasant fiction addressed by the Registrar-General to H. M. Chief Secretary for Home Affairs, the redoubtable Mr. Austin Bruce. But it is a fact that very early on the morning of April 4th, 1841, there were 32,606 enumerators at work, and 627 superintendent registrars, 2,197 registrars, one Registrar-General, or on the whole 35,421 officers, including a little number of 627 detached specially for our river population, who live on boats and barges.

It was well that it was fine settled weather; and it was well, too, as we learn, that we did not number the people as we ought to have done upon the very first day of the year, that being the day which would approve itself to philosophers. But there are many things against it. It looks well in theory, but it is not so in practice. It may be very well for an enumerator, paid by the 100, to collect the schedules in a court with a thousand people sleeping in a small space around him; but to collect them from a scattered population on a desolate bleak moor in mid-winter is a different thing altogether. Some enumerators had to walk for miles merely to put down the names and occupations of sixty-four poor peasants who could not do it themselves, and who were frightened at the schedule paper and thought it a witch.

However, the matter was concluded, and we have some of the results before us. The population of England and Wales, on the census night, was enormous for the size of the country, being no less than 22,704,108 souls, an increase of 2,637,884 souls, over those living on the last census in 1861. The rate of increase, too, was just one per cent. more than at the last enumeration from 1851 to 1861—in that space it was twelve, in this latter space it is thirteen per cent. To the above numbers the Army, Navy, and merchant seamen abroad, probably a good two hundred thousand, will have to be added, when those numbers are known with precision.

The foreigners of many nations who will in a great measure become absorbed into our people, were taken as a set-off against the many English people residing or travelling abroad. To these

few items we may add some curious statistics. In 1801, when England was about to put forth her full strength in the continental war, which she was to wage with France, Russia, Austria, Spain, that strength was 8,892,536, or just about one-fourth of what it is now. The mere increase of people since the year 1831, which is not so far back, but that very many of us can remember it, is equal to the whole of the population of 1801. Nay, since the accession of Queen Victoria,—who, by the way, as our “beauteous and youthful Queen,” is the oldest *sovereign* in Europe—we have had six millions of human souls, “of the best sort,” says Emerson—in other words, six millions of English men and English women, added to our population. That is, the Queen, by mere increment of wealth—and what wealth it is!—has had added to her subjects in England and Ireland about the same number of souls as her grandfather George III. reigned over in 1760, when, youthful and handsome, he first ascended the throne. These millions (actually 5,900,000) have been added, say the Census Commissioners, to the Queen’s dominion, not by the seizure of neighbouring territories, but mainly by the industry, the enterprise, the prosperity, and the virtue of her people.

But we must not forget to note before we pass on, that these pleasing records have a dark side. There are Malthusians who believe that increase is bad, and that there may be too many people in this island. To these, perhaps, the best answer is, that in God’s words we are positively assured that it is good that mankind should “increase and multiply:” that actually the methods of obtaining food increase much faster than the population itself; and that nations which, by artificial checks upon population, reduce themselves to a stationary number, as France has done, must have grown upon the whole surface of the nation so corrupt and debased and demoralised, that it is very easy indeed to foresee decadence and the fall of that nation—unless in God’s mercy they find a way of return to something like virtue.

But we have, in our midst, as Mr. Chadband and our leader writers would say, an example of a nation decreasing from the scourge of pestilence and famine, and from natural causes, such as emigration on a large scale, produced by an insufficiency of food. Ireland has afforded us this example; and, by the way, although we here run contrary to public opinion, we believe that the successive increase and decrease of her population is a sufficient answer to the oft-repeated assertion that for years we have misgoverned Ireland, and that the “heel of the Saxon tyrant has crushed the life-blood out of the quivering form of betrayed and beautiful Hibernia.” Here is a curious table of the estimated population of Ireland:—

In 1652, before the Saxon invader had established himself	850,000
1712, after his <i>misrule</i>	2,099,094
1754, after more „	2,372,634
1805, after half a century more, it doubles	5,395,456
1821	6,801,827
1831	7,784,536
1841	8,175,124

From this table we see that this down-trodden nation of Ireland, in 1841, had reached the enormous population of 8,175,124 souls, or about double the number according to statisticians that such an island can conveniently support. Then came the potato blight, famine, pestilence, English help and emigration; and the green island began to empty itself as does a hive that is too full.

In 1851, the Irish population fell to	6,515,794
1861	5,792,055
1871	5,402,759

Now during the past thirty years, few, we presume, will dare to say that England has not been endeavouring to do every justice to Ireland; and, in fact, done all that a sister island could do; yet it is precisely during those years that her population decreased. From 1851 to 1861, the Exodus of Ireland was carried on with full vigour, and nearly two million of persons emigrated. Let us boldly add that many of them effected this Exodus by English money, and by the aid of their landlords. But since we believe “a good time is coming,” that is a time when Ireland will understand her true interest, we are satisfied with the fact that the decline of the Irish population has ceased. The hæmorrhage has stopped, and the patient is by no means exhausted, but as strong as ever.

Let us again turn to another question, and illustrate it from the census. People who pick up knowledge by figures are very curious in their use of them. Thus, Mr. Brigham Young, of polygamie propensities, and of much notoriety as to Utah and Mormonism, has boldly asserted that it is well that we should return to one at least of the old patriarchal customs, because there are more women than men in the world. Some people lament this fact. Now, as a rule, all through the animal world, there are more females than males; and, as Mr. Darwin has shown us, even with butterflies or race-horses the same rule obtains. But how many more? Would it be possible for a man to have two wives from the given numbers? No. One and a half? No. One and a quarter? No. One and a tenth? No. One and a twentieth part of a wife? No—or it may be in some counties “Yes.” How this arises we shall presently show. But as a rule the works of Nature say as plainly as the Word of God, “Male and female created he them;” a man can have only one wife, and a woman one husband, because all over the

world there is but one man to one woman. In various centres of population the women exceed the men; in Australia and parts of America the men exceed the women. In our island the numbers of the two sexes stood thus on the 3rd of April last :—

Women and girls	11,663,705
Men and boys	11,040,403
		<hr/>
Excess of females	623,302
		<hr/>

But we are not to suppose that there are in Great Britain upwards of six hundred thousand more women than men. In our army, navy, and merchant seamen abroad, we have 207,198 persons; and of emigrants, persons travelling, and engaged in pursuits not yet deemed proper for women, we have at least 200,000 more. Let us add these and deduct the gross number, and we shall have about two hundred and sixteen thousand women more than men. But at twenty-one, the boys who are born in greater numbers but who are more difficult to rear, and more venturesome, and who therefore are killed off more rapidly, are exactly equal to the number of girls of twenty-one. After that men die more rapidly; even with their immunity from the dangers of child-birth, the cares of business, troubles, and dissipation, as a matter of fact, kill them off more rapidly than those of the other sex. Then also the fact, that widows and old women are longer lived than old men, tells strongly; so that actually this apparent superfluity of women melts to nothing. In some of our large towns, where manufactures are carried on, there are as many as 108, and even 114, women to every 100 men. In one or two agricultural counties the men exceed the women. Many more women than men are unsuited for marriage; and, as a broad fact, this formidable surplus of two hundred and sixteen thousand women, if looked at with the eye of reason, to a great extent disappears. The *Saturday Review* has written a very bitter article on the degradation of women, which it believes is close at hand. Of one thing we are certain; namely, that this result will not come about through any great disparity of the sexes.

There are so many points of interest in the Census Report, that we hardly know where to stop when we have begun. Here is one. Our population can never be stationary. We increase at the rate of a fairly sized regiment daily. Of course many more are born; but many of these again die young, so that our actual increase falls to 705 daily. Here, indeed, is a present for a Queen. Many of those born, however, seek service or homes under other governments, some become subjects of the United States, many more prefer the old flag. Actually, therefore, these 705 are those who stick by our

shores ; for of the 1173 a day added to our population, 468 emigrate. And so we see that, while France has managed to become stationary, England has been doing her duty in the last twenty years, by adding more than four millions to her home population, and sending at least three-fourths of that number to swell the English speaking peoples in other lands, in both hemispheres.

A few items concerning that metropolis which Cobbett called a "great wen," may appropriately conclude this short excursion into the domains of the Registrar-General.

London is at any rate, as to cities, the "biggest thing" upon record. It is true that there have been fabled towns of greater magnitude; but London is no fable—it is stern reality. Jeddo was reputed to contain 1,800,000, or somewhat approaching two millions of inhabitants; and Pekin was also reputed to have arrived at one period at the very round sum of four millions of souls within its walls. But there is positively no evidence that this ever was really the case. On the contrary, both these cities are Eastern; and the Eastern imagination has a fertility which is all its own. The further East you get the more you are entangled by this uncertainty alike of facts and of figures. There is no knowing, in fact, what number the Hebrew forty meant; and certainly when we began to count the Chinese four millions, we might find, as did Lord Anson in the matter of victualling his ships, that Chinese figures were rather less than half the value of the signs by which they were interpreted.

But in London, ten years ago, we had reached nearly three millions of inhabitants, whereas in 1811, though we had considerably exceeded a million, we were a long way short of two. In 1861 then we had 2,803,034 souls, or 1,106,558 men and 1,225,678 women living in London. These had increased in 1871 to the enormous and "almost fabulous extent," as Mr. Chickweed says, of 3,251,804; or, if you like to limit your London to the districts lying within the ring of the Metropolitan Police jurisdiction, to 3,883,092 souls. This is an astounding fact. The most troublesome thing connected with it is that this population, which is growing most rapidly, must gradually "eat up" the country; our rural glades will surely disappear, for it is certain that the population of the outer ring of the metropolis increases even in a greater rate than the metropolis itself, namely, at the rate of 4·19 per cent., so that it doubles itself in less than ten years.

If, however, we want a quiet lodging, we can go to the city proper. In that charmed circle, over which the Lord Mayor waves his beneficent and somewhat ridiculed sceptre, no less than 112,063 people slept on the night of the census in 1861. But in

ten years the people seemed to have shown an increasing aversion to the city, and a corresponding love for the country; for in that interval 37,331 persons had left its walls, and the City Police have to guard but empty houses, filled, as its space is, with enormous treasures. In plain English, on the census night of 1871 there were only 74,732 people left in the City of London. To make up for its population thus drifting away at night, an army of 200,000 men, mounted on horses, or in cabs, traps, omnibuses, or railway carriages, charge every day into the City, and work their will upon stocks, funds, silks, teas, woods, wools, coal, and every conceivable article of merchandize. The actual number of persons who thus enter the city by day, taken, we believe, by a census of the Lord Mayor's own (for the Corporation felt indeed for the loss of its constituent parts), is given as 170,173. This was determined by a day census of the year 1866. Contrasting the population of London with that of Paris at the height of its prosperity, before its siege and devastation and the exodus of its inhabitants, we find that that "Queen of Cities" did not contain more than 1,696,141; that London contains almost three times as many souls, exceeding her complement by the enormous number of 2,186,951, although, as every body knows, all the world is Paris, "*Enfin! Paris c'est le monde entier*," while all the world is *not* London. And yet we might double up that "Queen of Cities" in numbers, and then we should have nearly half a million of inhabitants to spare; in actual figures 490,810 souls. To give a curious idea of relative proportions, we may say that our metropolitan population is nearly three times as large as that of the Papal States: nearly three times as much as the whole population of Norway; it exceeds by three hundred thousand the whole population of Portugal; by one million three hundred thousand that of Switzerland; by two hundred thousand that of Roumania. It about equals that of Canada, exceeding it by eighty thousand only; surpasses that of the Netherlands by more than half a million. These include independent states, strong and stable monarchies, and London is but a city; still she is the Niagara of cities. The roar of her population is heard afar off; and, as one man is as good as another in these days, she is, at the lowest estimate, even by the rule of counting heads, the most important place in the world.

To establish the fact that, with nations, efficiency and valour do not depend upon numbers, we may mention some curious notes, not found in our census returns. In the reign of Elizabeth, when we repelled the Armada, the whole of England numbered only one million more souls than does London of to-day! In the great war of Marlborough, when the power of France was so thoroughly

broken, the English citizens, at home and abroad, were but five million five hundred thousand strong; nay, to go back to Agincourt and Crecy, we had, under the conquering arms of Henry V., about one million less men in all England than we have now in her chief city! Our pacific policy and our timidity cannot possibly arise from lack of men, for at the end of the American war in 1780, after a fight with half the world—for France shrewdly helped America—our population was little more than double that which our chief city now boasts, namely 8,000,000; while, twenty years after, at the beginning of this century (1801) and of the enormous struggle with France and the European Powers of the Coalition, we had only a population of 9,172,000 to draw from.

A good, simple priest once adduced, as a proof of design in a beneficent Providence, that it had *always caused big rivers to flow by big towns*. We may smile at the inversion, but there is a reflex truth in it of which our Commissioners take notice—the “*flumen opportunum*” and the “*saluberrimos colles*” of London. We only regret that the space allotted to us will not permit us to place on record here much interesting information respecting this river population, which is to be gathered with a little trouble from the last Census Report.

ALEXANDRINE'S STORY;

A TRUE TALE OF CHAMPAGNE.

OURS was as pretty a village as any in Champagne; the vineyards all around bore the finest crop of grapes in the whole province, and the corn was better than any within twenty miles. It was not a large place though; there was one long street, with the church at the end and the curé's house close by, and half-way down was the "Silver Stag," as neat and clean an auberge as you could find on the high road to Bar-le-Duc. Our little farm was just on the outskirts of the village; the house was white, and the vines grew all over it; it stood high, and overlooked the country, with its green fields, and its clumps of wood-lands, and its scattered farms, and the spires of the village churches far away. Quite near us was the old Chateau. It had been a grand house in its day, but of late the family lived most in Paris, so the terrace-gardens were all falling into ruin, and the house itself looked lonely and deserted. But the Count de Champfort came every year, when the hunting season began, and he took care that if the gardens were neglected the vineyards should be well cared for; so there were stores of good wine in the cellars for him and for his friends. Much, too, was sent to Paris, and some said that the young Count Henri spent more money than his father could give him to spend, and that the good Champagne wine was often sold to pay his debts. He was a handsome, kind-hearted boy, when he left Chateau Champfort to go to St. Cyr, and when he came back from his first campaign in Algeria, he was a very handsome man, with a bright smile, and clear blue eyes, and a brown moustache that all the village boys tried to imitate. Men said he was a good soldier and a splendid shot; the women wondered that he had not brought some fair bride to the old Chateau. Now and then the Countess and her daughter, Mdlle. Marguerite, came with the Count. Then I was often up at the Castle, for my mother came from Valenciennes, where she had been a lace-worker, and she had taught me her old trade, so that I could make fine lace, and Mdlle. Marguerite had me there to teach her the lace work. She was as kind and good as she was handsome; not so stately as her mother, the Countess, but her smile was like her brother's, and went straight to the heart. The Count owned all

the land about the village. Great part of it was let out to small farmers, and the Count had the name of being the best landlord in France. There was not a man, woman, or child in Champfort who would not have laid down their lives for the good Count and his family. Like Mdlle. Marguerite, I had but one brother, Paul, and he helped my father with the farm, and went to the chase with the Count and his son, to beat up the game for them. How he loved Count Henri! He could not see a fault in his young lord, and as for Mdlle. Marguerite, she was as an angel to him; and he often said that the man who had painted the Madonna in the church of Champfort had never seen Mdlle. Marguerite, or he would have taken her face for his picture of Our Lady. I think myself, it would have been far more like what we fancy her, with its soft eyes and sweet smile, than the dark, stern look the painter had given in his picture.

We all lived happily in the village till the sad summer of 1870. The curé, who read the journals, told us there was a talk of war; and then came the news that it was declared. The Count, with his wife and daughter, came to the chateau; but young Count Henri was gone to join his regiment, and was marching with them to the Rhine. It was a hot evening in August when two or three dragoons came riding to the house of the Mayor. We thought they brought news of victory; but we heard too soon that instead of victory it was defeat—the French army was retreating, and the Prussians were in Lorraine. The Count came down to the Mairie. He said that it was all too true; and he advised that those who had friends in Paris or the South should leave Champfort before the enemy came; for himself, he said, he should try to raise a regiment, if it was so required, and, old as he was, lead them to meet the invaders. The curé's old mother had always lived with her son; but he begged her to accept the Count's offer to take her to Paris, to some relations there. It was a sore trial, but she always did as he advised her, for she loved him dearly; and, while this was being settled, Mdlle. Marguerite came up to our house to speak to me. She stood in the porch when I first saw her, with the vine-leaves hanging round her, and the evening sun shining on her fair head. "Alexandrine," she said, "thou must come with me to Paris; thou art too young to stay here amidst the foreign soldiers." But I said I would not leave my mother; and she would stay there, come what might. I thought my dear young lady's face looked troubled and sad, and I asked her if there was any ill news besides this defeat of our soldiers. "Yes, Alexandrine," she answered, "I am very sad at heart. Thou hast heard of my cousin, François de Bonneval. He has been wounded in this last

battle, and sent back to Paris. We shall nurse him there." I saw the bright red colour come and go in her face, and I knew then it was true what I had heard, that before long Mdlle. Marguerite would wear the orange-blossoms, and leave her home to go to the South with her cousin François. But even as we spoke, we heard a murmur in the village, and a neighbour came running up to us, shrieking and weeping as she came.

"They are here! they are here!" "Who are here, Nannette?" I asked angrily. "The Prussians, the Prussians," she cried, and at that instant I saw my brother come hastily up to us. He took off his cap and said "Mdlle. Marguerite, you must go back to the chateau, the Count your father is with the Mayor. The Prussian Colonel has demanded quarters in the Chateau, and your mother is there, and M. Francois must leave as soon and as quickly as he can, or he will be made prisoner." "Francois, my cousin," cried Mdlle Marguerite. How did he come here?" "On his way to Paris, Mdlle. He is but slightly wounded, and I will take him by the wood path, where he can get beyond the Prussian outposts. There are not many here yet." It was time they should leave for several soldiers in spiked helmets and dark blue coats were to be seen, looking about them, as if to find the house whose name was written on the piece of paper which one of them held. "Adieu Alexandrina," said Mdlle. Marguerite. "If all be well, come to us at day-break, we shall need thee;" and so saying she followed my brother through the house and out into the vineyard beyond.

How my heart beat, when I saw Michel, the ostler of the "Silver Stag," speak to the Prussian corporal and bring them up to the door. "Have no fear, Mdlle. Alexandrina," he said; "they will not harm us if we give them food and lodging." The corporal spoke a little bad French; he took no notice of me, but asked my mother for beds and supper for five men. My father had now come back from the Mairie, so he took them upstairs and showed them three rooms, and bade them choose, and then come down to supper. It was a bitter thing to have them there and know they were our masters; but they were not uncivil, they seemed to think every thing was theirs, to do as they pleased; but they did not break our furniture or do any harm. So for two or three days, all went well; they ate and drank and smoked all day, and the Colonel and his officers at the chateau did the same. My brother and Mdlle. Marguerite had reached it on that sad evening, before the Prussian Colonel. Paul told me that the roses on the terrace were not whiter than Mademoiselle's cheeks, when she saw M. de Bonneval coming to meet her with his right arm in a sling. There was little time to greet him or to say adieu; only a few

whispered words, and Paul, who had turned away, seeing the Prussians coming, looked back to call M. François, and saw how poor Mademoiselle's head was resting on his shoulder and the tears falling fast from her eyes. "Go, François," she said, "God only knows how or when we may meet again, but sooner or later you will come back, and you shall find me waiting." Poor, poor Mademoiselle! Paul led M. François by the vineyard, to the wood; there they waited till it was dark, and then it was easy for M. François to gain the road which led to the nearest town, where our enemies were not yet. I went up every day to the Chateau, and I saw that the Colonel was always respectful to Madame and her daughter, and though he took all the best rooms, and he and his officers smoked and drank till three or four every morning, there was nothing but this to complain of; but one day, just about a week after they came, as I was standing on the terrace with Mademoiselle Marguerite, watching her father, who was walking up and down with the Prussian Colonel, we saw a dragoon come riding furiously up; he shouted out something to the Colonel, who turned hastily and said to the Count, "We are attacked by the French; I must go to head my men. Let me advise you to take no part in this." In five minutes he and his officers were mounted and galloping down into the village. I ran as hard as I could to my home, for my father had gone out early in the morning, and as I ran I heard shots fired as it seemed all around me. The Prussians were at the other end of the village. So I got home without any interruption. I found no one there, and feeling sure my mother had gone to the "Silver Stag," to be with her friend Madame Bernard, I ran there. As I reached the entrance of the court-yard I heard loud shouts and cries, and Madame Bernard running out, pulled me in, whilst M. Bernard and the ostler shut the gates and put up the shutters. There we stayed, M. and Madame Bernard, my mother, the servant girl, the ostler, and myself. We could see nothing, but the firing grew louder and louder, and presently the fighting came up the street, and we heard the French voices, by which we knew they were advancing. Then came a knocking at the door; we dare not open it, but the shutter was dashed in with a bayonet, and I saw the Prussian corporal who had been quartered in our house. "Take them," he said, "take them in; they are wounded." I undid the bolt and looked out, and there on the door-step lay the Prussian Colonel, who had been at the Chateau, and a dragoon officer in the French dress. M. Bernard came to me, and as we opened the door we saw the street beyond full of soldiers, French and Prussian, coming towards us, fighting as they came. We dragged in the wounded men, and when I looked at the French-

man I saw it was Count Henri; his sword was still in his hand, but broken, and there was a smile on his pale face as if he was sleeping. I could not believe he was dead, but when we opened his coat we saw the small wound just over his heart, where the bullet had entered. He must have died instantly. The Prussian was living still, but fearfully wounded in the right shoulder; yet when he saw us all weeping as we looked at our young lord, he asked who it was we mourned? And when we told him the Count's only son, he covered his face, and the tears came fast, and then he said, "I thank God it was not I who killed him." We tried to staunch the blood, and we gave him soup and wine, and whilst we were thus busy the noise of the fighting died away, and we heard the door open, and looking up saw a French General, with his officers, coming in. He walked up to the couch on which lay the Prussian, saying to him, very gently, "Sir, you are our prisoner; but doubtless you will wish to remain here till your wound is better." The poor man looked around him, and as he did so the old Count came in. My brother was with him, and even before the Count went to look at his dead son, he took the Prussian Colonel's hand, and said, "Monsieur, your old room at the chateau awaits you. It is there you must be nursed." The Colonel could not bear these kindly words from the father of the dead man who lay there; he could not speak, he only pointed to the corpse, as if to say, "How can you wish me to be your guest, when your son has fallen by the hands of my men?" But the Count, trying to look cheerful, though his lip quivered under his heavy moustache, said, in a low voice, "Monsieur, he died in fair fight for his country. Alexandrine," and he turned to me, "go, prepare the Countess to receive M. le Colonel, but say nothing of——" he stopped, and added hastily, "I will tell them myself."

Oh, what a sad night it was: though the French had regained the village, there was mourning in it for Count Henri. We heard how he had headed the charge of his dragoons, and fallen dead from his horse, at the discharge of a volley from the Prussian soldiers. He was buried in the church-yard at Champfort, and I stayed with the Prussian Colonel, whilst all the rest went to the funeral; and as he heard the sad music of the military bands, he turned his head on the pillow, and said, "Alexandrine, my child" (for by this time he knew me by name), "war is very wretched. I wish I were at home with my wife and children. Why cannot we live in peace?"

A few more days went on. The French soldiers were still in the village, but they seemed to idle about, and not to keep so good a watch as the Prussians; for one evening, coming back late from the chateau, I passed the watch upon the hill, some way out of the vil-

lage, and there were the soldiers, drinking and smoking, round the bivouac fire, and with them the sentinel, who should have been on the look-out for the enemy; and at the "Silver Stag" were all the officers, playing billiards, and amusing themselves; and in the morning, at the time when the Prussians had been up and out and on parade, these Messieurs were sleeping soundly, and leaving their men to do just as they pleased. But soon all was changed; for early one morning I heard the galloping of horses and the sound of heavy firing, and looking out, I saw thousands of Prussian soldiers coming down the road and across the fields. The fighting went on many hours. We shut our doors, and prayed to the Virgin and our patron saint to help us. My father watched lest a shell should fall near, and the pieces set our thatched roof on fire, but we escaped. We saw very many poor fellows fall dead and wounded, and several we dragged into our cottage; but when it was over, and our soldiers, all who were not dead or prisoners, had retreated, came sad scenes. Our cottage was spared because we had wounded there, and some Prussians amongst them; but they entered the "Silver Stag," and broke all the furniture, and set fire to the stables; and poor Madame Bernard wept bitterly, for they opened her chests and her closets, and took all her clothes and her husband's, and what they did not take away they cut up into ribbons. The prisoners were put in the church, as every house was full of soldiers, till the poor people themselves had no where to sleep. Then the Mayor and M. Bernard and the curé, and several more were taken to the Prussian General, and at last, towards evening, a Prussian officer and a General came to our house, and took my poor father prisoner—how my mother wept! I ran up to the chateau, to see if M. le Comte could not do something for us. As I entered the avenue I saw that the park was full of soldiers, and they were cutting down the trees to make huts of their branches. There were lights in every window of the Chateau, the great hall door was open, and as I crossed the terrace, and was about to enter, a sentinel challenged me. I pointed to the door, but he would not let me pass. I stood back to think what I could do, and knowing of a small side door, I thought I would get round through the garden, and try that way. Just as I had got as far as the garden, I heard a great noise. I hid behind the shrubs and I saw some soldiers with torches, and amongst them a prisoner, with his hands tied behind him; his coat was torn open, his hair was all ruffled by the night wind, and there was blood on his shirt. As he passed by I caught sight of his face, and my heart gave a great bound; it was M. François, and behind him, a prisoner too, my brother. I ran round to the side of the Chateau as fast as I could, and I found the Count's

study window open and the room empty. I went in and ran up the great stairs; in the salon were many Prussian officers and the prisoners were there. At this moment Mdlle. Marguerite came by, her sweet face so pale; she saw me and bade me follow her, and we went into the salon. There was the Count speaking earnestly to the Prussian General. Mdlle. Marguerite went up to M. François and tried to unbind his hands, but the sentinels prevented her. M. François, stooping down, kissed her on the forehead, told her in a few words that after his escape he had been sent back from Paris to Champfort to raise men for a *Franc Tireur* regiment, and thinking to pass more freely, had not worn his uniform. He had met my brother early that morning, before the Prussians came, for he was shooting in the Count's woods; that when the fighting began, they tried to reach the Chateau, but the Prussians were all around it; they had hidden during the day in the wood, and at evening, trying to escape, were taken and accused of having fought against them. M. de Bonneval had no gun, but my brother had his field-piece. The General seemed resolved to punish them even with death, for having fought against the Prussians, not being soldiers. Such, he said, were his orders. The Count said M. François was his nephew and an officer, but he was not believed. I saw things were going very badly, and I was in despair, when a thought struck me. I ran upstairs to the room where was the Prussian Colonel. I flung myself on my knees by his bed-side, and told him what had happened. He raised himself up, and bade me give him his dressing-gown, for by this time he could just crawl out of bed, but he seemed to grow strong as he rose up, and he took my arm and told me to lead him to the salon. Oh! what a sight it was, as we entered. The Colonel, looking as if he had risen from the grave, and Madame la Comtesse running in after him, crying out, "Oh, Colonel, you will kill yourself; what do you do this for?" These words seemed to strike the General, and he listened to what the Colonel said; but as they spoke in German, I could not understand; only I saw the Count come round to the Colonel and place him in a chair, and support him as he sat there, and I heard the Colonel say, "Monsieur you have nursed me like a son; they shall not touch a hair of that young man's head;" and then Mdlle. Marguerite, forgetting all but her anxiety for M. François, came and knelt at the Colonel's feet, crying to him "to save François." The General looked as if he could weep, and came forward to raise Mdlle. Marguerite, saying in French, "Is he then thy betrothed one?" but she answered nothing, only there came a crimson flush over her pale face, and the Count looked up at François, as he said, "Yes, General, he was to

have been my son." The General turned to his officers, and they all looked pleasant and smiling, and then he walked up to M. François, and unbound his hands, and led him to Mdlle. Marguerite, and the Colonel put her hand in that of M. François, saying, "If you lost through me a brother, see I give you a husband, and your mother a son." But all this time Paul had been forgotten, and I got up close to the General and said, "and my brother, M. le General; he was trying to save M. François; will you not give him back to me?" "Only a brother," said the General, smiling, "Well, as thou hast no one dearer, take him." So they gave me back my Paul. Our troubles were soon ended now, for the Colonel spoke of all the kindness he had received from every one in the village, and his wounded men too, so that the General ordered the prisoners to be liberated. "M. François," he said, "must go to Germany; but letters should be sent to the Colonel's friends there, and he should be treated as a friend."

I have but little more to say. From that day till the peace, our village was always full of Prussians. We used up all our stores that we had laid by for the winter, and we grew very poor, but otherwise no harm came to us. The Colonel was not able to go back till after the Christmas time, but the Count had a letter from him, dated from his home, and he had M. François there, safe with him. At last came peace, and M. François came back, and now he is the Mdlle. Marguerite's husband, and the Count's son.

We have lost nearly all we had, and we must work hard for many long years to make it up; but that we escaped far better than most of the other villages we owe to the kindness of that Prussian Colonel, whom may God and Our Lady bless and reward.

E. M. P.

GEMS FROM CLASSIC MINES.

No. VII.

Horace, Ode I. v.

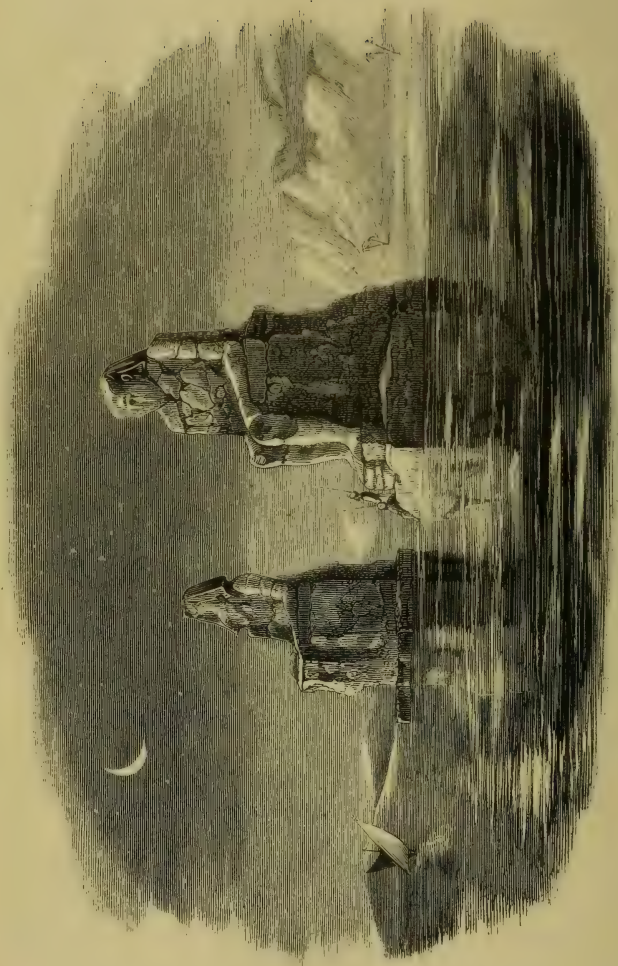
Pyrrha, in some sequester'd grot,
 Where roses twine around thee,
 Pressing thy cheek with kisses hot,
 What boy with love hath bound thee,

His own dark hyacinthine locks,
 With thy fair tresses blended?
 Ah! quickly come the varying shocks
 That tell of passion ended;

And he will mourn vows light as air,
 And Pyrrha's troth departed;
 Ill-starr'd, to love a girl so fair
 And yet so faithless-hearted!

And I, who watch his ruin, I,
 Thank Heaven, at Neptune's door
 Have hung my dripping clothes to dry,
 And tempt the seas no more.

W.



THE COLOSSI OF THE PLAIN.

See p. 517.

ON THE NILE.

BY CAPT. J. W. CLAYTON.

WE embarked, my dear ———, in a crazy-looking craft, which was lying in the Nile at Siene, the place to which Juvenal was banished by Domitian, as you will no doubt remember. We had every insect in natural history on board, and were soon whirling along in the boiling waters and eddies of a cataract formed by the numberless rocks which fortify the approach to Philæ. As soon as ever we had passed a lofty projection formed of huge loose boulders of rock, which look as if the slightest breath would hurl them into the giddy depths below, there burst upon us the columns and colonnade of a superb temple, springing from the sloping banks of a beautiful island, clothed in the most beautiful verdure, and with every variety of foliage. This was Philæ, the same now, in name at least, as it was when visited by Herodotus, more than 2300 years ago. The commencement of these courts of worship is ascribed to Ptolemy Philadelphus, and they were finished by successive monarchs who dedicated them to the favourite deities of ancient Egypt—Osiris, Isis, and Thor. Their walls are covered with hieroglyphics, which are in reality long and detailed accounts of wars, conquests, and governments, all deeply cut in stone which seems destined to live for ever. On one side may be seen a conquering hero of enormous dimensions, about to cut off the heads of fifty captives, all of whom he is holding at once with apparent ease in his left hand by the hair of their heads. Near this great personage are seen some warriors, who are besieging a tower, and walking along with perfect indifference under enormous masses of rock which the defenders are hurling down upon their heads.

The day was glorious, though it was November; bright, beautiful insects of every colour darted like flashes of light through the still and perfumed air: a ruined terrace, shaded by green and wavy acacias and the down palm, which cast their graceful shadows over the stream, supported the remains of a beautiful sanctuary,

whose columns and elegant balustrades overlooked the river. It was the spot in the whole of the sacred island which seemed to afford me the most serene resting-place; and here, while reclining on a fallen pillar, and fanned by the soft and scented breezes which murmured through the foliage above, I cast my eyes upwards and was preparing myself for reveries upon the past history of this isle and its sacred edifices, when my eyes descried the name of "John Browne, Liverpool, 1849," in large black letters, over the grand entrance to the hall. The shock was equally sudden and intense; and I was soon brought back to matters of fact and to every-day life.

My companions called me away from my calm retreat, and slowly and lingeringly did I withdraw from this enchanted isle. We landed again on the mainland, on a spot overlooking the First Cataract, which, beyond being a slight yet rapid cascade, extending right across the river, has nothing remarkable in it. Not far from Souan is the Isle of Elephantine,—also mentioned by Herodotus. It boasts of a small temple; about a mile beyond are some extensive quarries, in the midst of which stands a lonely obelisk of stupendous size. I regret that I did not sketch it at the time.

In the evening we were taken to see the most properly behaved dancing-girls in the country. These houris performed in a building of tolerable size, filled with an Ethiopian mob, who in a short time did not make us regret having brought our pistols—which invariably ought to accompany the traveller in all his excursions, as they carry considerable respect with them: for, some misunderstanding having broken out between a native and our Maltese servant, a furious demonstration of popular indignation and threatening gestures took place, which ended in the Maltese diving at his antagonist's throat. We were of course obliged to interfere, while a dozen knives gleamed around. Things were about this time getting serious, and the mob furious, brandishing their weapons; yet the appearance of the eloquent mouths of our revolvers soon restored order, and the party soon broke up, the offended native still flourishing his knife in the distance.

The next morning saw us on our descent of the river, anchoring for the night at the town of Commumbo. The following day we shot some teal and other wild birds, and also visited the ancient temple of the Ptolemies, a small and elegant structure which adjoins the town.

The stream soon carried us floating lazily on in no very ship-shape order, sometimes broadside first, sometimes stern foremost, twisting and twirling with the eddies down to Edfou, the temple of which, with its magnificent propylæa, we had seen two hours before

reaching it. After Carnac, this is considered by some as the most beautiful temple in Egypt. You enter by a splendid gateway, half choked up by the accumulated dust of ages, which partly conceals its grand proportions; and then you find yourself in a spacious court, surrounded with galleries supported by massive pillars, each bearing capitals different in form. The pylon is of great height, and the hieroglyphics are very deeply cut, and fortunately very perfect. This temple also is the work of the Ptolomies.

The ruined city of El Kab was our next stoppage. Near it are some curious grottoes containing the usual quaint paintings fresh and bright as when they came from the artist's hands 3000 years ago. They are the receptacle of the mummied inhabitants of the ruined walls which we explored in our way back; but nothing very remarkable in the way of details can now be found out about them.

We arrived at Esneh about two the next morning. Here is another temple, but recently opened by Mehemet Ali, it is far the most impressive to my taste of any I have yet seen; though of no extent: its carved and blackening roof is supported by a cluster of the most perfect and massive columns, and which, upon entering the fabric from the blazing sun, loom grandly solemn amidst the surrounding darkness, for its windows and doors have been bricked up, besides its being built upon the level of the river. The people of the place are beginning to disturb the repose of its priests and worshippers, whose sacred and dusty persons are exposed in their broken coffins, which are cut to the shape of the body, and the likeness of the inmate painted outside,—the invariable custom of the old Egyptians. Jewels, golden images of their gods, and charms of great value are frequently found in immense quantities buried with those of the richer class, and securely wrapped in the cloth of the mummy: the urchins and vagabonds of the country manufacture *imitations* of these antiquities, and sell them to the unwary traveller as genuine. I have heard that at Birmingham there is a great manufactory for these antiquities, which are sent out in shiploads and sold wholesale to the villages which boast of temples.

The next morning—the 6th of December—saw us again under the shadow of the temple of Luxor. We lost no time in securing a guide and horses, and were off to the “Tombs of the Kings.” The pass between the mountains for about four miles before reaching them is one vast pile of rocky confusion; fallen and dreary, like the ruins of some former creation; fearful chasms yawn from out the very heart of the rocks, and huge boulders hang loosely above, as if a touch would dash them down into the chaos beneath, where huge masses of mountains have fallen, strewing the ground in wild

and fearful disorder. Around, tower the rugged peaks of that mighty Home of the Dead: all is lone, sterile, and desolate. At length we halted at the entrance of the Tomb of Memnon: our torches lighted, we descended, scrambling over the heap of sand and rubbish which chokes the entrance to the first chamber. The walls of this chamber are covered over thickly with kings, boats, crocodiles, gods, heroes, birds, beetles, beasts, and trees, all mixed up together in marvellous though doubtful perspective. Lower down is chamber the second, which is much more spacious, adorned with figures of every kind, carved and painted with the most brilliant colours, which leave not a particle of the wall uncovered. Here stands the broken sarcophagus of Rameses V., whose sacred and mummied majesty has been torn out and carried away to England, in order to amuse and instruct our good friends at home by being unrolled; he was also called Miamun or Memnon. Bruce's tomb, called also the Harper's tomb, from the figures which it bears of two elderly gentlemen, who have been strumming away in a graceful but not very comfortable attitude for nearly 3000 years, is large and similar in structure. Rameses III. was buried here. The other tombs, though smaller, are much in the same style, except that called after Belzoni, and which is really a grand and fitting resting place for the royal dead whom it once held.

The Hall of Beauty, approached through galleries of no less than 300 steps, awes you with its dark magnificence and the colossal figures on its walls. This hall, like those belonging to the other tombs, is deep, and stretches far into the base of a vast mountain, the stupendous mass of which you almost feel hanging and weighing upon you. By the imperfect and flickering light of our torches, we could not survey the whole chamber very minutely; but that is of less moment, as accurate descriptions of these tombs is to be found in the excellent "Guide-Book" of "Murray."

Upon emerging from the darkness of these tombs, the sudden glare of the blazing sun was perfectly maddening; nor could we take our hands from our eyes for some time. We, however, soon mounted our horses, and urged them onwards through this desert place towards the old temple-palace of Goorna, erected by Rameses III. 1235 B.C., and dedicated to Ammun, the Theban Jupiter. This ruined pile is entered through a small but elegant gateway into a variety of chambers, supported by rows of columns, its walls carved with the usual devices of beasts, fishes, and kings sacrificing to the God, who is sitting upright as if he had swallowed a poker.

From Goorna we cantered across the spreading plain, the site of the world's once greatest and most famous city,—the hundred-gated

Thebes. On we went over the mounds of rubbish which once formed the material of its crowded and teeming thoroughfares. All around, its porticoes and temples rise against the far horizon; and even on scanning these, the eye can scarcely embrace what once was Thebes, the gorgeous and kingly capital of Egypt.

Every one has heard of Thebes. The very name is associated with Lempriere, and brings back the memory of school-boy days. But I suspect that not many persons have any very defined or distinct idea of it beyond the fact that it was a city whose wealth was famous and almost fabulous; a city of which Homer sang, and which Herodotus describes; the chosen seat of the Government of the Pharaohs, who went forth through its hundred gates to war and to conquer the world; and that afterwards, during its decline and fall, Cambyzes the Persian defaced and marred the beauty of its splendid palaces, rifled and despoiled them of their riches and gates of silver, and cast down their statues;—those palaces the remains of which rise still in the proud magnificence of ruin, palaces wherein the Pharaoh tyrant who oppressed the children of Israel once revelled in splendid luxury, and out of whose halls he went forth in state and pride to meet Moses and to endure the anger of God; and from whose gilded courts he issued with his chariots and warrior host in pursuit of Israel, to be humbled, crushed, and destroyed in the avenging waves of the Red Sea.

But to continue my story. Our guide, young and inexperienced, was all jabber and dirt; he pointed to a crevice in the side of the mountain which we had approached. He thought that we should find our way in there. On entering, we found ourselves in a square chamber, the dim recesses of which were scarcely lit up by our torches. I tripped over a stone, and fell into a hole; but the bottom was soft, and I got up unhurt, though my torch was extinguished. Fortunately, that of my guide was not.

When we had light enough to look about us, judge of our horror when the flame threw its flickering and uncertain glare over rows upon rows of shrivelled, distorted corpses and blackening mummies, drawn up and contracted into every sort of fearful position: numbers were unrolled, and the ground strewn and covered with their loathsome remains, which crashed and crackled as our feet waded, ankle deep, among the broken, decayed limbs and bones, torn and detached from their parchment-like bodies. At one time, upon touching a leg, the rest of the body and head moved and bowed slowly forward, seeming to glare with its socketless eyes. One of my friends, stumbling with force, displaced a mummy, which probably had lain on its slab for thousands of years, and had become dry and brittle as tinder; the head snapped, nodded, and rolled at

his feet. We were, in fact, in one of the hundreds of mummy-pits that honeycomb the mountains overlooking the plain of the great city, whose people, from king to slave, sleep alike, rolled, as in mockery of death, in one vast mausoleum of nature.

I need hardly say how glad I was to escape from this dark abode of death into the bright sunshine, and to breathe the air of outer day once more. It is curious to think that these ghastly objects lived, thought, acted, and died hundreds—may I not say thousands?—of years before the Saviour trod this earth! The practice of embalment, or mummification, is almost as old as the beginning of the Israelitish race.

With spirits as unflagging as the sun was burning, at length we arrived at the beautiful old temple-palace of Memnon. Its halls



TEMPLE OF MEMNON, THEBES.

and chambers, of the lightest and most symmetrical architecture, are supported by columns of colossal statues representing the Egyptian monarchs. Amid the ruins, so beautiful in their fall, lies the stupendous statue of Rameses, just as when the fury of the Persian invaders first cast down this memorial of Egyptian grandeur, now strewing the plain with its tremendous fragments. The surprising force of its downfall is evinced by the shivered throne and the almost shapeless image of the colossal king. How the old Egyptians could transport this mass of sculpture, weighing between 800 and 900 tons, 124 miles, all the way from Assouan, as they

must have done, and then erect it in all its huge dimensions on this spot, is to me still a matter of the greatest wonder; and the means of its destruction must have been almost equally wonderful, since the force of gunpowder was probably unknown at the time when the work of destruction was wrought.

As a means of mounting our horses, we lazily made use of the severed hand of the royal statue, nearly eight feet in length, and then we bent our course right across the cultivated ground to the Colossi of the plain—the Vocal and the Silent Memnon. There they sat, as they have done through ages and ages, the wonder of the ancient world, and the most favourite objects of the curious antiquary and the modern traveller. Unhappily they are both defaced—as Strabo was told, and tells us—by the shock of an earthquake; and I really think that nothing short of an earthquake could have done the work, though some ascribe it to the destroying hand of the Persian king. The two Memnons, in more recent times, have been patched up with brick, which no doubt adds to their colour, but at the same time invests their countenances with a very blank and vacant expression. The more eastern of the two is called the “Vocal Memnon,” from a low, half-musical sound it is said to utter just before sunrise. I suppose we ought to believe the tradition which calls it a figure of Memnon, whether that king was “vocal” or not.

Having taken our farewell of the Memnons, we crossed the river, and returned to our boat in the shade, which was grateful to us, even in the month of November.

To give the faintest idea of the great temple of Carnac, and its magnificent ruins, far exceeds my powers. Describe it I cannot; I only advise those who can do so, to come and see the grandest monument of the ancient and modern world. The gigantic perspective of the Great Hall, and the marvellous grandeur of its towering pillars, seeming as if they could support the earth, loomed black and awful before my bewildered vision from out the moonlit skies of one of the fairest of Egyptian nights. Long did I sit in a transe of reverential awe, to allow the airy phantasms of the splendour of ancient adoration, the gorgeous pomp of priestly pageants that once threaded those brilliant halls, darkened with the clouds of incense, and offering the blazing worship to their heathen gods—or the stately form of a proud and splendid Pharaoh monarch, sweeping with his jewelled throng through the courts of his amazing temple, *then* rearing in all its pristine glory,—to pass before me in the shadowy array of fancy.

My guide did not leave me long to my reflections; but led me, half dreaming, half awake, through vast areas and courts, in the

midst of forests of crumbling pillars; onwards again, onwards, through enormous masses of ruins, by superb obelisks, and long avenues of colossal sphinxes. Sometimes, as we rested, pylon, tower, and gateway arose from the horizon on every side, over all, as far as the eye can scan. This whole expanse of towering ruin comprises what was once the great temple of Karnak, in the building of which each succeeding monarch had endeavoured to surpass his predecessor in grandeur of design and magnitude of structure. There can be found on the surface of the globe nothing like it. Of course we afterwards visited this temple by daylight; but, though it cannot lose any of its grandeur, either by day or by night, I must own that a clear moonlight, in my judgment, made it far more impressive. Like the Abbey of Melrose, Carnac should be visited "by the pale moonlight."

The temple of Luxor is of far inferior scale, yet of great interest; it contains some curious paintings of the ancient Romans, plastered over the carvings of the Egyptians; together with two gigantic busts, between which stands a fine obelisk, once the companion of the one which is now on the Place de la Concorde, at Paris.

We left Luxor with a strong stream and a fair wind, on a beautiful evening, and it was with great regret that I saw the last temple of the Pharaohs gradually sink and fade with the sunset: a turn of the river soon afterwards veiled from my eyes, probably for ever, the great and sacred plain of Thebes.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR FREDERICK
POLLOCK, BART.

IN MEMORIAM.

How gently breathe the good life's latest sigh ;
How bright their end whose gain it is to die !
Hardly in guilty souls Fate's blunted knife
With gashes hews the knotty threads of life.
Soft fall the stones, like April's sun-lit rain,
When martyr'd Stephen rends the skies in twain ;
Soft, as, like snow descending, thick and fast,
The Paestan rose-flakes fill the summer blast.
Lull'd by a touch the hoary-headed part,
Death shakes, but sees not where to aim the dart.
Light of our home, thy life, like poppies spread,
Touch'd, but not cropped, its crimson petals shed.
Age was no loss to thee, still then was thine
The jewel'd chalice, and the sparkling wine.
The meaner grape, till youth's mad thirst is past,
Life pours, but keeps the better till the last.
Grey hairs are but the blossoms of the tomb,
Till Faith has bound them with a brighter bloom.
The sun of fourscore summer lingers there,
And winter's frosty calms, as summers fair.
Dark was our Milton's¹ life with length of years ;
His eyes were only fountains for his tears :
Lord of the Danube and the conquer'd Rhine,
The grasping palm, the dotard's tears were thine².
The Attie harper deem'd, in age forlorn,
" Short life is better—best, not to be born."—

¹ Milton was once a boy at St. Paul's School.

² From Marlbro's eyes the streams of dotage flow.—DR. JOHNSON.

Like some bluff rock which breasts the northern breeze
 Shakes from its brow, as dew, the tumbling seas.
 Not such thine age; nor love, nor honours flee;
 The sear, the yellow leaf is May to thee.
 Friends, clients, troop around thee still, to steal
 Unbought advice, and rules without appeal.
 Now thou art gone, our tablets for thy meed
 We plainly write, that he who runs may read;
 Unfurl thy banners, with thy scutcheons fill
 That bier, so noble, yet so tearful still.
 Lo, where the new-born ages onward roll,
 Thy name shines first upon the open scroll³.
 See, chiefs unnumber'd, thronging at thy call,
 Hang out their pennons on this trophied wall.
 Still art thou first, e'en when the Tripos lied,
 And hid the Senior Wrangler's place of pride⁴.
 Yet thy ninth lustre trembles to expire
 Or e'er they bid thee walk in silk attire.
 No Pelion shades thee yet, whose forests rear
 The gold-fraught Argo, or the ashen spear.
 Thy schoolmates still outstrip thee in thy course;
 Three chiefs at once leapt from the Pauline Horse⁵.
 Thy greatness ripens when night's shadows fall,
 And death prepares the noblest robe of all.
 Whate'er we sow'd is harvest, every grain
 Comes to our store in thy ripe shocks again.
 How oft the reaper Death mows all unseen,
 And many a flower the bearded rows between!
 Our Thruston tracks the course of Pity's stream
 In schoolday verse, and makes himself the theme.
 But thou went'st shining still along life's way,
 And shining more until the perfect day.

³ Sir F. Pollock's nomination to St. Paul's School is dated January 27, 1800. It stands on the first page of the volume which commences with the new century. Among his schoolfellows were Sir C. M. Clarke, Bart., M.D.; Lord Truro; Sir C. Wetherell; Serjeant Lawes; Rev. R. H. Barham (Ingoldsby); J. K. Miller, Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge; J. Miller, Bampton Lecturer; J. Wilson, President of Trinity, Oxford.

⁴ His name, when he was Senior Wrangler at Cambridge in 1806, was hidden, as he used to tell his friends, by one of the nails with which the Tripos list was fixed on the Senate House door.

⁵ Sir Frederick was not a K.C. till 1827, nor Attorney General before 1834. His schoolfellows, Wetherell and Wilde, were in advance of him. Sir Thomas More compared Dean Colet's School, as Cicero did that of Isocrates, with the Trojan Horse,—*"eujus a ludo meri principes exierunt."*—*De Oratore*, ii. 22. The last honour was his Baronetcy in 1866.

How often, ere the Annual Feast was done,
 Our elder brother bless'd each younger son !
 " Boys "—when he rose to greet us all, he cried—
 " To sit as you sit there was once my pride ;
 " Go where I went, and there remember me ;
 " That which I am, what hinders you to be⁶ ? "
 Thus did we learn from thee, auspicious guide,
 To take the flood, and press the brimming tide ;
 Thou hast the haven now ; and some may tell
 Where thou didst lead, who bid thee now farewell.
 Who shall Learn here, Learn thus, and so Depart,
 And have no blessing from the Teacher's heart ?
 He loved the new home when the old was gone ;
 The place was alter'd, but the House was one.
 Grieve, but grieve not for him with grief's despair ;
 Let Faith, and certain Hope, and Love be there.
 We hear the Voice from Heaven—" The dead are blest"—
 Void eyes, and aching hearts, they cannot rest.
 The Lord who came to wake His friend from sleep,
 And wipe all tears from off all eyes that weep,
 Sigh'd at their weeping, wept with those who wept,
 Before the mighty voice woke him that slept.
 Weep not as those who wept at childhood's dawn—
 " Woe, woe the day, another man is born⁷ ! "
 Then o'er the dead wreath'd all their brows with bloom,
 And bore them shouting to the joyous tomb.
 Weep and rejoice at once ; weep though they rest,
 Weep while we bless—yea, and they shall be blest.

H. KYNASTON, D.D.

⁶ Sir Frederick Pollock was in the habit of thus addressing the 8th class of St. Paul's School at the Apposition Dinners.

⁷ See Herodotus, v. 4.

COMMONPLACE PAPERS.

BY A WOMAN.

 "THE WOMAN OF THE PERIOD."

No. I.

THERE is a general feeling prevalent at the present time that women are in great want of something to do—something on which to employ their superfluous energies; something to raise their position in the scale of humanity. I must confess that I have never felt this want myself, my great difficulty having been that I have not had time enough for all I wished to do. Still, as the outcry is going on, it is but reasonable to suppose that there is some foundation for it; and it is but fair to look into the matter, and to examine its causes, and endeavour to suggest some remedy, or some approach to a remedy.

My mind has been led to the consideration of the subject through sundry discussions with reference to the Education of Women, at sundry Social Science Meetings in Birmingham and other places. I have listened to those discussions with interest, and I was thereby led to reflect as to what might be my own views upon the matter, and whether I could offer any hints or suggestions founded on my own experience.

The general argument—at all events the general complaint—appeared to me to be, that women have not sufficient educational advantages within their reach—that they are on the whole badly educated; and that, after leaving school, or after having given up governesses at home—after having been *finished*, as the technical term is,—there is no course open to them whereby they may pursue their studies, and so improve themselves as to fit them for various occupations and employments, for which they are at present unfitted.

With regard to the employment of women, that is a question with which I do not—at any rate just now—intend to interfere. I may, however, observe, with regard to women coming prominently

into public life and taking their stand among men, that I think they are little fitted for such work, and that they will never effect it to any great extent. There will of course ever be a small minority whose peculiar force of character will place them in especial prominence, and enable them to pursue those branches of employment towards which their talent leads them. But these will be the exceptions; it is with the masses only that we have to deal; and I believe that the present outcry is the revolutionary movement destined to upheave the defective training which has hitherto pervaded our system of education; and this defective training I conceive to be the cause of the great want felt by women at the present time.

As for the complaint of a woman who says, "I have nothing to do," I do not sympathize with it. God has given every creature in this world something to do; the fault is in the woman, not in her position; and her fault is very probably owing to defective education.

There is yet another difficulty. Very often the woman does not like what she has to do, and thinks she should be much better occupied in doing something that she has not to do. One point is clear to her—her *business* is not her *vocation*, and it is her *vocation* of which she is in search.

And here I wish to impress upon my readers that throughout these papers I am dealing with the generality and not with the few. Women of irrepressible genius will always command their own position in life, and not be educated into it; and their admirers and would-be followers must be content to make what progress they can, and, if they insist upon imitating them, to meet with a great amount of disappointment.

Doubtless the girl with a slight taste for drawing would like to be a "Rosa Bonheur;" but she must remember that if nature has not made her the equal of Rosa Bonheur, no amount of Schools of Design, or lessons even by the first artists, will ever make her so. And thus in all cases.

I cannot help thinking that there is a sort of hankering after the sensational mixed up with the present outcry; but this I attribute also to our defective manner of training. Every thing now-a-days verges, and more than verges, on the sensational; excitement is wanted; few can work well, excepting under strong pressure. Knowledge is sought, not for itself alone (or else I think it would find more votaries), but for what it will bring—for what it will lead to. There is a novelty that has a certain charm in it in the idea of a woman's being a doctor, an accountant, and, if not a judge on the bench, perhaps a lawyer or a "judge's clerk." One remembers how

Portia pleaded, and how the "kind of boy," the "little scrubbed boy," assisted her. And there is a blissful feeling of romance mixed up with the idea of women coming forward and taking their "stand;" though women will not allow it, but try to cover the lurking suspicion with the utilitarian belief that they are trying to bring their dormant usefulness into action.

But I do not utterly condemn this craving after the sensational, this touch of the romantic. There is to me something almost mournful in it, as proving how little woman understands herself, her influence and her work. I do not condemn the outcry, though I take no part in it, since it also proves that woman is willing to take a step forward and to make up for the deficiencies of her defective education.

And to this end I would say, let every thing be done to help her: give her all possible opportunity of improvement; let her pursue knowledge to the utmost—knowledge for its own sake—for it will raise her; knowledge for an end, if she so wills it, but also knowledge for itself alone, for it is power, pleasure, and employment. Throw open to woman the gates of knowledge, that in that pleasant garden of liberty she may walk unrestrained—and by liberty I do not mean lawless freedom or reckless confusion, but that perfect state which is the condition only of high-principled and well-disciplined minds.

My own opinion is that the gates are never locked, but that those who try to fit a key into their lock will find that the key will turn, however rusty it may be. Still the right key doubtless turns more easily than any other; and even those who go in on the voluntary principle are willing to acknowledge that they might have plucked richer and riper fruit at less cost, had they been led to the trees with which the garden abounds by a sure and experienced guide.

However it is not with those who are willing to go in on the voluntary system that we have any thing to do; these have made and will for ever make their own way in the world. We are called upon to help those who need help, and to take into consideration the fact that the education afforded to women is inadequate to meet the demands of the age.

It appears to me that in the present question of education there are two classes who peculiarly claim our attention—

1st. Those who are willing to improve themselves, but do not know how to set about it.

2ndly. Those who do not care to improve themselves, and yet with respect to whom it is for the benefit of society that they should by some means or other be improved.

The former is the hopeful class through whom, and by whom, much may be accomplished. The latter will be more difficult to deal with; but, let it be distinctly understood that even in this latter class I do not include those calumnies on the women of England which have lately appeared in a well-known review. I will not impugn the veracity of the writer of these articles to the extent of saying that there are no such women as he (or she) describes. I will only say that it has not been my lot to be thrown amongst them; and I believe that there are thousands of men and women who will descend to their graves without ever having made the acquaintance of one of these peculiarities "of the period." Let us hope that they are but *rare aves in terra*, which, when caught, are critically and minutely described by these social naturalists, who are willing to infer the character of a class from a single *lusus naturæ*.

Again I say, let every thing be done to help woman. Give her knowledge; for knowledge is power—not the paltry power of mere dominion, but the great moulding influence that enlarges, that softens, that attracts; that, as a microscope, reveals the self-ignorance which is imperceptible without its powerful lens. It is only "a little knowledge" that is a dangerous thing. The greater the field that is opened wide before her, the humbler she becomes, for the greater the difficulty she feels of ever gathering in the harvest.

AUTHOR AND ACTRESS.

AN UNSYMMETRICAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FROM ELLA.

I HAVE put my project into execution, and Miss Cissy Darlington is spending her Midsummer holidays at Culverton.

My husband, I am happy to say, has taken a trip to London. Long may he stay there.

No doubt he is enjoying the society of the mild and charitable Mrs. Clements, and the kicks, literal or figurative—perhaps both—of Hubert Rawlinson, otherwise Eustace Fletcher, otherwise Sam Hofner.

My Pettums is a thorough sneak.

I had a dream about him the other night. In imagination I saw him running along very quickly, his “old schoolfellow” in pursuit, kick following kick with extraordinary celerity and vigour. At each application my dear, courageous husband turned round with a ghastly smile, and said to his tormentor, “I really beg your pardon; I am sure it is all a mistake.”

Harry is one of those men who rather like being bullied: and I am sure he has endured ignominy enough at the hands of Master Rawlinson.

* * * * *

What a curious little thing Cissy is to be sure. I am really getting quite fond of the child.

She is not one of those pert, talkative, inquisitive little wretches with which we generally now-a-days associate the term “children.”

She is very quiet and thoughtful, and easily pleased, and I should think, from her manner and the expression of her face, that the life she has led at school has been none of the most agreeable.

I don't envy any one who has to submit to the authority of Miss Aurora Thorold.

She is chilliest of young ladies—a veritable marble maiden!

Persons who have angelically tranquil faces—and she has one—are usually lumps of selfishness and stupidity. Many a good man and woman looks fretful and irritable, and is supposed to be ill-tempered, merely because he or she is capable of taking to heart the sufferings and troubles of others.

Whenever I see an individual with a thoroughly happy and contented cast of countenance, I am tempted to believe that I am in the presence of one of those estimable individuals who would eat their dinner with none the worse appetite for being told of the sudden death or ruin of their best friend and greatest benefactor.

But I am getting prosy.

I dislike Miss Aurora intensely. She is so calm, so thoroughly practical, so full of common sense, so prim, so utterly without human weakness of any sort, so incapable of being worked up into a passion of love or hate, so exasperatingly cold and conscientious, so aggravatingly well-informed, so thoroughly adapted to that station in life to which it has pleased nature to call her. She is a perfect schoolmistress, a predestined old maid.

She would worry a husband to death in a twelvemonth, and I have no doubt that she rules the young ladies beneath her care with a very firmly-grasped, but by no means violently-exercised rod of iron.

I only wish she had Harry to deal with; the little wretch!

But to return to Cissy.

I quite pity the poor child. Her position is a very lonely and cheerless one. Her mother dead—she died of drink—her father, no one knows where; her uncle a sneak, a coward, and a rogue; and her aunt—what shall I say of her?

Well, Lady Darlington has still a few good points, and it is quite a novel pleasure to me to treat some one with kindness.

I am afraid my small niece has seen little enough happiness of any sort. While she is staying here I will do my best to make her comfortable.

In her quaint way she is very amusing. She evidently has such intense faith in me. It is plain enough that she regards wicked, good-for-nothing Ella just as the benevolent aunt of the story books. If she only knew what I really was. But it is no good crying over spilt milk.

After having done my best, or worst, for many years, to make my husband miserable, it will be quite refreshing to appear in the entirely new character of the Guardian Angel.

Cissy is a very grave young lady. She smiles sometimes, but scarcely ever laughs. She is fond of reading, and works most

industriously with her needle, singing to herself in a low tone the while. She is dreamy and thoughtful, and fond of simple pleasures, listening to stories being one of them. I should think she was very imaginative. She gazes thoughtfully and lovingly in my face, and from time to time presses my hand with an emphasis there is no mistaking. I am afraid she has not often heard a kind word.

She is never captious, or fretful, or insolent. No doubt Miss Aurora has done her best to crush her spirit. However, a quiet and undemonstrative young lady is a great relief.

Cissy has no half-playful, half-spiteful little tricks—no half-pretty, half-malicious little sayings. She does not gush. She is not clever or romantic, and gives no promise of being “strong-minded.” She has not a charming, appealing baby-face, capable of looking, oh, so cross and vixenish at times! She is a very good girl; quiet and reflective, and rather sad. Free from affectation and conceit, somewhat weak and credulous, and old-fashioned perhaps, but natural, frank, and affectionate.

I don’t think I was ever a girl like Cissy.

It is curious how fond she seems of her father. I never had a father to be fond of, at least to my knowledge. I cannot trace my ancestry very far back; and my mother, though no doubt a person of many attractions, was rather too prone to box my ears and scold me for a “tiresome little wretch,” in a shrill, nagging voice, to be exactly an object of love or veneration.

To hear my little niece talk, you would fancy she had spent half her life amongst the fairies. She has the oddest, quaintest ideas imaginable.

She speaks of plants, and stones, and inanimate things of all kinds as if they were really endowed with a soul and understanding.

She is over sensitive and conscientious to a degree that seems almost comical in the eyes of reprobate Ella Darlington.

It is a relief to be off guard for a little while, to have some one you can really talk to; a friend, if ever such a humble one, who will not betray you, and in whose presence you need not be always diplomatizing and acting.

I thought I should find Cissy a great nuisance, but she is really quite an acquisition.

Since she has been staying here I have felt myself becoming, in my own despite, a better woman.

I think I shall end by being foolish and loving the poor child.

I might have been a better woman had I been a mother. But I have never had a little one to cherish—only a husband to plague.

It begins to dawn upon me that I have not been so very clever after all.

My ingenuity, in truth, has gained me little enough. I have none of those things that are best worth living for.

Friends—I never had any. Respect—I have lost that of self and of others. Love—no one loves me, and yet—and yet, perhaps, Cissy does a little. Money—yes, I have money in abundance.

True, I have no children to care for; my husband, who after all may not really be my husband, is the man of men whom I most despise. I have fallen into bad odour with the county families, with whom, however, I have long been out of all patience; and the rector views me with suspicion. For all this, however, I can eat and drink and run up long milliners' and dressmakers' bills—ay, and pay them too out of my husband's pocket—(this is a consolation at all events),—and make myself generally disagreeable, and do as much mischief as I please. I travel slowly or fast, whichever I prefer, down that steep incline, ending in what—the grave; at the best in forgetfulness, at the worst, in the blackness of darkness for ever.

No, Ella Darlington, you have not played your cards at all well. I doubt whether you made a particularly good bargain when you married your Pettums for money—and money alone.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MEMOIRS OF A SNEAK (*resumed*).

Baffled! What a fool I have been; failure in all directions. That clever little scheme on which I so prided myself has collapsed utterly.

I am not a rich man, I am not established for a permanency at Culverton, I am no longer in the enjoyment of Lady Darlington's society, and I have a very small chance now of marrying the once despised heiress of Cragstock.

What a relief it is to have a good grumble, to give vent to your rage and spite and ill feeling of all kinds, if only on paper.

As I write I hear Mrs. Grant's voice in the kitchen and that detestable drab flapping her slippered way upstairs.

Good Heaven! how these paltry little noises irritate us when we are out of sorts.

And there is a boy in the backyard, blowing on a penny whistle. Curse him! Such villainous toys ought not to be sold.

And now, having thrown up the window and shouted at the offender heartily, I bang down the sash, and resume my meditations in a more composed frame of mind.

A grand invention that of safety-valves.

A volley of oaths, like a good rattle of thunder, clears the air amazingly.

My suit with Lady Darlington prospered up to a certain point, and then fell through—at the very moment of supposed victory.

I bullied and threatened, but the dear creature was proof against all intimidation. She is a plucky little animal, not a doubt of it. How I hate her! And yet if she would only haul down her colours, I would forgive her with all the pleasure in the world. She is more tantalizing than ever. And I admire the little beauty the more because she has outwitted me. Oh, you lovely tigress! will nothing subdue your indomitable spirit? How charming she looked in her anger! She has the loveliest flashing eyes; and her gestures were superb. I have done my best to crush you, my fair opponent, and I will win you yet if I can; but, for all my wounded vanity, I really believe I am more infatuated with you than ever!

However, the dream—and a very happy dream it was—has passed. Bungler that I am, I have been expelled and very deservedly so from Paradise.

Shall I never see my Ella? The thought is agony.

How her husband ought to prize such constancy. But he is a gross-minded brute, and such charms as those which her ladyship possesses in abundance are quite lost on him.

I left Culverton in despair.

I hurried half frantic with rage up to town, and called at the residence of Lucy Clements.

She was not at home, said the servant, but would be back in the course of the evening.

I wandered off to Pimlico.

Arrived at my lodgings I encountered a torrent of reproaches from Ada.

That extremely unattractive young person has taken it into her head to be jealous. During my absence she has seized the opportunity, with the connivance of my precious landlady, to search my apartment thoroughly, to open my desk—which she did in the most barefaced manner by breaking open the locks—and to overhaul my papers.

“Ah!” she cried in shrill, aggravating accents, “you thought you could make a fool of me, but you are very much mistaken. I know where you have been to, and what you have been after; and I have had my revenge: you won’t marry that young lady who has got the money. No, no; she knows pretty well by this time what sort of a character her pretended young artist is.”

Here I fairly burst into a passion.

"Why, you spiteful cat!" I exclaimed. But there, what is the good of repeating my not very complimentary language.

A woman's jealousy will lead her to the commission of any folly or meanness. It serves me right for being such an idiot as to keep any letters; but I had preserved them with a view of criminating my dear little heiress should she after all prove refractory. I am not at all the man to hesitate in prosecuting a fair and wealthy young creature for breach of promise. Why should not the ladies pay as well as the gentlemen? But my foresight has proved my ruin: Ada had found those one or two rather ardent epistles, and being determined that I should not desert her for the second time, had communicated with my beloved and her not very astute father concerning my real name, position, and prospects.

Towards the close of our rather stormy interview Miss Ada burst into tears, begged my pardon, pleaded her affection, and grovelled most objectionably.

But I treated her with proper contempt, and mean for the future to keep her at a safe distance.

Follow me as she may, sneers and ill usage will sooner or later bring her to her senses.

In the evening I returned to Brompton.

"Mrs. Clements is not at home," said the domestic, in reply to my knock; "but she has left this note."

Before I could recover from my surprise she had rudely slammed the door in my face. I opened the envelope, and by the light of a neighbouring gas-lamp read as follows:—

"SIR,—It will be vain for you to attempt to impose upon Lady Darlington: you can easily guess why. Circumstances led me to practise upon your credulity; and enclosed is a fifty pound note in payment of any services you may *unintentionally* have rendered me.

"LUCY CLEMENTS VERNER."

I was beside myself with passion. She had betrayed me, then, despite all my precautions. I pulled furiously at the bell, I kicked violently at the door; and, in reply to my demonstration, was answered by a shrill voice from the area, that if I did not leave the premises forthwith the police would be sent for.

Fifty pounds—well that is better than nothing.

To this day I cannot understand why my confederate threw me over. I am still in doubt whether she be or be not the person she professed herself—the genuine Lucy Clements.

That Ada had something to do with the mischief I have very little doubt.

The next morning I received a note from the father of the young

lady to whom I had lately made an offer of marriage, and was cheered with the following tidings:—"If you come to this house again, you will be soundly kicked. I have been informed as to your true character."

Accompanying the above communication was a second letter from Mrs. Lucy Clements Verner.

Here it is, worse luck —

"SIR,—I have been informed that you are engaged to a young lady of good family and position. Should you endeavour to assert your claims, I shall feel it my duty to exhibit you in your true character, of which I have received a very accurate account from a trustworthy authority. Take my advice, and emigrate. You have a chance of redeeming your character, and of earning a honest livelihood in other lands. If you choose to put yourself in communication with me through my banker, whose address I enclose, I shall be ready, on receiving a guarantee of your good faith, to supply you with such funds and necessaries as may enable you to commence your enterprise with a fair chance of success.

"LUCY CLEMENTS VERNER."

Curse the jade for her impertinence!

I was astounded.

Why, who could she be? Her banker! Evidently she was a rich woman.

Well, well! a trip to Australia wouldn't do me any harm.

I am tired of the old country, and with a good round sum at my disposal, I may really be able to make my way.

I have been idle so long, that work will be almost a pleasant change.

I am afraid I am not so clever as I fancied myself. Certainly in this Lucy Clements business I have been egregiously outwitted. Neither can I boast of a victory in respect to the Darlington, husband and wife.

NOT LOST.

THE sun dropped down, the crescent moon
 Went slowly sailing by,
 All in the burning chrysoprate
 Of the sultry summer sky
 That crowned the crimson-banded west
 With blue and amber dye.

The twilight gray rose up a-near
 Each shining golden horn,
 And twinkled one by one the stars
 Over the yellow corn,
 And dimmer grew the silver flush
 Of the daisies on the lawn.

Yet high above the moon and stars
 The maiden raised her eyes ;
 " Not on this earth, but in thine heaven,
 O Lord, my treasure lies—
 Grant me one glimpse behind the veil
 That hides that Paradise."

And greyer grew the summer night
 As sleep sweet mocked the dead,
 And whiter fell the white moon rays
 Upon the maiden's bed,
 And lo, an angel stooped and kissed
 The tears she dreaming shed.

Her grief-stained eyelids softly touched
 And the mist-veil was riven,
 And past the stars her soul was borne
 Through the night-hush to heaven—
 " Among God's shining ones," she said,
 " To him a place is given."

She sought all through the glorious streets
Yet found of him no trace ;
“ Among Thy blessed ones, O Lord
Hath my dead love no place ? ”
And down, a-down, her fainting soul
Sank through the golden space.

“ Why weepest thou ? God’s angels walk
The earth on errand sent.”
She turned her at the voice and gazed
In joyful wonderment—
“ Art thou so near, although unseen ?
Then is my soul content.”

The reddening dawn stole slowly on,
The sun rose up. The moon
Turned into silver ; and the maid
Said, “ I have waked too soon,”
Yet through the day she smiled, for still
At morn, at eve, at noon,
There walked an angel at her side—
“ Lord ! I shall see him soon.”

JULIA GODDARD.

A SCAMPER OVER TAREC'S MOUNT.

TAREC was a Saracen warrior who crossed from Africa to Europe, in 711, with a formidable army of Berbers, to follow up the advances which another Saracen warrior Tarif had made a year before, towards dethroning Roderic, King of Spain. Tarif made his landing at the southernmost point of the Spanish continent, and he gave his name to the island there, and to the spot of adjacent mainland. But Tarec landed on the high hill to the eastward; and he called this hill after himself, Sib-el-Tarec—the mountain of Tarec—from which, by a series of easy corruptions, we have obtained the name of our rock-fortress, Gibraltar.

In those days and regions, we may presume, there were no geologists, and an invading army did not take a scientific corps in its train. Else would Tarec have found good reason for claiming his hill on behalf of his African country; for the geological history of the Rock argues that it originally belonged thereto. The limestone marble is allied to that which is found on the other side of the Strait, and it is different from the material of the Spanish mountains, with which it has been, by some terrible convulsion, thrown into accidental contiguity. Therefore, if there be now any of Britannia's sons whose consciences are troubled by the possession of this lump of earth, and it seems that there are such, let them advocate its surrender to the country of whose body it is a bone, and at least they will have the satisfaction of proposing to do an act of justice to Nature.

But the generous minds who would give away this quoin of vantage are happily in the minority. Gibraltar has become too English to have its separation from us seriously entertained. Its name is a household word, and its capabilities are an important article in our military faith. But we personally know very little about it. You don't hear of excursionists going there, and you don't meet the tourist in any force clambering its steep sides, or taking notes in its penetralia. Yet it is easy of access, and there is no question of its resources to repay a *short* visit. We distinctly say *short*, because we can foresee all the essentials to a perfect boredom in a long stay on what is practically a small island. As to accessibility, the

Peninsular and Oriental Steamer will take you there as comfortably as the sea will permit in about five days, and at about the cost of as many days' travel and living in other directions. It is true you must cross Biscay bay, but what of that? It may be as smooth as a pond, and if you encounter a gale there is not much to regret. You have often sung and talked about the bay, and boasted of the sailor element in your nationality. And you must have read enough of storms at sea to make you long to witness one under circumstances of the greatest possible safety, such as you would be under. True, while you are in the gale you may wish yourself at home, but you will soon forget its discomforts, and the pleasant recollection will ever remain of having witnessed one of the grandest sights this terraqueous globe presents to its habitants.

What Scott said about viewing Melrose Abbey has a thousand applications. Who does not know of many a nook of English landscape that is, if possible, only shown to new eyes by "the pale moonlight"? The moon solemnifies a fine scene, and so will you heartily say if it should ever be your good luck to sail up the Straits of Gibraltar as she rises on your course. This luck was mine. It was a splendid December night; the air was soft and warm, for though it was winter in England, it was spring in that slightly lower latitude, and we were in that warm current which is ever streaming through "the Gut" into the Mediterranean, and which is to be seen outside like "a river in the sea," its boundaries strongly marked by its difference of colour from that of the colder water through which it runs. As we steamed up the Strait, the Pillars of Hercules—as Tarec's hill and the opposite hill of Ceuta were called of old—rose from out the sea in weird grandeur, lit up dreamily by the beams of a rising full moon. Ceuta's hill was grey and dark, and only showed an outline, but Tarec's hill glittered like a constellation with the thousand lights from the houses on its flank. The great rock came up as if it were lifted by a magician's hand; but such is the deceptive power of moonlight, it looked like a model close to us rather than a mountain far away. With only the smooth sea between it and the eye, there was nothing to help the judgment as to its real distance; and the air was so clear that lamps three miles away seemed to all appearance but a few yards off.

But sunrise gives the finest view of the bay of Gibraltar. The inhabited side of the rock is then in deep shadow, and the details of its upper parts are scarce discernible, but the white houses of the lower slopes peep out in half-light against the deep-toned verdure. The Spanish mountains to the north give every phase of partial illumination, from deep purple shadows to the pink high lights of the few summits here visible that are capped with snow. As the

eye follows these mountains around the bay, the character of the picture changes, for the hills that face the sun, while they are monotonous in illumination, are gorgeously tinted with all the colours that a low sun can give to varied soils and vegetation.

To the south, the high land of the opposite coast rises in blue dimness, to fill up the mouth of the bay, so that there is in appearance no break off in the undulating line of mountain and hill summits, and you seem to be in a vast mountain lake. The fortified town of Algeciras glitters like sunlit ivory on the western shore; and Tarifa with its lighthouse marks the Atlantic outlet of the bay. Crafts by the hundred of all kinds are dotted over the watery arena, merchantmen waiting for fair winds to take them into or out of the Mediterranean, sprightly lateens with their curvilinear sails, stately ironclads, and lowly bumboats laden with the fruits of the rich surrounding country.

Until you set foot on Gibraltar, you can form no idea of its impregnability. Very properly its real strength cannot be seen from a ship in the bay; only when you land do you find that the sea wall bristles with heavy guns, and groans beneath piles of ball; only as you traverse its flank do you see how formidable breech-loaders peep from every available chink, and powerful mortars lurk behind every convenient embankment. And not till you penetrate the body of the rock do you get any just notion of the marvellous piece of military engineering exhibited in its "galleries." These are tunnels excavated from the solid rock, parallel to its outer side, but some thirty feet therefrom, and large enough to drive a carriage through. They are in two tiers, and comprise a total length of nearly three miles. At every thirty feet or so along them, spacious embrasures are outhewn, that terminate in commanding portholes, which look to a spectator outside the rock like swallows' nest-holes in a sand cliff. These embrasures contain heavy guns always standing ready for action, with powder magazines hard by. From the portholes beautiful peeps of the bay and the Spanish continent are obtained; out of these on the north side you look down upon a half-sandy, half-grassy flat, perhaps half a mile long, and as wide or wider, connecting the rock with the mainland, and separating the bay from the Mediterranean. Two lines of sentry-boxes, one at the rock end, the other at the distant end, mark the boundaries of British and Spanish land, and between these lines is the "neutral ground." The guns of the quarried embrasures, and those hidden cannon that stud the western and southern slopes of the rock, cover the neighbouring Spanish land, the whole of the bay, and the straits; and the strengthening work is ever going on by the fortification of new points that from time to time appear vulnerable.

The eastern side of the rock requires no protection : it is a forbidding wall with a great sand slope in one place, but with no foothold for any thing more than a few fishermen's huts near the water's edge.

It would need a military writer to describe, and military readers to comprehend, a precise description of the stupendous scheme of fortification. We believe that no full description is publicly accessible, and we doubt if such a publication would be allowed by the authorities, for obvious reasons. Evidently too close scrutiny of the military plans is discouraged. One day as I sat in the Alameda posting my diary, I was accosted by a soldier in undress, who very courteously and apologetically inquired my name and nationality. He said he had seen me apparently taking notes and making sketches, and that he and others were charged with a detective duty, and instructed to interrogate any one whose curiosity appeared to be too interested. My answer that I was a Briton was sufficient for him, and he passed on civilly. But if such precautions as these are taken, why allow photographers to thrust their cameras' eyes into every chink and cranny of the rock? You may buy sun-drawn plans of every battery and every line. Surely this is swallowing camels while gnats are strained at?

I have mentioned the Alameda. The natives are very proud of this, and it is not a place to be ashamed of, though it may seem poor to a traveller who has seen such an one as they have at Cadiz. To folks who go straight from England to Gibraltar, however, there is a striking novelty in sitting among acacias, and prickly pears, and the species of aloe known from its spike of red flowers as the "red-hot-poker plant," and that other aloe which grows such a sturdy branching stem, that it is used for hat and coat stands, and whose wood is so charged with finely-divided silica, that it serves to make hones for sharpening razors. One marvels how, upon a sloping mountain-side, such wide spaces could be secured as we find in this alameda and the spacious review ground that adjoins it.

Ups and downs being the characteristics of Gibraltar, the study of its topography is not an easy matter : steep footpaths and roads are the order of the place, and tiresome steps are the only reliefs the traveller finds therefrom. The town chiefly consists of one street, and that is partly flat. The shops are of all kinds and styles ; a few emulate the better class of London establishments ; but the majority are a compromise between the stuffy, Eastern bazaar and the European emporium. You can buy almost any thing you want ; and in some things, such as wine and cigars, you can deal very advantageously. Curiosities, too, and knick-knacks from the neighbouring countries can, on the whole, be better purchased from the

dealers here than from the places they come from. Caps from Fez, bernouses from Algeria, embroidered cushions from Morocco, and brass salvers from Tunis, can be cheaply bought of more than one Jew, reasonably honest enough to tell you what is genuine and what is "Brummagem." The few articles I have mentioned are all to be had of genuine manufacture: even those brass salvers (of which a handsomely stamped one, a foot and a half in diameter, can be bought for a dozen shillings) that look so strikingly "home-made," are neatly cut and chased in Tunis, though the raw metal is sent out from England.

The market-place is a study, not only on account of the rich fruits and unfamiliar fish that stock its counters, but also from its merchants. There is the Spaniard scowling from beneath his sombrero, the sleek Moor and the stately Arab, bare-legged and seemingly clad only in the graceful bernouse, and too dignified to court custom; the Jew, who knows no dignity; and the rock-born creatures, who are styled "scorpions," we know not why, unless it be that these horrible creatures are or were among the rock's indigenous fauna. The whole human population of Gibraltar, take away the British military element, is about as miscellaneous and heterogeneous a collection as you could wish to see. He who would enter upon a study from life of human races, might well go there for his first lesson. And, by the way, if his tendencies are Darwinian, he may find a tail-less monkey to speculate upon, for there are a few of these creatures still unscared away. The story goes that they nearly all departed during the last siege, finding their way to Africa through a submarine passage, reached by one of the numerous caves that the rock contains. Some interested people have tried to prevent their entire extinction, by importing monkeys from the African shores, and setting them free in the wild places. May they succeed in thus restoring the lost balance of nature!

Like other rocks of similar constitution, Gibraltar abounds in caves, and these are interesting enough to deserve a special article. The finest of them is named after St. Michael, and it is a sight which no one should miss who is physically capable of the exploration. To ladies and the weak of limb its finest chambers are inaccessible: to enter it you must mount 1000 feet up the western side of the rock. There is a gate of which the key must be obtained from an office in the town. A guide is absolutely necessary. At the entrance is a steep descending bank formed of earth, that has been washed into the mouth. You scramble down its slimy side, and a little penetration takes you to a magnificent-domed chamber, perhaps half as high as St. Paul's, though we give this dimension dubiously, for measurement is impossible,

and estimation is very difficult. Its roof is as it were supported by a massive stalagmitic pillar, that looks as though a skilful mason had chiselled it to the pattern of a huge bamboo cane. Stalagmites rise from the ground in all directions, and of all sizes, from a slender rod to a massive trunk; and over each, or nearly all, there drops the graceful stalactite. Need we remind the reader that the water, charged with carbonate of lime, trickles from the roof, and partially solidifying, like an icicle, forms the *stalactite*; and that what falls upon the floor crystalizes there and forms an excrescence, which heightens by successive droppings into a pillar, which is the *stalagmite*? Both are thus continually lengthening, and by and by they meet, and thus a continuous column is produced, that is ever thickening and thickening by the solidifying tricklings down its sides.

From this spacious hall there descends an awful chasm, that one shudders to behold; a stone cast into it leaps from one lodgment to another, first loudly, then dully, then almost silently, as it reaches the far-down bottom of the pit, where, as some assert, the splashing of sea waves is occasionally to be heard, and where the vampire bat holds his sway.

We leave this anti-chamber and penetrate recess after recess, now clambering up a rugged stair-way; now, rope in hand, struggling jeopardsly down a cavern's side; and now creeping worm-like, candle in hand or mouth, through narrow passages, that would be quite impassable to a heavy man. But the reward is great: the vastness and beauty of the stalactitic groupings are beyond verbal description, and they would tax the powers of the most expert of artists to do justice to them, especially when the scenes are lit as we lit them—with burning magnesium wire. The stalactite needle is not the only shape that the material assumes. Under some curious though not unfrequent conditions, it takes the form of gracefully hanging drapery, just as if curtains of some stout fabric had been set up, and had turned to stone. And now and then are encountered capricious combinations of rock masses and petrifications, that look like articles of stone furniture of quaint design. We essayed to bring from the farthest and the most beautiful chamber that we reached, some specimens of the stalactitic work, but in the bodily contortions necessary on our return journey they were sadly broken. But the fragments have their interest: and the hardest of them are susceptible of cutting and polishing into finely marked pebbles for brooches and trinkets; and the slenderest stalactites form instructive pipe-stems. We emerged from the caves thickly covered with mud and slime, but fully rewarded, and deeply wondering at this work of pulling down and building up which

nature is so darkly and silently performing, and marvelling much at the beauty which she lavishes where to mortal sense there is no need for it.

From the cave's mouth a walk in one direction takes one to the structure on the southern summit of the rock raised by the foolish O'Hara, with the idea that he could thence behold the storming of Cadiz; and in another direction a climb takes us to the signal station, 1400 feet high, whence one may get a commanding view of the Mediterranean and the crag face of the rock, on one side, and the Bay and all habitable Gibraltar on the other. Here is the signal-man, and in one corner of his eyrie there are two barrels, familiar to English eyes, and the sight of which is refreshment in anticipation. You may find a pic-nic party here before you, for it is a fitting spot whereon to while away an afternoon. And in your descent you will see, as on a plan, many an interesting building that would otherwise have escaped you—barracks, hospitals, store-houses (where the seven years' provisions for a siege are always in readiness), aqueducts, a Moorish ruin, and an ancient flight of steps, leading well nigh from top to bottom of the mountain. Then there is Europa Point (the rock's southernmost extremity) to be explored. Here is the spot from whence, following an old Spanish custom, our gunners used to fire upon passing ships that would not "dip" their colours. The plan was first to fire a shot ahead of the offending vessel; if this did not bring down her flag, a shot was fired astern of her, and if this reminder failed, a third ball was aimed straight at her, without regard to the consequences. Once it happened that a Yankee vessel did not salute, and shot number one was delivered. She took no notice, so the second shot was fired; but the unlucky gunner missed his aim, and struck her. Here was a dilemma; he went at once to the Governor, and reported his mishap. But while the discussion of the dreadful consequences was proceeding, in came the Yankee skipper, and at once offered an apology for his disrespect! He had confused the shots, and thought he was in the wrong; and thus one blunder neutralized another. This rough system of asking for a salute was long ago discontinued.

I have not half exhausted Tarec's mountain, but I have said enough to show that a holiday-seeker would find plenty to repay a visit to it. And if he exhausts the Rock, let him cross the sea to Tangiers, it is only three hours' run, and he will see Moorish life without any thing more sophisticating than a British hotel.

ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHDAY.

ON the eighth day of March 'twas, as some people say,
That St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day ;
Whilst others maintain on the ninth he was born ;
But 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn :
For with all their cross questions, none ever could know
If the child were too fast, or the clock were too slow.

The first faction fight in ould Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birth-day ;
Some fought for the eighth, for the ninth more would die ;
And who would not contend—faith, they blackened his eye :
Till Father Mullooly, who told them their sins,
Says, “ My boys ! sure no man has two birthdays but twins.

And though *he's* not a twin, as our history will show,
He's worth any other two saints that we know.
Combine eight with nine, seventeen is the mark ;
So let that be his birthday.” “ Amen,” said the clerk.
So they all drown'd their shamrocks¹ in whiskey and bliss,
And they've kept up the custom from that day to this.

F. U. R.

¹ It is, or used to be till lately, the custom in Ireland to dip the shamrock in whiskey before drinking on St. Patrick's day.

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS, AND THE MISERIES OF A BRIDE ELECT.

PART I.

"Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry."—COWPER.

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,"
When a man marries his trouble begins."

So says the old rhyme our nurses used to sing to us. For my own part I should alter it, and say that when a girl is engaged her trouble begins. Had I only suspected that so much bother, fussification, and etiquette, so many worries and superstitions would pursue me according to engaged régime, I should never have had the courage to utter that fatal little word "yes" to my intended.

Nevertheless, I do not, I *could* not wish it unsaid, though until Jack arrives from India I am in the charge of three of the best aunts in the world, who contrive between them to kill me with kindness one moment, and to wear me to fiddle-strings with small anxieties the next.

Such a fuss about my clothes; such big discussions in which all my own ideas and opinions are silenced in the most ignominious manner. Black silk! Black velvet in a trousseau! *Impossible!* they say, with upturned eyes and voices up to screaming pitch. On the wedding day I must "wear something new, something borrowed, something blue." The first is easy enough—a matter of *course*. The second is not difficult, as so many *dear devoted* friends are so charmed to have a finger in the wedding pie, by doing *the uncle business*, lending (but without interest). For the blue there is only one resource, as one has to be draped in virgin white, and therefore, "*Honi soi qui mal y pense.*"

As Jack insists that we are to be married *immediately* after his return, though as yet he has not set out on his homeward journey, all sorts of impediments are likely to be raised by one or other of my aunts when that time comes.

Aunt Priscilla reads Zadkiel and Raphael, and determines which days are unlucky, as those great oracles say, "On such a day marry not," and "on such a day wed," &c.

Aunt Cecilia is a High Church party, and not only does she say "Marry in Lent, and you'll live to repent," but that all sorts of other times are uncanonical. Of course a marriage on a Friday would open everybody's eyes; but Aunt Theresa, a Swiss by birth, puts in a special prohibition for the month of May. Again, Jack's twin brother wishes to be married on the same day with us—but that is *too dreadful* to be thought of, as it must inevitably entail a tragical end on one or all of us.

No one must be allowed to come to our wedding in mourning attire, even of the most mitigated kind, and no married lady is to be invited over whom, to express ourselves delicately, Longfellow's "Two angels" may be hovering, lest the Death Angel should carry me off when the other angel visits her.

In fact nothing will be allowed or neglected which may augur ill according to these heathenish superstitions. For that most of them *are* of heathen origin I can well prove, for having so little share in any of these to me important arrangements, and finding that if "absence makes the heart grow fonder," it also makes it very sad at times, and I get "weary, so weary of waiting," "wishing and waiting so sadly," as the song says; therefore, to wile away dull care, I have amused myself by exploring the book-clad walls of my aunt's library, where I have dug up a great deal of information on marriage customs and superstitions, which may be useful and amusing to those in the same position as myself.

I must begin by admonishing my readers that

"To change the name and not the letter,
Is a change for the worse, and not for the better."

Just remember this little fact before you say "Yes," lest "a Simpson should marry a Smith." Another old superstition connected with the united letters of the names of a wedded couple is that it is lucky if they spell a word. To proceed systematically from the beginning—

"Marriages are made in heaven." There has often been a question as to the meaning of this saying. Perhaps the following extract from Dumas' *Roman d'une Femme* may throw some light upon it. "Le Seigneur, chaque fois qu'il a créé une âme, lui crée en même temps une âme pareille, car toute âme a sa sœur quelque part; puis Il les sépare, et met quelquefois entre elles deux tout un monde jusqu'à ce que le hasard comme disent les hommes, la Providence comme disent les sages, fasse trouver en face ces deux natures, qui, créées l'une pour l'autre, se reconnaissent à des signes céleste et particuliers, et parties ensemble. Ceci, vois-tu

bien, est la Volonté du Seigneur; s'y opposer, c'est non seulement se faire malheureux, mais se faire sacrilège."

In *Notes and Queries* there are the following conjectures as to the origin and meaning of this saying: "Normal Marriages being so innocent of all premeditation by man, can only be ascribed to the will of the angel espoused, or to fate; in either case (for "ce que femme veut Dieu le veut") to the will of heaven.

After marriage another sense may appear in the saying, so well expressed in the words of St. Francis de Sales: "Marriage is a state of continual mortification, and hence a sacrament for human salvation." Again, in suggesting the meaning of this phrase, we are led to the well-known beautiful myth of Plato, according to which, in a true marriage, the two counterparts have met by destiny, and form a perfect *homo*. The account in Genesis (Chap. ii.) is somewhat to the same effect. In this view marriages are of those "whom God has joined only" (Mark x. 9)

In a literal sense the phrase in question clearly expresses an impossibility, since in heaven are no marriages (Matt. xxii. 30), according to the usual interpretation, though some may take refuge in the beautiful evasion of Swedenborg, who says in the next world the married couple "will become one angel."

Sir Kenelm Digby puts an astrological meaning to this saying, for, in speaking of his own marriage, he says:—"In the first place it giveth me occasion to acknowledge and admire the high and transcendant operations of the celestial bodies, which containing and moving about the universe, send their influence every way and to all things; and who, although they take not away the liberty of free agents, yet do so strongly, though at the first secretly and insensibly, work upon their spiritual part by means of the corporeal that they get the mastery before they be perceived; and then it is too late to make any resistance. For from what other cause could proceed this strong knot of affection, which being tied in tender years, before any mutual obligations could help to confirm it, could not be torn asunder by long absence, the austerity of parents, other pretenders, false rumours, and other great difficulties and oppositions that could come to blast the budding blossoms of an infant love that hath since brought forth so fair flowers and so mature fruit? Certainly the stars were, at the least, the first movers," &c.

The stars have been said to be the cause not only of matrimonial engagements, but also of their breach. For—

"When weak women go astray,
The stars are more in fault than they."

Heaven and earth having, then, conspired to sanction the union,

the next point is at what time should it be consecrated by religious rites. And first, as to the hour.

The origin for the limitation of marrying between the hours of eight and noon is from Reynolds's Constitutions, 1322, c. 7, which says that matrimony is to be celebrated "in the daytime, without laughter, scoff, or spirit." By the Canons, c. 62, A.D. 1603, a clergyman is to marry "only between the hours of eight and twelve in the forenoon, to preclude any indecency or unbecoming levity." This is enforced, under penalty of transportation for fourteen years, by 4 Geo. IV. c. 76, sect. 28. It must be remembered that the hour of dinner at that early period was usually noon¹.

For the day and season: June was the month which the Romans considered the most propitious month for entering into the bond of matrimony, especially if the day chosen were that of the full moon or the conjunction of the sun and moon. The month of May was especially to be avoided, as under the influence of spirits adverse to happy households.

Its being unlucky to marry in May is one of those superstitions which have descended to Christianity from Pagan observances, and which the people have adopted without knowing the reason why. Carmelli tells us that it still prevailed in Italy in 1750. It was evidently of long standing in Ovid's time, as it had then passed into a proverb among the people. Nearly two centuries afterwards Plutarch (Quæst. Rom. 86) puts the question, *Διά τε τοῦ Μαΐου μηνὸς οὐκ ἄγονται γυναῖκες*, which he makes a vain endeavour to answer satisfactorily. He assigns three reasons. First, May, being between April and June, and April being consecrated to Venus and June to Juno, those deities, held propitious to marriage, were not to be slighted. Secondly, On account of the great expiatory celebration of the Lemuria, when women abstained from the bath and the careful cosmetic decoration of their persons, so necessary as a prelude to marriage. Thirdly, as some say, because May was the month of old men—*Majus a Majoribus*—and therefore June, being thought to be the month of the young—*Junius a Junioribus*—was to be preferred.

The Romans, however, held other seasons and days unpropitious to matrimony, as the days in February when the Parentalia were celebrated, &c.

There is an old proverb—

"The girls are all stark naught that wed in May."

¹ The hour was fixed before noon, as it was customary to say mass *pro sponso et sponsa* at the bridal; and mass must be commenced before noon amongst Roman Catholics.

Marriages in Lent were prohibited by the Council of Laodicea and by the Council of Canham, held A.D. 1008 or 1009, in the reign of Ethelred II.

In an old almanac for 1674, printed at Cambridge, there is the following notice :—

“ Times prohibiting Marriage this year.

“ Marriage comes in on the 13th of January, and at Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which times it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday. Then it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday, from whence it is unforbidden till Advent, but then it goes out, and comes not in again till the 13th of January next following.”

The following is entered in the register of the church of St. Mary, Beverley, dated November 25, 1641 :—

“ When Advent comes do thou refraine,
Till Hillary set ye free againe ;
Next Septuagesima saith thee nay,
But when Lowe Sunday comes thou may.
Yet at Rogation thou must tarrie,
Till Trinitie shall bid thee marry.”

Childermas Day is an unlucky day for marriage. In the “ Spectator” we read of a mother saying, “ No, child, if it please God, you shall not go into join-hand on Childermas Day.” Innocents’ Day, on whatsoever day of the week soever it lights upon, that day of the week is by astrologers taken to be a cross day all the year through.

The following proverb marks another ancient conceit on this head :—

“ Who marries between the sickle and the scythe
Will never thrive.”

In the statistical accounts of Scotland, the minister of South Ronaldsay and Burray Orkney says : “ No couples chuses to marry except with a glowing moon, and some even wish for a flowing tide !” The Registrar-General of Scotland says, “ There is a remarkable peculiarity among the Scottish people ; their fondness for marrying on the last day of the year.”

An old farmer in Norfolk told some one or other that he was married the 31st of December, that he might give the lie to the old saying, “ that no one was married without repenting before the year was out.”

In the Middle Ages people were very credulous about marriage superstitions : one of their ideas was, a union could never be happy if the bridal party, in going to church, met a monk, a priest, a

hare, a dog, a lizard or a serpent, while all would go well if it were a wolf, a spider, or a toad.

Every one knows the old adage of "Happy is the bride the sun shines on, blessed is the corpse the rain falls on."

But Hazlitt mentions that Stephens, in his character of "a Plain Country Bride," says, "She takes it by tradition from her fellow-gossip, that she must weep *showers* upon her marriage-day: though by the virtue of mustard and onions, if she cannot naturally dissemble."

Aunt Therèse says, "Tears and rain portend wealth; but however that may be, I know I shan't cry, and I hope it won't rain." I think it is Emilia Galotti who refuses to wear pearls on her nuptial-day. "Pearls! Oh, mother; pearls betoken tears. Decidedly no pearls then for me, however handsome a parure may be among my wedding presents, lest my fate should resemble that of Lessing's unhappy heroine."

The Manual of Sarum enjoined that if the bride was a maid she should have her glove off, if a widow her glove on. The difference between maiden and widow now-a-days is, the former dons pure virgin white and the latter silver grey; though I do know of a very dark brunette maiden who insisted on being married in grey, because she declared that in a white dress she should look like a chocolate bonbon done up in sugar.

JAM SATIS.

His mother was a Prince's child,
 His father was a King ;
 There wanted not to his young lot,
 What Rank and Riches bring :
 Proud nobles served him on the knee,
 Strong captains did his will ;
 High fortune !—yet it wearied him !
 His spirit was not still.

For him the glorious music rolled
 Of singers silent long ;
 Great Scribes did write, on scrolls of might,
 The strife of Right with Wrong :
 For him Philosophy unveiled
 Athenian PLATO's lore,
 Might that not serve to stead one life ?
 Not that !—he sighed for more !

He loved ; the newest, truest lip
 That ever lover pressed :
 The queenliest mouth in all the South,
 Long love for him confessed :
 Round him his children's joyousness
 Rang silverly and shrill
 Soft life—sweet sounds ! but something lacked
 His spirit thirsted still !

To battle all his spears he led
 In streams of winding steel ;
 On breast and head of foemen dead,
 His war-horse set its heel :
 The jewelled chevron on its flank
 Was red with blood of kings :
 Yet Victory's laurel seemed but rank
 For bitterness it brings !

The splendid passion seized him then
 To break, with statutes sage,
 The chains that bind our hapless kind,
 And social griefs assuage :
 And dear the people's blessing seemed
 The praises of the Poor ;
 Yet Evil stronger is than kings
 And Hate, no codes can cure.

He laid aside the sword, book, pen,
 And lit his lamp to wrest
 From Nature's range the wonders strange
 The secrets of her breast :
 And wisdom deep his guerdon was,
 And mighty things he knew ;
 Yet from each unlocked mystery
 Some harder marvel grew.

No pause—no standing-spot, no ground
 To stay the spirit's quest,
 In all around not one thing found
 So good as to be—"best":
 Not even Love proved quite divine,
 Therefore his search did cease—
 Lord of all gifts that life could bring,
 Saved the one grand gift—*Peace*.

Then came it!—crown—lance—scroll—lamp—lay
 Each a discarded thing :
 The funeral-gold, did bravely hold
 The body of the king.
 And strange!—love, learning, statecraft, sway,
 Looked always on before ;
 But those pale happy lips of clay
Asked nothing—nothing more !

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“FLEMING OF GRIFFIN’S COURT,” “GRACE CLIFFORD,” &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT the corner of the street, Alice took a hackney-coach, and drove back to Paddington. On reaching the turn of the road leading to Masters’s house, she dismissed the carriage, to the intense surprise of the man, who drove away, leaving her standing alone under the stars.

When he had gone, she walked on through the gates, her hands folded together in her muff, her rustling silk dress trailing after her over the frozen snow. There were fresh tracks of wheels upon the drive, marking the passage of the visitors who had come since she left. There were lights, too, in the dining-room, where she heard the laughter of lingering guests, as she went by the windows. Masters was in yonder, revelling with his friends, while she wandered houseless through the pitiless night. There were lights, too, in the drawing-room, where she had sat discrowned before her unconscious rival.

She drew near to it, crouching down, and looking through an open space in the drawn curtains.

The room was just as she had left it, only a heavy centre chandelier had been lighted, which threw a fuller radiance of mellow wax-light about the room, whose tasteful garniture showed no sign of the ruin Parker so plausibly portrayed. She strained her eyes inwards, searching every corner of the vacant apartment for the rival whose beauty she cursed, whose hold on the lover who had betrayed her was driving her to frenzy; but no trace of her was to be seen. Suddenly she drew herself up, and glided away round the gable of the house. The laughing revellers had come from the dining-room to the hall, carriage-wheels were rolling over the snow. The hall-door opened, and people came down the steps, two or three men,

whose roystering voices sounded high in the stillness of the night.

"How infernally cold it is," one of them cried, shivering, after coming out of the warm dining-room. "I should not like to be a town dog, out about the streets to-night."

"He's out of temper, because he lost his money," another voice laughed.

"I say, Stokes," a third man shouted from the open doorway, addressing the unlucky player; "come to-morrow night, and have your revenge."

That last voice was Masters' voice; Alice knew its strong, rough ring.

"Bravo! done!" Stokes shouted back.

Then the whole party clambered into the waiting coach, and drove off.

When the hall-door closed upon them, Alice crept back to her place at the drawing-room window, cowering down again, and crouching low, so as to bring her eyes on a level with the opening in the curtains, before which, full in the glory of the waxlight, Masters' pretty French wife stood alone, with the jewels on her neck and arms, and a chaplet of flowers, crowning her wavy brown hair.

Presently Masters himself came in, speaking eagerly, and flushed with wine. He stood upon the hearth in front of the glowing coal fire, one hand carelessly pushing back the rings of dark curls from his heated forehead, the other extended towards his wife full of golden guineas, while he laughed out something which Alice could not hear. Mrs. Masters looked at the money with a pretty gravity, and shook her head; but the rebuke made Masters laugh louder, as, chucking up a guinea in the air, he caught it again with his brown left hand. His wife came across the room, and paused opposite to him, speaking with a look of charming seriousness in her mellow, brown eyes. But again Masters only laughed; and, laying his fingers playfully against her rebuking lips, drew her to him, and kissed the rosy brilliance of her cheek—the creamy whiteness of her forehead.

Down upon the ground, her knees pressed upon the hard snow, shivering with cold, and shivering with agony unutterable, the poor lost woman without cowered and shuddered. With limbs frozen and weary, with upstretched hands spread before her eyes to shut out the sight which frenzied her, she dragged herself away from the window, and crouched down by the gable of the house, all alone, under the cold glitter of the stars.

How long she lay there before she staggered up again, she never

knew, only when she went round the house all the lights were out, and its broad face looked grey and grim in the starlight. She paused before it a second, staring up at the darkened windows, and then she walked on through the shrubbery, from whence she struck into the open park.

Surely she was mad that night, while she went blindly to and fro beneath the leafless park-trees, tramping through the deep snow until her delicate boots were frayed and worn, her rich dress wet and dragged. Then, as the stars began to fade, she wandered away from the shelter of the park to the unprotected fields and lanes, never thinking of the possibility of insult or robbery if a rough traveller chanced to cross her path.

The night blast came over the open fields, cold and raw ; the rough cart-tracks in which she walked were hard under her tender feet ; her limbs were aching and weary ; but still she rambled on with a vague unrest, which would not let her be still.

To and fro, to and fro, all the night long, she went over the lanes and byways, waiting for the dawn to come across the sky. Surely she was mad that night, although in her madness there might be a purpose cruel and implacable, which never changed nor wavered all the night through, while she wandered waiting for the dawn, which came at last dull and leaden, with the weight of unfallen snow.

The great city heaved and woke. Man rose up to his labour until the evening, while weary pleasure-seekers turned round upon their pillows to court fresh slumber. Stray hackney-coaches came straggling up to their stands ; carters' teams were rattling along the paved streets ; the horn of the guards rang out cheerily on the morning air, as the early coaches started on their journeys.

The great pulse of London had quickened into new life, and the business of the day had begun, when, with a footstep soundless and swift, with eyes all wild and glittering, a woman entered the town by the west end, a woman whose worn boots and dress marred with mire contrasted strangely with the soft rich furs upon her throat and hands.

CHAPTER XIX.

By noon that day Masters was a prisoner on the charge of murder, and the next morning all London was ringing with the story.

Throngs pressed about the Magistrate's court within and without,

as they press to-day, under the excitement of some special horror, to catch a glimpse of the sullen prisoner who stood in the dock with his scowling eyes set upon his accuser—of the woman whose outraged love, had found such bitter vengeance.

A hundred heads pressed forward to get a view of her, a hundred ears were strained to listen to her words, as with stern terseness she told her story.

Her voice never faltered in the telling, she neither trembled in lip nor limb, not even when the Magistrate decreed that Masters stood committed for his crime.

Only one swift vivid glance she shot at him, a swift cruel triumphant glance, when the decision was pronounced. Then she went by under the escort of the prison-governor, who held her half in freedom, half in ward.

The crowd swayed open to let her pass, staring at her implacable white face, at her set scarlet lips, at the feverish brilliance of her eyes. Then they too went out into the cold wintry air, crushing with rude excitement through the doors, almost casting down in their rough exit a woman with a little child by the hand, who sought to pass into the court.

The woman was small and slight, with mellow brown eyes trembling to tears behind her drawn veil. She was daintily dressed too, in rich dark silks, and costly furs, like the woman they had heard awhile ago swearing away a life.

“Stand back, ma’am, or you’ll get hurt,” a man in the crowd advised. “It’s no good pushing, it’s all done and over, and they have took him away again by this.”

“They would not let me in,” she cried, despairingly, “though I begged of them almost on my knees.”

“Well, it’s no good now,” her informant repeated, putting out his arms good-naturedly to protect her and the frightened child from the crowd. “They have took him away, so what’s the use.”

The man was kind in his rough way, wherefore she pressed a question on him tremblingly.

“They have taken him away, where?”

“Up to Newgate till his trial comes.”

“Belike they’ll hang him,” a coarse voice cried in the throng, shouting out his opinion to a friend in front, “I would’nt stand in his shoes for nought.”

Shuddering and mute, the woman gathered her child within her arms, and staggered through the crowd, which fell into groups to discuss the prisoner’s chance, while Masters sat in sullen silence in his cell, cursing the strong brown hands whose grasp might have sealed his accuser’s lips for ever, only rousing himself from his

seowling reverie to shake hands with the flashy young attorney, his old boon companion and adviser, who came in due course to prepare his defence.

Their council, after sundry pros and cons, and shifting, broke up with a resolve to meet the charge by a flat denial, a blunt assertion that Masters could not have committed a murder in Rawdon on the night of the 24th, or the morning of the 25th of December, 1796, as he never was in Rawdon at all, then, or at any other time before or since. Wherefore, as the counsel for the defence was instructed, if the deceased came by his death unfairly, it was more likely to be by the hands of the accuser than the accused.

Hedged in by the security that no eye saw him save Alice's, when he came and went; full of the daring hope that her evidence, unsupported, must fail to bring him to justice, Masters made ready to face his accuser with a defiant front.

Alice, inflexible and unwavering, waited too, sitting for whole hours with her hands folded in her lap, silent and unemployed, hugging her stern vengeance with pitiless tenacity, watching with stern patience for the end.

CHAPTER XX.

THE morning of the trial came at last. A chill, raw January morning, which did not, however, prevent a throng of people from gathering round the court long before the doors were open.

Excitement was at its height that morning. Rumour was rife with her hundred tongues, telling how there was strong fresh evidence against the prisoner; how the doctors were ready to prove positive marks of violence on the exhumed body of the dead. The cord with which he had been strangled was found about his throat.

No, no such thing. The doctors had seen nothing on the body at all, and the chief witness for the crown had gone back of her charge last night.

So the throng argued, surging, and pushing, and quarrelling, until the court-doors opened, and the rush came. A fierce, strong rush, which carried before it all attempt at order, and left the whole area of the court in possession of the mob.

For awhile all was hustling, and whispering in the body of the court, while the rough audience waited impatiently for the trial to begin. But by-and-by the judges came in. The prisoner appeared in the dock, erect, sullen eyed, undaunted. The counsel

for the Crown and the defence came bustling to their places, and the trial began.

Alice Greyson was the first witness called. She walked to her place with a steady step, and waited for the clerk to administer the oath.

Masters's counsel started up, to interpose.

"I protest against this witness being sworn, my lord; she is the prisoner's wife."

"Are you the prisoner's wife?" the judge asked, looking from the learned counsel to Alice.

"No, my lord; I believed once I was his wife, but I was deceived." Her voice was firm and set, an unwavering, pitiless voice, which filled the whole court with its low, leisurely utterance.

"I have the certificate here, my lord, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony." Serjeant Holmes persisted.

He handed up the certificate to the judge, who examined it carefully.

"This appears quite correct," he said; "where is the clergyman?"

Here the Crown counsel rose.

"We do not deny that marriage, my lord; but there was an earlier marriage, making it void. We have a witness to the first marriage, in court, my lord. Crier, call Mark Stukely."

A man in soldier's uniform crushed through the crowd, and took his place in the witness-box, glancing round at Masters with a certain shame-faced consciousness of betrayal.

He had been the old comrade with whom Masters had privateered along the American seaboard, with whom he had escaped from prison, and entered Canada, where he had been present at Masters's private marriage with one Louise Bertrand, whose father was a French Canadian settler of some standing.

"And the prisoner was a common foot-soldier?" Masters's counsel cross-examined.

"Yes, but he told her he was only under a cloud, and would have plenty of money when he went back to his own country."

"So you would have us believe this young lady married a private soldier, because he told her he would have lots of money?"

The man scratched his head.

"No," he said slowly, "I did not say she married him for that, but he told it to her, and she married him because she liked him. Girls will do most things a man asks them when they like him."

The mob in the centre of the court laughed enjoyingly at the witness's answer. The ladies in the gallery who had come there on special tickets to taste the sensation of the trial laughed too, while

Masters turned his frowning glance and furtive eyes on the treacherous comrade, whose evidence took one chance of his life away.

Other witnesses followed, who proved they had seen this Louise Bertrand with Masters in London, calling herself Mrs. Masters, and living with Masters as his wife; upon which the court declared itself satisfied, and Alice's examination was suffered to proceed.

With the same firm lips, with the same terse force, she told her story anew, as she had told it before the magistrate. Every word she uttered telling forcibly against the prisoner, who was observed to raise his shoulders and drop them again with a slight involuntary shrinking, when some strong point in her evidence stood out in relief.

"Come Mrs. Masters, or Miss Greyson, as you choose to call yourself, will you swear the prisoner was not in London at the time you say he murdered his father in Rawdon," Masters' counsel thundered out, with the coarse bullying of Old Bailey barristers.

Yes, she would swear that, she said, because at the time she stated she was with him in his father's house.

"Well, will you swear you come before his lordship, with this confession, or accusation, or whatever it is, out of pure love of justice, and not out of lawless vengeance, because the prisoner liked some one else's face better than he liked yours?"

"No! she would not swear she came there out of a love for justice."

"But you came out of revenge."

He strove to stare her down, when he asked the question; to make her waver in tone, or glance, but she looked up at him with unquailing eyes.

"I have come here because he cheated me with a false marriage, dishonoured and deceived me."

"But if the prisoner had never dishonoured, or deceived you, if in short he had merely murdered his father, you would not have come here at all."

"No."

Men held their breath to hear her answer; ladies strained forward to catch her words. The judge busied himself with his notes, but Masters's counsel turned and looked at the jury, with a look which said plainly, "Can you trust this woman's oath? Can you put her evidence in a scale to weigh against a life?"

"Come now," he cried out in indignant accents, "Are you sure you did not do this thing yourself, if you have not coined the story from the beginning, and that it be a fact the man was murdered at all, are you sure you are not the murderess?"

He turned towards her with scornful, doubting eyes. He harried her with questions. He wearied her with much speaking, but still he never made her waver in her text, although it was clear when he released her at last, that her admissions of jealousy, and vengeance, had told in favour of the prisoner, for men looked down upon her as she went by with a strange awed loathing, and shrunk back from even the passing touch of her trailing dark dress.

The doctors who had examined the exhumed body of the dead followed next, but they threw little light upon the case, and that little was to the advantage of the prisoner.

The body was so far decomposed that any marks, such as a mere pressure upon the throat, must be lost in the process of natural decay.

This closed the case for the Crown, as their last witness, a most important witness, whose evidence would bear hard upon the prisoner's line of defence, had not appeared, having been detained no doubt by the severity of the weather, which had interrupted all coach traffic.

The witnesses for the defence succeeded in goodly array, amongst them the redoubtable Mr. Parker, who swore, without doubt or hesitation, that Masters dined in company with him and three other friends on that same Christmas Eve, when the witness Greyson swore he was in Rawdon, and then he went on to state, albeit with a somewhat discomfited air, all that passed between him and Alice, during the two last days he held communication with her.

"Did he think her a sane woman or a lunatic?" the Crown counsel asked, when Masters's advocate had resigned Parker to the mercy of the other side, putting the question with a view of rebutting a possibility raised by his opponent.

"A sane woman certainly," Parker freely declared, "he had never seen a woman more collected, or more completely herself, than she was when she left Uplands with him."

"Then you do not think the witness Greyson imagined the story she came here to tell?"

"No, but I believe she invented it, to revenge herself upon the prisoner."

"You swear you believe that?"

"I do."

And the Crown counsel sat down, feeling he had lost a point.

When Parker's examination closed, the friends he had indicated as dining with Masters on the Christmas Eve in question, attested the fact in the most emphatic manner.

The Rawdon doctor, too, who had attended the deceased man

upon his death-bed, came forward on Masters's behalf, to prove the conversation between him and Alice Greyson, when she told him she had been quite alone when her uncle died, guiding his glance, as he believed involuntarily, to the smooth snow about the house, on which there was no track of footsteps save his own.

Perhaps after all the man died lawfully, men began to whisper in the pause between the close of the evidence for the defence and the speech of Masters's counsel. Who could tell what a woman might do in the fury of love, or the madness of jealousy?

Then the counsel's sonorous accents silenced the whispering audience, as he broke forth in Masters's defence.

Piece by piece, he sifted the evidence offered by the Crown, and his voice burst out in the warmth of appealing scorn, while he held Alice Greyson up to the doubting eyes of court and jury.

"Who would believe this woman?" he asked, "who would trust her? By her own admission the accomplice of a murderer, who had never sought to stay his hand by word or prayer, who had kept her horrible secret for three years, and only told it at last when her lover left her in a fit of satiety.

"She a felon by confession, the burner of a will, in which she was left too little to satisfy her greed, that she might share the booty she obtained, with the man for whom she had obtained it."

Then dropping down from fierce invective to calm argument, he demonstrated that the theory he had raised was not a theory of facts, but a theory of fiction, built out of the diseased imagination, and wild thirst for vengeance of the witness Greyson. There had been no murder. There was no burnt will; Masters had never been in Rawdon at all. He dwelt very strongly on this point, making it the keystone of the defence. The whole story was an hallucination, or—a lie!

For two hours he stood upon his feet thundering out his telling eloquence, now sarcastic, or appealing; now crying for justice for his wrongly accused client, swaying the court and jury by every word he spoke.

Then he sat down amidst the applauding murmur of the men who had listened breathless to his speech, whilst the prisoner's attorney rubbed his hands in triumphant satisfaction. The prisoner himself gazed round the court with a long drawn sigh of relief, and then glanced up at the gallery, where pressing against the front of it leaned, side by side, the faces of a woman and a little child—a pretty curly-haired boy, and a beautiful girlish woman, from the creamy whiteness of whose cheeks all the bloom had faded.

Then the Crown counsel rose to reply, not however with the same success or the same force as his opponent; after which the judge drew forward his notes, and prepared to address the jury. But before he had time to utter his opening words, there was a bustle and a stir in court, a swaying to and fro of the crowded throng, through which, pushing to the front with a resolute determination to reach her place before the tribunal, appeared the landlady of the Rawdon Inn, the missing Crown witness.

"I protest against this woman being sworn: she has come too late. The evidence on both sides is closed. The prisoner is waiting for the verdict," Masters' counsel cried, standing up bravely for his client, to whom the woman's lips might carry death.

But stubborn counsel on the other side contended as stoutly for her to be heard, as Masters' advocate contended against it.

The battle grew exciting. Men began to feel that on this stout landlady's evidence hung the issue of the case; and they strained forward to stare at her, with a touch of the interest they had bestowed upon Alice Greyson: even the prisoner himself leaned over in the dock to look upon her stout figure and rubicund country face.

Meanwhile the Crown counsel had gained their point, and her examination went on:—

"Her name was Anne Halliday," she said, "and her husband kept the 'Red Lion' inn at Rawdon. She remembered Christmas Eve, 1796,—she remembered it well, because her husband had the rheumatics bad that winter, and she had to come down from his sick-room to prepare mulled ale for the coach passengers. They mostly had mulled ale in winter on account of the cold."

"Well, did you notice any one in particular amongst the passengers that night?"

"Yes, she had seen a couple of Rawdon men, who had come down from London to spend yule tide with their friends."

"But any one else besides the Rawdon men?"

"Only one burly man, who wore his hat over his eyes, and a thick muffler round his chin. She was very busy that night," she said: "there were so many customers to be attended; and belike she would not have minded him at all, only he took his ale from her with his left hand, which had the mark of a deep cut across the back, from the wrist to the first finger. His hand must have been chopped through a'most. Yes, he was like the prisoner at the bar, in so far as he was burly, and brown, and wore a dark beard; but she wouldn't swear to him only by his hand."

"Prisoner, hold up your left hand."

Masters held it up with slow unwillingness, and there, as she

had said, extending from the wrist to the first finger, lay a broad, deep cicatrice.

"Where is your theory now that this man never was in Rawdon?" the junior on the Crown side whispered to the junior counsel for the prisoner, while Masters thrust the condemning hand into his pocket, and stood back in the dock a lost man.

With a stern face he stood there, the deep bronze of his cheek changed to a dull, dead brown—which was habitual to him when strongly agitated,—listening to the despairing effort of his counsel to shake the woman's testimony on cross-examination; to bully her into contradictions or admissions, as he had tried to bully Alice Greyson. But Masters knew it was all to no end; he felt the game was up from the moment the Rawdon landlady struck the defence he had so doggedly relied on from under his feet.

Men turned and stared at him with rude curiosity as he left the dock while the jury deliberated on their verdict, as they turned to stare again when he stood before them waiting for its delivery; but the dull, dead brown of his cheek neither changed nor deepened when the fatal words, "Guilty, my lord," fell upon his ears; neither did his eyes waver in their glance, save that he cast one swift look upwards to where the woman's face was pressed in its agony down upon her hands.

Take her away, ye who have mercy: lead her forth, with her boy cowering and sobbing in her arms; even the rough hands of Parker are friendly hands in the hour of her supreme despair!

CHAPTER XXI.

To and fro, to and fro, all the night long, like an angry lion in a cage, Masters paces his cell, cursing in his heart the woman who had betrayed him; cursing, again, the sinewy hands which had not closed upon her throat.

The chaplain came at daybreak, with words of consolation on his lips; but was driven forth from the condemned man's presence by scoffing and invective. "How dare they come to mock his last hours by priestly fables? He who had feared neither God nor man in his days of unrighteous freedom, was not going to turn coward now."

From the court to the rooms set apart for her in the governor's house, where she was to remain at least until after Masters' execution, Alice walked with a slow, apathetic step, the strange glitter in her eye all faded. The fixed muscles of her mouth flaccid and re-

laxed. With the same dull apathy she cast herself upon her bed, face downwards, where she lay whole hours without uttering a word, only rousing a little when they spoke, to answer what was said with wandering, unconnected words. At night they strove to rouse her by the tidings that Masters was condemned; but she only turned upon her pillow and shuddered.

The prison doctor came to see her, shook his head, and told them to let her be.

All that night, and all the day after, she lay in the same position, only moving unwillingly to take the food they forced upon her.

The next day was the day fixed for the execution, for the condemned were given short space for shrift or prayer in those days; but when the prison warder laid his hand upon the doomed man to wake him up to meet his last hour, that hour had come and gone.

The prison doctor came in haste, and looked upon the open leaden eyes, the set white teeth, the hands clenched together in the silent death agony, no sound of which reached the man watching in the condemned cell. He had died of poison in the night, while the unconscious warder kept vigil by him till the dawn which was to be his last.

Either from the hand of the sobbing wife, who clung wildly to his embrace, or from the hand of the florid man who came with her to take her last farewell, had Masters obtained a suicide's release from death, before the sea of upturned faces, before the hooting gaping crowd, whose presence presented a livelier horror to him than death in any other form could produce.

The crowd gathered for the sight, blasphemed and swayed, and gradually dispersed, sullen, and disappointed that the death-scene they had stood so long to witness had been enacted without its brutal audience. The sheriffs communed together as they drove away from the frowning prison; and the surprised prison governor sat himself down to write a statement of the facts for perusal at the Home Office; while, despite the caution of the prison doctor, who had told them to let her be, rash lips carried the startling news to Alice. She sat up in bed trying to listen, looking all the time with vacant, wondering eyes, in the speaker's face, while she passed her hand across her forehead, with a weary gesture.

"Who is dead?" she asked, abstractedly. "Tell me to-morrow, I cannot understand to-day."

"Masters, the man Masters, who was tried: he has poisoned himself in prison!"

She understood at last. The poor shuddering hands, which had

gone in blind madness groping for vengeance, were clasped before her face ; but she spoke no word, she uttered no cry. Strong even to the last in her fierce reticence, no man knew how much or how little she suffered, in all the days and nights which followed, during which the doctor and the prison nurse watched by her bed, as by the bed of one who was like to die.

Three months later, when Masters' young wife and son had embarked for Canada, and the scattered remnants of his fortune had been handed over by Government to the defrauded charities, a lonely woman paced the ward of our great lunatic asylum, sitting vacantly in the sun, with her hands folded in her lap, or wandering to and fro, without purpose in her wandering—a woman whose history the governing doctor told in brief, low whispers to shuddering visitors, until death closed at last over the tragedy of her life !

LYON, OF PRESTON, YEOMAN,

FOUNDER OF HARROW SCHOOL, 1571.

(These lines were sung by a choir of 250 voices at the Tercentenary Festival of Harrow, 1871.)

LYON, of Preston, yeoman John,
 Full many a year ago,
 Built, on the hill that I live on,
 A school that you all may know;
 Into the form, first day, 'tis said,
 Two boys came for to see;
 One with a red ribbon, red, red, red,
 And one with a blue,—like me!

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman John,
 Lessons he bade them do;
 Homer, and multiplica-ti-on,
 And spelling, and Cicero;
 “Red Ribbon” never his letters knew,
 Stuck at the five times three,
 But “Blue Ribbon” learnt the table through,
 And said it all off,—like me!

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman John,
 Said to them both, “Go play”—
 Up slunk “Red Ribbon” all alone,
 Limped from the field away;
 “Blue Ribbon” played like a hero’s son,
 All by himself played he;
 Five score runs did he quickly run,
 And was still Not Out,—like me!

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman John,
 All in his anger sore,
 Flogged the boy with the Red ribbòn,
 Set him the Georgics four;

But the boy with the "Blue Ribbon" got, each week,
Holidays two and three,
And a prize for sums, and a prize for Greek,
And an Alphabet prize,—like me!

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman John,
Died many years ago,
All that is mortal of him is gone,
But he lives in a school I know!
All of them work at their cricket there,
And work at their five times three;
And all of them, ever since that day, wear
A ribbon of blue—like me!

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS, AND THE MISERIES OF A BRIDE ELECT.

PART II.

"Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry."—COWPER.
"Needles and pins, needles and pins,"
When a man marries his trouble begins."

OUR marriage service of the period is very nearly the same as that used by our forefathers, a few obsolete words being only changed. The bride was taken "for fairer, for fouler, for better, for worse," and promised to be buxom and bonny "to her future husband at bed and at board." The bridegroom used to put the ring on each of the bride's left-hand fingers—in turn saying, at the thumb, "in the name of the Father;" at the second, "in the name of the Son;" at the third, "in the name of the Holy Ghost;" and at the fourth, "Amen!"

It was also the custom for the bride's father to present his son-in-law with one of his daughter's shoes, as a token of the transfer of authority, and the bride was made to feel the change by a blow on her head given with the shoe.

The husband was bound by oath to use his wife well, in failure of which she might leave him; yet as a point of honour he was allowed "to bestow on his wife moderate castigation." An old Welsh law tells us that three blows with a broomstick on any part of the person, except the head, is a fair allowance; and another provides that the stick be not longer than the husband's arm, nor thicker than his middle finger.

In Swinburn's "Treatise of Spousals," we read, "The first inventor of the wedding-ring, as is reported, was one Prometheus. The workman who made it was Tubal-Cain, who, by the counsel of our first parent Adam, gave it unto his son to this end, that *therewith* he should espouse a wife, like as Abraham delivered unto his servants bracelets and ear-rings of gold." The form of the ring being circular and without end, which importeth this much, that

their mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from the one to the other as in a circle, and that continually and for ever.

Marriages are recorded to have been celebrated without the ring, and a key substituted for it; and sometimes a ring of leather cut transversely from a finger of the bridegroom's glove: these though were generally for hurried and clandestine marriages, when there had been no time nor thought for the ring.

Respecting the substitution of the church key for the wedding-ring, I know some one who was assured by an aged inhabitant of a rural parish not a hundred miles from Colchester, that, as late as twenty-five years ago, a marriage was celebrated in the parish church with the key instead of the ring; the clerk of the said parish testified to the above, and gave an instance of a party that came to the church and requested *to be married* with the church key. It was what is called "a parish wedding;" and the parochial authorities, though willing to pay the church fees, because "they were glad to get rid of the girl," had not felt disposed to furnish the wedding-ring. The clerk stated, however, that feeling some hesitation as to the substitution of the church key in his *own* church, he stepped into the great house close by, and they borrowed an old *curtain* ring, with which the marriage was solemnized. The beautiful Miss Gunning was married to the Duke of Hamilton with a curtain ring.

The ceremony over, the favours are distributed. The origin of these is, that among the Northern nations, the knot seems to have been the symbol of love, faith, and friendship, pointing out the indissoluble tie of affection and duty between the bride and her husband. Oyell says, "The favour was a large knot of ribbons of several colours—gold, silver, carnation, and white. This is worn upon the hat for some weeks." He also says, "It is ridiculous to go to a wedding without *new clothes*. If you are in mourning, you throw it off for some days, unless you are in mourning for some near relation who is very lately dead."

The scramble for wedding ribbons and garters, mentioned by Pepys in connexion with weddings, doubtless formed part of the ceremony of undressing the bridegroom, which, as the age became more refined, fell into disuse. There is a notice of this custom in the old ballad of the wedding of Arthur O'Bradley, printed in the Appendix to Robin Hood, 1795, where a verse runs:

"Then got they his *points* and his garters,
And cut them in pieces like martyrs;
And then they all did play
For the honour of Arthur O'Bradley."

Lady Fanshawe, in her "Memoirs," says that at the nuptials of Charles II. and the Infanta, "the Bishop of London declared them married in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and they then caused the ribbons her Majesty wore to be cut in little pieces, and, as far as they would go, every one had some." The practice still survives in the form of wedding favours.

People when they were engaged in olden times, were not given to such expensive love tokens as are now indulged in; one of the most favourite love tokens were little "handkerchiefs of about three or four inches square, wrought round about, and with a button or a tassel at each corner, and a little one in the middle with silke and threed; the best edged with a small gold lace or twist, which being folded up in foure crosse foldes, so as the middle might be seene, gentlemen and others did usually weare them in their hats as favours of their loves and mistresses. Some cost sixpence apiece, some twelvenpence, and the *richest* sixteenpence." Fancy we English maidens with such cheap love tokens now-a-days. How contented one ought to be with the *civilized* times in which we live, and love tokens are rich and rare!

An English wedding in the time of *good* Queen Bess (as it's polite to say) was a joyous public festival. Among the higher ranks the bridegroom presented the company with scarves, gloves, and garters of the favourite colours of the wedding pair—rather expensive for the husband elect, though perhaps they did not come to so much as the lockets and other trinkets with which bridegrooms are expected to present their brides' handmaidens now-a-days.

A gay procession formed a part of the humbler marriages. The bride was led to church between two boys, wearing bride-laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves; and before her was carried a silver cup filled with wine, in which was a branch of gilded rosemary hung about with silk ribbons of all colours. Next came the musicians, and then the bridesmaids, some bearing great bride-cakes, others garlands of gilded wheat; and thus they marched to church amidst the shouts and benedictions of the spectators. There is some trace of such bridal processions in the Fackel Tanz, still customary at grand weddings in Germany. The word literally means "torch-dance;" but however wild and romantic the day may have been, when its name was a correct designation, it has degenerated into a hideous *polonaise*, in which, at royal marriages, ministers of state, privy councillors, ambassadors, &c., officiate, with large white wax tapers in their hands, in sombre seriousness. The *Times* for 1859 gives a very minute account of this grotesque yet grave dance. When the Imperial Prince of Germany and our

Princess Royal were married, a 'Fackel Tanz' formed part of the festivities at Berlin.

The next old customs are those which are observed on the bride's departure from home. It was said to be in virtue of a Highland fashion that a new broom was thrown after Princess Louise as she left the Castle on her wedding-day; but, otherwise, it seems to me a very uncomplimentary proceeding to sweep the bridal couple away, especially to the bride, who has just before been described in many a lardy-dardy speech as the "fair flower," the "joy and life of the home," the "household gem," &c., and then to be swept away like bad rubbish. Ye fashions of the world, what paradoxes ye be!

Rice and sugar I have myself often seen showered down on the "happy united," as emblems of abundance; but unless done dexterously, the proud husband's brand new coat and hat will have a *floury* witness to his happiness not quite desirable.

The origin of throwing the old shoe is still enshrouded with mystery. Throwing the shoe in Kent is differently conducted to the general way. When the carriage starts with the "happy pair" the bridesmaids are drawn up in a row, and the groomsmen in another. The old shoe is then thrown as far as possible, and the bridesmaids run for it, the successful one being supposed to be the first to get married; the lucky one then throws the shoe at the groomsmen, the one who is hit by it also being supposed to be the first who will enter the bonds of wedlock. Urquhart, in "Pillars of Hercules," thinks that the custom of throwing the shoe arose from the usage in the East of bearing a slipper before the couple in token of the bride's subjection to her husband. If this *be it*, the brides of the period will grow restive and refuse the salutation of the usual avalanche of old white satin shoes, as they don't mind loving, but they don't care for the subjection or obeying. Among the nobles in Germany it was formerly the custom for the bride, when she was conducted to the bride-chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the bystanders, which every one strove to catch; and whoever got it thought it an omen that they themselves would shortly be married.

The deeper I waded into matrimonial customs the more I found, indeed, their name is legion, and it would be impossible to tell of them all, so I will content myself with relating a few curious local ones, which may prove interesting.

It is rather remarkable that in Prussia, and perhaps in other parts of Central Europe, the throwing of broken crockery at doors is a regular practice at marriages. Lord Malmesbury, who in 1791 married a princess of that country as proxy for the Duke of York, tells us that the morning after the cere-

monies a great heap of such rubbish was found at her royal highness's doors.

In Worcestershire there is a marriage-bell custom. Late in the evening on the day a marriage has been celebrated the ringers go to the church, and foretell on the great bell the number of children with which the marriage is to be blessed; and as many times as the clapper smites the bell so many children will fill their quiver.

At Hope Church, in Derbyshire, it is the custom for the clerk to call aloud, while the couple are standing at the altar rails, "God speed the couple well," and also at the publication of the banns.

At Cranbrook, in Kent, it is customary, instead of strewing the newly-married couple's path with flowers, to strew it with emblems of the bridegroom's calling. Carpenters walk on shavings, butchers on skins of slaughtered sheep, the followers of St. Crispin are honoured with leather-parings, paper hangers with slips of papers, blacksmiths with old iron, rusty nails, &c.

At Knutsford, in Cheshire, the singular but pleasing usage exists on the occasion of a wedding, for the inhabitants, when the bride sets out for the church, a relative invariably spreads on the pavement (which is composed of pebbles) before her house a quantity of silver sand, called "greet," in the form of wreaths of flowers, and writes with the same material wishes for her happiness. This of course is soon discovered by others, and immediately, especially if the bride or bridegroom are favourites, numerous flowers in sand appear before most of the houses. It is said that this custom arose from the only church they had being without bells; and it was adopted to give notice of a wedding, and has now become one of the customs of the place. On the return of the party from church it is usual to throw money to the boys, who of course follow; and if this is omitted, the latter keep up a cry of "A buttermilk wedding."

In some parts of Monmouthshire there is a most peculiar custom. The bride pays "the lads of the village" to meet her after the sacred rite has been performed, with chains of hay and straw, at the church-yard gate, and the happy pair are "then and there enchained."

In Scotland they used always to wash the bridegroom's feet before the marriage day, but this is now obsolete. In "Notes and Queries" there is a brief description of this ceremony, which says, "On the eve of the wedding-day the most intimate friends of the happy pair met at the bride's father's house to take part in the feet-washing, which was looked upon as great fun."

A tub of water was placed in the best room, and the bride's feet

washed by her female friends, the men standing outside the door, making jokes, and endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the operation. As soon as this washing was finished the bridegroom was brought in, and, amidst much merriment, made to sit at the tub. His stockings were then pulled off, his legs grasped in any but a tender manner, and unsparingly daubed by all who could get near with a mixture of grease, soot, ashes, and cinders.

There was great struggling to avoid this part of the performance. However, it did not slacken the energies of the company, and lucky was the man who escaped with only slight scratches. The "real washing" followed, and a supper, songs, and whiskey ended the evening.

There is a Norfolk saying, "Be sure when you go to get married that you don't go in at one door and out at another, or you will always be unlucky." In Yorkshire the bride-cake is cut into little square pieces and thrown over the heads of the bridal pair, and the pieces picked up and drawn through the ring. Sometimes, though, the pieces are left for the crowd to scramble for.

The pieces of cake drawn through the ring should be done so nine times, and then rolled up in little packets and put under all the single ones' pillows at night, when they will be sure to dream of their future helpmates. In Scotland it is customary for the mother or nearest female relative of the bridegroom to attend at his house to receive the newly-married pair. She is expected to meet them at the door with a currant bun, which she is to break over the head of the newly-made wife before entering the house. It is considered very unlucky should the bun be broken by mistake over the head of any person but that of the bride.

I think that an explanation of the title I am soon to forfeit for that of brevet rank—the word "spinster"—must bring my researches to a close. The word "spinster" is treated with scorn all the world over, and yet reverence is due to it from its great antiquity. Timbs, in his "Things not Generally Known," says, "For the first time in the annals of archæology the early implements of spinning and weaving were met with in the graves of the Alemanni at Oberflacht, in Suabia, discovered in 1846. Among these were found spindle-pins, and the perforated rounds of stone, which were probably affixed to the ends of the spindle, to cause them to revolve more rapidly by their weight."

This manual operation, so indispensable in early times, furnished the jurisprudence of Germany and England with a term to distinguish the female line—*fusus*, and a memento of its former importance still remains in the appellation of *spinster*. Alfred, in his will, speaks of his male and female descendants by the terms of the

“spear-side” and “spindle-side;” and the German jurists still divide families into male and female by the titles of “*schwert magen*” (sword members) and “*spill or spindle magen*” (spindle members.)

With this learned extract I close my labours, shut up all the dug-up old books, and resign myself to my inevitable fate. Dress-makers, bonnet-makers, jewellers, trunk-makers, &c., &c., await me, under the direction, though, of my trio of aunts.

The presents are about the best part of the fun, only I wish every body would let me choose what I should like, for tastes, like doctors, differ; and yet I don't wish to be ungrateful. I wish, by way of novelty, the fun of the old wedding-days could be brought out again, for I am sure now the wedding breakfasts of the period are lugubrious feasts; and, what is so astonishing at these feasts is that people become *so* affectionate, and discover the bride has so many more perfections than she ever had before; and the kisses! how they go *resounding* about. Every body insisting on kissing the bride, because it is *the thing!* and how she must hate it! I know I shall. Very few of these little articles shall I value; and then every body will do the water-cart; some from tender recollections of blighted hopes, others from envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, and some from contagion, and because they can't help themselves; and then there are always a host of new relations invited, who stare at you as if you were some natural curiosity instead of only a woman and a bride. Oh! what has not that tiresome little word “yes” not let me in for? I wish they would just let me do as I like on this great event of my life; and I am sure Jack would like my way best too. Just go to church with three or four of my nearest relations, and two or three of my dearest friends; then home to a jolly lunch—no speechifying, but merely our healths drank; hail a hansom, put in our two portmanteaus, and then jump in ourselves, and off, amidst as many cheers and old shoes as our friends like to lavish on us, as a valediction. No going away in a carriage and pair, with a maid and man behind (generally lent for the purpose), all false show, pretending to be that which we are not going to be—*rich* people. It is much better to start as we mean to go on, and show I am not ashamed of being a poor man's and a soldier's wife, and not to let Jack spend any thing beyond his means on me.

There is one thing I am determined to do, in spite of my not being superstitious, and that is to get up from the altar, after the benediction, the same moment Jack does; for I see, in the account of the Royal Lorne marriage, that it is a continental idea that the first who gets up holds the domestic supremacy. Now, as there

ought to be no wish nor trial for any thing of the kind between man and wife, as each should give way to the other, and as I don't want to rule the roost any more than I should like Jack to lord-and-master it *always* over me, I hope that we may just feather our oars well and quietly together along the stream of married life, without catching any crabs to upset our married boat, and so row on to all eternity smoothly, tranquilly, and happily ; and when we reach that haven from whence no traveller returns, may we become, according to Swedenborg, "one angel."

A CHAPTER ON ELEPHANTS.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

I HAVE known some elephants cleverer than some men. By cleverer I mean, more prudent—more thoughtful—more discerning. I do not inquire whether, on the Darwinian theory, in the process of development, intelligent man may have passed through the elephantine stage. I should rather fancy not; but it may be proved that some human beings have failed to possess intellectual and moral qualities of so high an order as that with which the proboscis-adorned quadruped is gifted, and moreover, has acquired or inherited defects and vices from which the said quadruped is free. An elephant may not be able to clothe himself with gay garments, nor can many a savage tribe, which rejoices in being unencumbered with clothing. Yet I have seen an elephant as vain and as proud of his gaudy trappings as was ever a wild Indian. An elephant does not build himself an abode, neither does the Veda of Ceylon, nor the native of Formosa,—nor the savages who live in bushes, or in caves (as our forefathers did with the hyenas in the Devon and Kent caverns); but I have looked upon an elephant dwelling in an ornamented house, and exhibiting as much complacency amidst its adornings as ever did a prince in his grandest palace. Elephants have not studied the art of cookery, nor indeed has many a one of our own brethren, who live upon wild fruits, or slugs, or grubs, or fishes,—or some *par préférence*, on one another. And do not fancy that elephants have not a delicate tooth. There are those which will not be satisfied with hay, or grass, or stubble, but who expect to be fed, and are fed, upon sugar canes, and who drink sherbet instead of simple water.

There is something very attractive in what is transparent—pure, or white. What pretty descriptions have been given of mountain snows—of white roses, and lilies of the valley. We clad our very angels in white robes, and look upon a diamond with singular complacency. What are all the colours of the rainbow, or of the prism, created for, but to be blended into an all absorbing whiteness? What is virtue but purity—what is vice but a stain—what is in-

fancy but a white page without a blot? The Buddhists, it is known, have a special reverence for white quadrupeds. I have seen a white monkey honoured with special attention. And white elephants have been the cause of many a war, and their possession more an object of envy than the conquest of territory, or the transitory glories of the battle field. In the money market a white elephant is almost beyond price. Ten thousand sovereigns would hardly represent their pecuniary value. A hair from their tail is worth a Jew's ransom. It was my good fortune to present to the First King of Siam (the Siamese have two kings, exercising supreme authority) presents with which I had been charged by my Royal mistress. I received many presents in return; but the monarch placed in my hand a golden box, locked with a golden key, and he informed me the box contained a gift far more valuable than all the rest, and that was a few hairs of the white elephant. And perhaps it will be well to state why the white elephant is so specially revered.

Because it is believed that Buddha—the divine emanation from the Deity—must necessarily in his multitudinous metamorphoses—or transmissions through all existences, and through millions of *Æons*—delight to abide for some time in that grand incarnation of purity which is represented by the white elephant. While the Bonzes teach that there is no spot in the heavens above, or the earth below, or the waters under the earth which is not visited in the peregrinations of the divinity—whose every stage or step is towards purification—they hold that his tarrying may be longer in the white elephant than in any other abode—and that in the possession of the sacred creature they may possess the presence of Buddha himself. It is known that the Cingalese have been kept in subjection by the belief that their rulers have a tooth of Buddha in the temple of Kandy—and that on various tracts of the East, impressions of the foot of Buddha are revered and are the object of weary pilgrimages to places which can only be reached with difficulty—but with the white elephant some vague notion of a vital Buddha are associated—and there can be no doubt that this marvellous sagacity of the creature has served to strengthen their religious prejudices. Siamese are known to whisper their secrets into an elephant's ear and to ask a solution of their perplexities by some sign or movement. And most assuredly there is more sense and reason in the worship of an intelligent beast than in that of stocks and stones, the work of man's hands.

And yet, after all, the white elephant is not white, nor any thing like it. It is of a coffee colour, not of unburnt but of burnt coffee—a dull brownish yellow or yellowish brown—white only by contrast with his darker brother. The last which reached

Bankok was caught in the woods. The King and Court went a long way out into the country to meet him, and he was conducted with a grand procession—much pomp—and music and flying banners to the capital. There a grand mansion awaited him, and several of the leading nobility were appointed his custodians. The walls were painted to represent forests, no doubt to remind him of his native haunts, and to console him in his absence from them. All his wants were sedulously provided for—and in his “walks abroad” when “many poor he saw” he was escorted by music and caparisoned by costly vestments. His grandest and farthest promenades were to bathe in the river—when other elephants were in attendance—honoured by being made auxiliaries to his grandeur. Now and then the two sovereigns sought his presence, but I did not learn that his dignity condescended to oblige them with any special notice. But he wanted no addition to that dignity. Every thing associated with majesty and rank bore his image. A white elephant is the badge of distinction. The royal flags and seals—medals and moneys—on all sides the white elephant is the national emblem, as the cross among Christians, or the crescent among Turks—and the Siamese are prouder of it than Americans, Russians, Germans or French are of their eagles—or Spaniards of the golden fleece: the Bourbon oriflamme, the British Union Jack—show but faintly in the presence of the white elephant.

It would not be easy to find a savage fit to be a schoolmaster, but I have known an elephant practising the scholastic art, and a very clever schoolmaster was he. He was especially fond of discipline—somewhat harsh discipline—as if he had studied Solomon’s maxim, and was not willing to “spare the rod, and so to spoil the child;” and his instrument was not the ferula, nor the rod, nor the birch, but one of heavier infliction, namely an iron chain. And the matter was in this wise, when I had occasion to be acquainted with his singular but efficient teaching. They were making a new road in the interior of Ceylon—beyond the cinnamon gardens—and mounting up a steep ascent into the coffee country. There were large stones to be removed, and elephants were employed to raise them; but some of the younger of the troop became restive and unwilling to work. The senior was known by the name of “The Schoolmaster,” and he superintended the proceedings. When there was any hesitation or backwardness on the part of the labourers he took a heavy iron chain upon his proboscis and belaboured the lazy ones—so efficiently that working became less uncomfortable than were the blows he laid upon their susceptible snouts. And all this was done without any ostentation—it was merely an appeal—a tolerably

sharp appeal—to a sense of their dependence and their duty. Now I have seen the rude administration of justice among uncivilized men, and punishments inflicted, almost without discretion, upon the deserving and the undeserving. Better instructed in penal discipline than half of our country justices, the Schoolmaster Elephant made labour both profitable and reformatory—only just so much of punishment as was needful for reformation, and a proper dose to each individual case. I have an idea that magistrates and law-makers might, as sluggards are recommended to “go to the ant, to study her ways and be wise,” be sent to learn wisdom from a Schoolmaster Elephant.

There is something about an elephant very grand and very venerable too. How majestically he walks! How seldom is his “golden silence” broken! What a contrast is his imperturbable temper, his serene bearing, to the thundering growl of the lion or the terrible leap of the tiger! And then his ancestry, lost in the records of pre-historic time! What are the Bourbons and Nassaus—what is Adam himself—when their genealogies are compared with those of the progenitors of the elephant race? Why the lion, notwithstanding his imposing mane and his regal claims, is but of yesterday, compared with the ancestral aristocracy from whence the elephant is descended! And as to man—proud, vain man—who, on Biblical authority, had his birth only sixty centuries ago—why, his title-deeds and trumpety boastings are after all but as an hour balanced against long-enduring ages! And look at the dignity with which he executes his judgments. The wild beast of the forest rushes on his victim with a blood-shedding purpose, tears him in pieces, and licks the gore of the creature he has destroyed; but mark the elephant! he will seize the doomed one with his trunk, fling him on the ground, and then quietly crush him with his gigantic foot, as effectually as if a steam-hammer had fallen upon him.

Even his passions are regulated by reason; his contempt is sublime. When poor Chuny got mad, from the tooth ache, in Exeter Change, and the warrant for his destruction went forth, in pity for his sufferings, did he not turn his posteriors towards his executioners, who fired and fired away—I know not how many, but there were many discharges—till he fell covered with wounds: fell, with all the magnanimity of Cæsar himself, when, folding his mantle round him, he sank upon the pavement.

THE FLOWER GARDEN NEAR THE ALPS.

LINGERINGLY creeping, as an old man creeps,
 With heavy knapsack, and a heavier load
 Of days all lead, and sorrows closely packed,
 I, marking how the shadows of the pines
 That far to westward rimmed the wheaten field,
 Were changing fast to copper all its gold,
 And shot their jagged outlines to my feet,
 Unslung my burden, and on hollow stump
 Of beech by lightning fell'd, at ease reclined,
 Looked out for town, or hamlet, there to lodge,
 Until the sun, now setting, rose again.
 For years I've known no other home than this;
 A one-night's home in hut, or hall, or cell;
 Or village inn, or drearier hostelry—
 The Parvenu Palace, such as those that flaunt
 Along the shores of Lemane and Lucerne.

Skirting the road, a beechwood showed its front
 Of silvery green sun-lighted, to the sky
 Without a cloud, and mellowing into eve;
 Behind, the land rose gently, grove and field;
 And all before, a long broad valley stretched,
 Banked by a woody slope, like that whereon
 I now reposed, and further still a range
 Of mountains waved in forms grotesquely grand;
 One, like the figure of a sleeping knight
 Carved on some ancient tomb; spurr'd heel, and hands
 Upturned in prayer, and helmet, all complete,—
 To sculptured calm, and stillness of the grave:
 One, sharp as thorn, and one, with clustering folds
 Set in a circle, like a giant rose
 Turned into stone, and here and there sun-flecked
 With tawny streaks; for so by distance dwarfed,
 Shewed the bare rocks the bones of those huge hills;

Patches that gleamed among the purple grey,
And cloud-like shadows of their mantling pines.
Nighed in between two forests on the brow
Of the opposing upland, rose a form
Too bright for cloud, and yet too near to Heaven
For aught of earth, a glistening snowy dome,—
Mont Blanc, the mountain-king ;—I knew him well,
Tho' twenty leagues at least between us lay.
He shewed above the intervening heights,
An angel amongst men, wearing their form,
Earthly in this, but in all else divine.
Below, veiled lightly by the rising mist,
A donjon's peaked roof, ruddily grey
Peered thro' the foliage drooping to the vale
Now all in shade, and cut across, and closed
By an outjutting headland dark with firs :
Ridge over ridge of paling blue beyond
Went on to meet the mountains of Savoy ;
And whitely gleamed Mont Blanc above them all.
And then, as what is nearest oft is last
Beheld, and we the happy Far-away
Seek, ever turning from the unblest Near,
Nor know, where'er we are, the beautiful
Flies from before us ; such the curse, our doom ;
And what is bare beneath our tread, when past
Our footstep, blooms to loveliness again ;
The Far-off thornless still and Paradise.

For the first time, I noticed by the road
A gabled tenement, half house, half barn,
And round it glowed a garden bright with flowers ;—
A thing so rare in Switzerland, where all
Of beauty seems to cling around the Alps,
And leaves but sober usefulness to wreath
The smile of home in garden or in house,
My wandering gaze arrested, that had strayed
Willingly further, ever prone to range
O'er the remote ideal ; and I rose,
Pricked by a sudden fancy to behold
More near this marvel of embellishment ;
Nor lessen'd was my wonderment, to see
No rustic garden set with flowers half weeds,
But a botanic treasury, enriched
With rarest plants from India to the pole ;

Each labell'd at the root, the Latin name,
 Class, order, all exact in science, shewn :
 And sight more strange, and piteous more than strange,
 An old man worked among the flowers and wept ;
 His bent form shivering as he sobb'd ; the while,
 With hand as careful as a mother's held
 Beneath her first-born, he tied up the stems
 The wind had broken ;—now, in that parterre
 Whereon he toiled were none but Alpine plants
 Cradled in snow, and rocked by hurricanes ;
 Hence more I marvell'd why such carefulness
 He shewed for these, that least had needed care ;
 And I, with that familiarity
 Common to age and childhood ;—we, the old,
 Each unto each as readily become
 Counsellor and intimate, as they the young
 Playmate and fellow, such the force to bind
 Of joy and sorrow, on the marge of time,—
 —My head uncovering, reverence due as much
 Unto his tears, as to his hoary locks,
 Questioned him straightly, but with tone subdued,
 “ Whence those exotics, and that group as rare
 Reft from their glacier home ; lastly in words
 Of courteous sympathy forgotten now,
 Wherefore he wept in working ? ”

Then he said,
 “ They are not mine, these flowers, they are my son's,
 Or were, or are, I know not which, for he
 I think among the palms and asphodels,
 Still cares in Heaven for these his earthly pets.
 He loved them, sir ! he loved them to the last,
 And cultured them with hand so bloodless thin,
 You saw Death through it : but I'll tell you all.
 My dear, dear boy ! alas ! not always dear ;
 When fresh from God he came to me, I scowled,
 And loathed to look at him,—exchanged, not given,
 So felt I then,—bartered for one more dear,
 My youth's elect, whose life was claimed for his :
 Her soul went by his cradle to her home ;
 Her true, true home, more fitted to her need,
 Than the coarse labour of my hands could rear.
 Ah ! sir, I turned from him in hate, until,
 With mother's tongue made eloquent by death,
 She spake for him who could not speak himself.

As years went by, and in his smile I saw
 A reflex of her own, it needed not
 Those words her last, to win me to her child;
 Or for her sake, or for his own, or both,
 I grew to love him as her second self.
 He was so gentle from his birth, and kind,
 As she was, loving all created things.
 While but a babe at that sweet babbling age
 When smiling angels that o'erhang the dreams
 Of childhood lend their music to its speech,
 At summer eve he'd sit upon my knee
 And watch the sunset lighting up Mont Blanc,
 That shews at first, like the pale moon at full,
 Rising as sinks the sun, a mellowed white;
 Then golden, orange, scarlet, and at last,
 A crimson delicate yet deep as that
 Of maiden's cheek upon her bridal morn.
 You'll see the change beginning when the sun
 Drops underneath the pines of yonder hill:—
 And then his large brown eyes would turn their light
 Upon the mount, which lovelier looked to me,
 Lit by his glance, than by the hues of even.
 And he so quiet in his full delight;
 His soul seemed far away with that which dwells
 Embodied in the beauty of our Alps.
 But when the last faint crimson paled to white,
 He'd turn to me, and say—

‘ Ah! now he's dead,

No—no—not dead, but gone—gone up to her
 In Heaven, who makes you weep; to-morrow eve
 He'll leave her, and come back again.’ But sir!
 He'll never come again, nor she with him:—
 I am so lonely ”—and the old man's voice
 Shrilled into wailing, and he wept aloud.
 “ All things to him were beauteous; he loved all;
 Birds, flowers, and insects; not a worm that crawled,
 But was to him a minister of God,
 And mirror'd forth the glory of its Maker.
 He looked upon the world with happy eyes,
 Which saw it, as at first, still ‘ very good.’
 But most he loved the flowers that give themselves
 Ungrudgingly, nor feel a pang in dying,
 Nor thirsty longings of a caged life:
 These he collected, some in books set out

And dried, and others as you see them here,
 Flourishing in unfelt captivity.
 Insects and butterflies, that others hoard,
 He only loved in freedom, and had felt
 More pain in killing than their garner'd forms
 When dead had paid for with remorseful pleasure.
 In yonder gorge that opens to the vale,
 In summer flies a splendid butterfly
 Which shews a shifting purple to the sun ;
 Once one of these he caught, but kept not long ;
 His childish conscience smote him for the deed ;
 And as for penance, ere a week was past,
 He flung his glittering treasure to the winds.

“ Rare flowers to feed on with enamor'd eye,—
 This was his life's pure pastime ; all these plants
 His hands have gathered ; some on slippery peaks,
 Where at each step Death lays an icy snare.
 No foot so sure as his, no head so cool,
 Where yawns the chasm, and the avalanche hangs
 Poised o'er the furrowed gorge ; I've heard them say,
 His fellow-students—he was student, sir !
 At Zurich—none dared follow in his track,
 Save the most hardy of our chamois-hunters ;
 Nor yet in vaunting mood, nor proud disdain
 Of danger, such as fires your English lads,
 He clomb where most had trembled but to stand,
 But lured by love of beauty ;—not in scorn,
 But holy ignorance of fear and death ;
 The very chamois, so the hunters tell,
 Trusted him near them, and would gambol round
 At easy rifle shot from where he strolled
 Searching for plants, or wearied lay and sketched,
 With feet that dangled o'er a precipice,
 The mountain eagle brooding on her nest.

“ He knew not evil, all to him was good ;
 The hardest hearts and the tongue's life-long snarl
 Were softened into kindness for him :
 Even Death himself so gently drew him hence,
 He followed as unconscious of the guiding,
 And smiled away the latest breath he drew.
 Those well-remembered days that were his last,
 His solace was to look upon the hills

He could no longer climb ; here on a couch ,
 Reposing in his paradise, *that* eve
 He lay, and smiled upon me as I worked
 Tending his flowers ; gratefully he smiled ;
 His gaze divided 'twixt me and Mont Blanc,
 Which now is flushing into red, as then ;
 And, as the last dim spark went out, and white
 In death the mountain glimmer'd on the blue,
 He said ' She's come—my mother !' and so died."

Here sorrow shook the old man to his heart :
 And all his voice was wailing for a-while ;
 And then again he spake ; " 'Tis over now ;—
 The beauty of the mountain for this day ;
 The beauty of my being for this life :
 Let us go in ; and I will shew you there
 The relics of my love."

I followed him ;
 And in a small neat chamber bare of all
 Adornment, save a table, and a stool,
 And on the shelf a Bible, and a wreath
 Of flowers long faded, and a knapsack hung
 Against the wall, we entered ; and he knelt,
 I kneeling too ; and silently we prayed ;
 While thro' the gathering dusk old faces gleamed.
 I saw not those he saw, nor he the smile
 Which brightened o'er me : 'tis the smile of one
 I love ; God sends it me from heaven, sometimes,
 To keep my soul from death by loneliness.

And rising, then he turned to me, and said,
 " That was the bridal coronet of my wife,
 And on the wall the knapsack of my son ;
 Here night and morn I come, and from my heart
 Bless Him who giveth and who takes away,
 And feel His Presence, and their presence too,
 Of whom these are memorials ; when I look
 Upon these withered leaves, I mind me then
 Of flowers of asphodel and sprays of palm,
Their hands have gathered by the Sea of Glass,
 To wreathe the crown laid up for me ; for now,
 My peace by sorrow has been made with God.
 That knapsack hanging on the wall, my son's,
 Speaks of his journey ended, and of mine

So near its end ; I often think I hear
The happy voices of my wife and child
Hailing me onward from the nearing shore.
Adieu ! God grant we meet in Paradise.
Then, sir ! we'll talk together, and with them,
And whom you've lost, and there have found again,—
For you, I think, have mourned, as well as I,—
Of the half hour you once did spend on earth
In my poor cottage, when you wept with me."

W. EMERSON.

AUTHOR AND ACTRESS.

AN UNSYMMETRICAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CISSY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY RESUMED.

ONE rainy afternoon, when the wind blew in gusts, and loose, dark, gray clouds rolled across the sky, and the school-room windows rattled, and the smoke came down the chimney, and puffed itself defiantly and rudely in our faces, covering us with blacks, and causing us to ejaculate at intervals, "Oh, how tiresome to be sure!" a girl crept softly up behind me—I was sitting on a bench by the fire reading—and said, "Lindhurst, Madam Prim wants to see you in her study."

What the goddess had to say was this: "Lindhurst, you will leave school at the end of the current half year."

I departed from Miss Aurora's presence, and asked the house-keeper, who, by the bye, was in process of cutting up three loaves into thick bread and butter for our tea, to let me sit down in her room. The announcement made in such a matter-of-fact way by the goddess had surprised and rather shocked me. I wanted to think it well over without fear of interruption. I sat down in a huge chair, with inconveniently high arms and a back that went far up above my head, placed my feet on the fender, my elbows on my knees, and my chin in the palms of my hands, and in this very inelegant posture, as I listened absently to the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece, the whistling of the wind, and the soft rustle of the rain, I fell into a brown study.

I hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. I had not led a very happy life at the Clockhouse; but, in a way, I had become attached to the place, and I knew that I should leave it with something like regret. Bad as the past had been, the future might be worse. What was in store for me?

Could it be. Oh! how I hoped it—that papa was coming home at last? But a moment's reflection convinced me that such could not be the case! Were he really about to return, Miss Aurora would have told me so. By nature and principle she was precise and matter-of-fact, and incapable of lending herself to any thing in the form of a dramatic surprise.

Well, then, was I to be sent to another school, or should I remain at Mr. Grey's? I lost myself in conjecture; but from time to time my thoughts reverted to papa, and at last he became the sole object of my meditation. I had not heard from him for years. I had learnt to regard him almost as one who was dead. I recollected him just as I had seen him last—stooping down and kissing me, while the old butler held open the front door. Neither at the Clockhouse nor at Mr. Grey's was his name ever mentioned; still, for all this, I nourished a belief at the bottom of my heart that he would return and make me happy one of these days.

How proud he would be if he found me a great authoress! I felt that I should like to be famous to please him, and rich that I might help him. I worked at my novel harder than ever.

It was on the very evening before the Midsummer holidays that Miss Aurora sent for me, and said, "Lindhurst, you are not going back to Mr. Grey's; I am to send you to your uncle, Sir Harry Darlington."

I was very sorry for this. Though I was rather afraid of my guardian, he could be pleasant and amusing when he liked. Mrs. Grey, in spite of her odd ways and bursts of temper, was very kind, and I loved my little companions, Phil and Jenny, dearly.

Though they were much younger than I, trouble had aged them and made them thoughtful.

I had heard of Sir Harry Darlington, but I had never seen him. I knew that he was very rich, and that he lived in a distant part of the country. I had travelled so little that Culverton, which was some eighty or ninety miles from Podley, seemed at the other end of the world. I wondered whether my uncle were any thing like papa. I hoped so, for then I knew I should love him. I had heard my mother say that he was very handsome. I may remark that at the period of which I am speaking, my ideas of manly beauty were of a somewhat melo-dramatic type, including a deathly pale complexion, dark flashing eyes, lips that curled with disdain, long taper fingers, and a gracefully defiant attitude. My dear father very seldom mentioned his brother's name, but the servants, I recollect, used to speak of the baronet with a mixture of awe and pride, as if merely to dwell in the house of one closely related to him were to share in some degree of his greatness. Fre-

quently of an evening, as I lay in my cot, I used to hear them speculate, in hushed tones, as to what "master would do when he came into his brother's estate." I had learnt to regard Sir Harry Darlington as a species of great Mogul, a wealthy but mysterious potentate, possessed of lands and treasure in abundance, and surrounded by troops of faithful vassals. It is hardly necessary to observe that though my novel professedly described society in its most exalted phases, my acquaintance with the manners and customs of the aristocracy was in reality limited. High life in my girlish imagination had all the dazzling glitter of a transformation scene.

Though the evening was far advanced—it was nearly seven o'clock—and though by rights I ought, like the rest of the girls, to be thinking of nothing but the joys of the morrow, the workings of my fancy were not to be repressed: I begged a pencil and a sheet of foolscap paper, and at once set to work with a new chapter of my never-to-be-ended novel, in which I attempted to describe my uncle's residence, as I felt it must be.

I laid on the colours with a bold hand—valuables of every sort were employed in profusion. I revelled in a Paradise of jewellery, richly-chased goblets, antique services of plate, pile carpets, red velvet curtains fringed with gold, paintings by the most esteemed ancient and modern masters; statuary, rare exotics, and obsequious attendants in the most gorgeous liveries.

The mansion itself was an architectural triumph. The grey walls crumbling with age, and in part sheltered with ivy, bore the marks of many a gallant struggle. A banner floated proudly above the "keep." The windows deeply sunk in their embrasures reflected the last rays of a gorgeous sunset. What once had been the moat was now a flower-garden, brilliant with a thousand hues.

To the right of the castle, and somewhat to its rear, stood a cluster of gigantic oaks, whose gnarled trunks and weird branches well expressed the fierce convulsive writhings of those grim warriors who in ages past had sunk wounded on that hallowed soil.

A herd of deer might be perceived browsing amid the fern. A wide lawn swept down to the banks of a noble river, on the bosom of which lay many a boat filled with gaily attired pleasure seekers.

Distant music was audible.

In front of the castle targets had been set up, and these, together with a tent evidently provided with a view to dancing, gave promise of an archery *fête* on the morrow.

But I need not proceed. The inside of the mansion was worthy of the exterior. The *mise en scene*, which was of unrivalled "luxury," comprehended "a magnificent staircase of marble," "a

spacious library, into which the sunshine struggled through tall narrow windows, filled with elaborate tracery and richly stained glass," "a nobly proportioned ball-room, the entrance to which was guarded by frowning Caryatides," and "a shimmering sea of waving plumes, coronets, and smiling faces."

I regret to say that the reality fell far short of the picture painted by my imagination.

Culverton House was a very gloomy commonplace building, with nothing striking or interesting about it. It had square windows, an insignificant portico, and a stuccoed front.

It had been raining hard all day, and this gave the place an additionally melancholy appearance. A heavy mist hung over the earth, nature seemed to have a fit of the sulks, and you could almost believe that the sun would never shine again. I was shivering and depressed, for my journey had been long and dreary. The aspect of my uncle's house did not serve to raise my spirits.

However, I was very kindly received. My aunt met me in the entrance hall; she came out of a room to the left of the broad arched passage in which I found myself, kissed me, and gave a few directions concerning my luggage to the tall, prim, and eminently respectful gentleman in plain clothes, who had vouchsafed to open the door.

Then she felt my hands, for I had taken off my gloves, and rolled them up in a little ball. "Why you are as cold as a lump of ice," she said, "come in here and warm yourself."

I followed her into a small prettily furnished room, where there was a bright fire burning. The weather was more like winter than summer, and I was quite glad to see a cheerful blaze. My aunt asked me if my things were wet, and told me that in about a quarter of an hour I should have something to eat. Then she took off my hat, for my hands were so numbed with the cold that I had been unable to do anything for myself, smoothed my hair back on my forehead, and gazed at me attentively. Then she took my helpless paws in her soft warm hands, and rubbed them gently while she asked me sundry questions concerning my journey, and the life I led at school. She was so kind that I quickly recovered cheerfulness and confidence.

By-and-by we had a substantial meat-tea. It was served in a room corresponding to the one into which my aunt had first taken me, but on the opposite side of the passage. Sir Harry, I now learnt, was away in London.

Lady Darlington was so kind, cheerful, and unrestrained that I was soon at my ease, and became very talkative. I told her many things that I should certainly have withheld from any one whom I

regarded as a stranger. I even owned in a moment of effusion that I was fond of writing stories.

I slept in an embarrassingly large room, which I had all to myself. It was so big that when I first went into it, it made me feel quite shy. I was half-inclined to remonstrate—it was really too grand and spacious.

It was up rather high, and you had to go through a good many passages to get to it; but it was beautifully clean and very comfortable. It was wide, and rather low in the ceiling. The chimney-piece, I recollect, was ornamented with rams' skulls and garlands, and the furniture had a quaint old-world air. There were some very funny pictures on the walls, chiefly line and mezzotint engravings, one of them an old man clipping Cupid's wings. The window overlooked the flower-garden, and, as I found out the next day, commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. A genuine old English fire burnt in the capacious grate, and threw quivering shadows all over the room. There were plenty of books on shelves, and two mysterious trunks stood in a corner. Not the least interesting features of this chamber were a tall wardrobe, shaped something like a church organ, being composed of two cupboards of the sentry-box kind, one on each side of a chest of drawers; a very prettily-arranged dressing-table, and an enormous looking-glass, with gilt brackets for candles. No wonder I felt shy!

This magnificent room was a great change after the eminently smug but meagrely furnished apartments at Mrs. Thorold's.

After I had put out my candle, I sat down by the fire, and gave myself up to meditation. The house was very quiet; I could hear the wind and the rain, and the ticking of a great, solemn-faced clock, which I had noticed on the landing outside my room, and that was all. I remembered how during the previous evening I had sat in the housekeeper's room at Podley listening to nearly the same combination of sounds.

Presently I got up, walked softly to the window, drew aside the blind, and, shading my eyes with my hands, looked out; but I could see nothing—it was pitch dark. Then I returned to the fire-side, and thought of the Clockhouse and the girls, whom in all probability I should never see again, and could not help feeling a little sad; but when I reflected on my aunt's kindness, melancholy gave place to gratitude.

By-and-by I began to wonder what Phil and Jenny were doing, and if they were sorry that I was not going back to them. After that my thoughts wandered away into the past, to my very first morning at school, when I lay in bed and listened to the ticking of a clock that seemed to come nearer and nearer. There was some-

thing very impressive in the reflection that a portion of my life, which I had once thought interminable, had passed away like a dream, and become a mere matter of memory.

Gradually the fire sunk lower and lower, till at last it fell in with what to me in the silence of night sounded like a crash. Then I knew that I ought to be going to bed. I knelt down and said my prayers, thanking God for all his great goodness in the past, and begging him to protect me for the future. After that I drew aside the snow-white dimity bed-curtains and crept in between the sheets; I turned over on my side, and for some moments reflectively watched the fire. Then I noticed that on a shelf at one side of the chimney-piece there were three very tempting looking books bound in red. I determined that I would wake up early the next morning and examine them before I dressed. By this time my eyelids were heavy and my thoughts were beginning to wander. I seemed to hear the goddess speaking to me. After that I distinctly heard one of the girls laugh. The wind moaned drearily, and I fancied that I was in a boat out at sea. Then I imagined that I was walking by the river side at Podley, and that the water was coming down at the weir. In a moment more I was fast asleep.

When I awoke the next morning the sun was shining in through the window. I leant a little way out of bed and drew aside the blind. Oh, what a beautiful view! I could see hills miles and miles away, and every thing looked fresh and cheerful. I got out of bed very softly; for fear I should disturb any body, took down the three books off the shelf, tucked myself cosily in again between the sheets, and prepared for an hour's quiet, enjoyable reading. At this moment I heard a church clock in the distance strike seven.

The books of which I had possessed myself were "Annals." They were very handsomely bound, and contained some beautiful pictures. I read two of the stories, and they were very interesting. The first was about some robbers in Spain, and the second described the sorrows of a lady who had been separated by her uncle—a cruel Baron—from a young man—a knight—for whom she had the greatest affection. I wondered that people who had such delightful books should put them in a bed-room instead of displaying their charms on the drawing-room table.

I had breakfast with Lady Darlington in the little room where we had taken tea. The toast and the coffee and the eggs in silver egg-cups, and the glazed ham and the cold fowl, with parsley round it, had a very luxurious and appetizing appearance, after the weak tea and stale bread and butter of the Clockhouse.

Having enjoyed a delicious meal, comprising a cup of tea sweet-

ened with two large lumps of sugar—Lady Darlington said that she did not consider coffee fit for young people—a crisp slice of toast, a new laid egg, and, not to particularize other delicacies, a liberal allowance of bread and apricot jam, I left the room with my aunt's permission, and went into the garden. Here I enjoyed myself very much, for the flowers were really lovely. The gardener, too, who happened to be at work, was a very civil man, and discussed various subjects of horticultural interest with a fluency in the enumeration of long names that was highly impressive.

During the day Lady Darlington took me for a walk. She showed me the deer in the park. We went to the top of a hill, from which we had a magnificent view, and I saw some of the grandest old oak trees and tallest of ferns that I have ever met with. My aunt talked to me very kindly, and every one we passed treated us with the greatest respect.

After a week's thorough enjoyment my uncle returned. He was not at all like papa. He disappointed me sadly. He was very handsome, no doubt, but there was something in his face that puzzled and disconcerted me. He had a hasty, imperious manner. If the servants did not do things just as he ordered he got very angry. He had a harsh voice, and frowned dreadfully. Altogether he frightened me. I did not like to be in a room alone with him. If I ventured to address him he would not answer me. If I saw him coming in my direction, I stood aside to let him pass, or else turned back to escape meeting him.

One day Lady Darlington set off on a journey to visit some friends. She told me that she should be away about a week. I was sorry for this, for I knew that I should be left alone in the house with my uncle. I hardly knew what I dreaded, but at least I could see that he was not my friend.

I was presently given to understand that during my aunt's absence I was to have my meals in a room by myself. To be sure every thing was very good and nicely served, and I was treated with the greatest politeness—indeed with a politeness that was quite oppressive—but I had no one to talk to, and my only resource was to read or to walk about the garden. Luckily there were plenty of books at my disposal. I ought to tell you too that about a quarter of a mile from the house there was a curious little cottage overlooking a lake. It was fitted up as a sitting room, and Lady Darlington had told me that I might go and read or work there whenever I chose. I used to sit in this queer little retreat for hours together, with Sophronia as my companion, plying the needle, or the equally industrious though not equally innocent pen.

During my aunt's absence I very nearly succeeded in finishing

my novel. I should have finished it entirely, but for a digression on the subject of Switzerland, which I found it impossible to resist. The summer-house near the pond, and the trees by which it was surrounded, reminded me in some measure of that exploded glory, the Swiss Cottage at the Colosseum.

Of a fine afternoon I would listen to the wind murmuring softly and plaintively through the branches, and the gentle rustle of the ivy outside the window, and feel sad and happy at the same time. The part of the day that I loved best was towards the close of the afternoon, when the sunlight was subdued into tenderness, when the leaves were beginning to darken against the sky, and the birds seemed to sing more sweetly than ever. I used to look down into the bright blue water and watch the fish darting in and out amongst the long quivering leaves and strange growths, that seemed only a few inches, though they were really many feet below the surface. Then I would gaze up at the circle of blue sky overhead, until I seemed almost to be drawn up into it, so surely and gradually did its infinitude reveal itself. Every now and then, however, a cloud would float sadly across the open, and cast a dark cold shadow over the pond. In the meanwhile I used to think of all sorts of things. I looked forward years into my own life, picturing that which could never be, though I believed, in my girlish simplicity, that it was sure to come to pass. I weaved the plots of a thousand extravagant stories, and in more prosaic moments wondered what the goddess and the girls at the Clockhouse were doing, speculated as to my chances of ever again seeing Phil and Jenny Grey, or revived with startling distinctness sundry insignificant circumstances connected with my career at Podley, or with those dear old days in London that really seemed to date back centuries.

At last one evening my aunt returned unexpectedly. I was surprised and delighted. She was handsomer and kinder than ever, and in the best of spirits. Her return to the house was like a burst of spring sunshine after the fogs of autumn and winter. Her husband, however, did not seem at all glad to see her. He did not even smile, though she spoke to him most affectionately. But then I must own in justice that I never saw him smile all the time I was at Culverton.

The next day I had my breakfast as formerly with my uncle and aunt in the dining room. To tell the truth I felt uneasy, in spite, or rather because, of the honour thus conferred upon me. When I wished Sir Harry "good morning," he made no reply. He simply took up the newspaper that was drying in front of the fire, turned it inside out, seated himself in an arm-chair, his slippered feet on the fender, and began to read.

When his wife came down he took no notice of her. She spoke first to him, and then to me, but he did not even raise his eyes from the newspaper. However, she was not a bit angry at his rudeness. When she saw that he had a frown on his face she appeared a little anxious, laid her arm tenderly on his shoulder, put her face close to his, and said gently, "What is the matter, darling, you don't seem well?" Sir Harry actually pushed her away from him, and when she sat down at the table with a sigh, and evidently pained at his behaviour, I pitied her with all my heart. She was a good woman, always thoughtful of others, self-denying, patient, and full of gentleness and affection. I never saw her out of temper all the time I lived with her. Gloomy and harsh as was her husband's manner, she never showed a trace of resentment or ill-humour.

After breakfast my aunt and I went out for a walk in the garden. It was a beautiful morning. The rain-drops—there had been an early shower—still lay like beads on the open blossoms. The sun shone brightly, but there was a chilly feeling in the air. Lady Darlington gathered a basketful of fruit, and proposed that we should spend the morning in the little cottage by the lake. "We can take our work and books with us," she said; "I want to talk to you." We returned for a moment to the house; then having put on our hats and collected such articles as we thought necessary, we set forth across the lawn to our destination.

When we reached the summer-house we found that a fire had already been lighted, no doubt in anticipation of our visit, for this odd little snuggerly was, as I knew, a favourite resort of Lady Darlington. We opened the window that we might enjoy the sunshine and fresh air, laid out our needle-work and books on the table, and were soon quite cozy.

"Cissy," said her ladyship, "you are growing up now, and I can talk to you seriously."

At this exordium my heart fluttered a little, for I was afraid something unpleasant was coming; but I knew that I had done nothing to offend my aunt; her manner was kindness itself, and she spoke so gently, and the expression of her face was so full of tenderness that I knew I could listen to her, if not without apprehension, at least, with entire confidence in her sincerity and goodness.

"I want you," she said, "to understand exactly how you are situated. Probably you have already guessed much that I am about to tell you, but I think it is as well to take nothing for granted, so I shall explain every thing from the very beginning." She then went on to inform me that shortly before my mother's death, which occurred soon after I went to school, my father had

met with great misfortunes, that through no fault of his own he had been reduced to extreme poverty, and eventually compelled to emigrate. It appeared that I had been educated at the expense of my uncle, who also had provided me with a home at Mr. Grey's, and that though he and my father had not been on good terms for many years, the baronet was under an obligation to him, and could not well escape undertaking my charge.

Sir Harry, my aunt then went on to explain, was now, for some mysterious reason, indisposed to do any thing more for me. "That is to say," she added, "he would provide for you in a way so insufficient that I should be ashamed to describe his intentions. I am induced to believe," she continued, "that he must have had some further disagreement with your papa. It is vain to question him, he will tell me nothing. Though I believe that he has been in frequent communication with your father for years past, he has not once mentioned his name. I am utterly in the dark as to where he may be, or as to what he is doing, but Sir Harry's disposition towards him is such that I am sure if any misfortune had happened to him I should have heard of it." She then bade me take comfort, and expressed an earnest conviction that though for good reasons of his own my father might delay his return, he was sure to come back sooner or later, and in all probability before long. I need hardly particularize the arguments she used, not without success, to convince me of that which I was already only too willing to believe.

Presently she startled me not a little by asking if I should like to go back to Mr. Grey's. "Culverton," she said, "is a dull place. You have no companions here; though the life you are leading now may be pleasant as a change, you would soon get tired of it."

She added that she should always consider I had a distinct claim upon her, and that she was bound to help me to the best of her ability. Though she gave me to understand she was not rich, she said that if I liked to return, at least for the time being, to my old home, she thought she could arrange for my doing so. She further assured me that if I applied to her in my difficulties, and wanted either her advice or assistance, I should always find her my friend. At the same time she impressed upon me the necessity of endeavouring to help myself. "Money," she said, "doubles its value when we earn it by our own exertions. No assistance, however willingly given or gratefully received, can compensate for the loss of our independence, and consequently of our self-respect."

I thanked my aunt very much for all her kindness; but, fond as I was of her, I heard not without pleasure that, if all went well, I

should return in little less than a fortnight to Mr. Grey's. I longed so to see Phil and Jenny again.

I spent the remainder of my stay at Culverton very pleasantly.

When the time came for me to leave, her ladyship gave me some money, and made me a few useful presents. Also, to my great joy, she presented me with the three books of which I had expressed such an admiration. I thought that very kind of her. I parted from my aunt with tears in my eyes. When I arrived at the station, I found that a great basket of pears and apples was waiting to be put into the train. It had been sent round by the gardener, and I perceived that it was addressed to me at Mr. Grey's.

When I reached my destination, Phil and Jenny were in ecstasies of delight, though as grimy and unkempt as ever. Only the latter, however, appeared to welcome me. The former had no boots or shoes left, merely an old pair of slippers much too large for him, and his father declined to buy him any; consequently he was ashamed to come upstairs. Mrs. Grey received me kindly, but her husband was cold. He had a frown on his face, and was employing violent language to a youth who had just brought in a couple of dozen of Burgundy, but not without having broken one of the bottles.

We had a most expensive dinner that evening, filthily served. The dishes were brought up by a charwoman, the housemaid having left abruptly by reason of a suspension of payments on the part of her master. The plates, I recollect, were ornamented with black thumb-marks. In addition to a saddle of mutton, we had three plump partridges, but they were the less appetizing from being put on the table by a female who had bare sinewy arms, dishevelled hair, a gown whereof the skirts were pinned up to her waist, and a countenance at once irritable in expression and streaming with perspiration.

The change from my uncle's to Mr. Grey's was very decided, and not altogether to the disadvantage of Culverton.

As time advanced, my guardian grew more and more surly; he seemed to have taken a spite against me. I was no longer treated as a guest, but quite as one of his own children. I was relegated to the kitchen; I was expected to help the servants, or rather to take the place of the missing housemaid. I received scowls and harsh words in payment for my assiduous endeavours to please; and if at dinner I ventured to suggest the propriety of a second helping, I was abashed by a sarcastic allusion to the strength of my appetite.

I began to feel really quite unhappy. I thought of writing to Lady Darlington, but, in the first place, I had no letter-paper,

envelopes, or stamps, and Mr. Grey would not give me any; in the second, knowing that she could really do very little for me, I was ashamed to make what might seem like an ill return for her kindness, by complaining of the condition of my home, when but for her I should have had no home at all.

In the meanwhile my MSS. began to accumulate on my hands. They were written on any old scrap of paper I could find. I should have sent them, in the hopes of earning a little money, to the editors of divers popular magazines, but those gentlemen were saved the trouble of perusing and returning them by the very considerate behaviour of my guardian, who informed his family in general, and me in particular, that postal correspondence was one of the most dangerous and idle habits that a person could acquire, and that however much we might petition for stamps, he would be compelled—owing partly to the reduced state of his income, coupled with the great number of existing demands on his purse—to meet our supplications with a flat refusal.

At last the secret of the extraordinary change that had taken place in my guardian's conduct oozed out.

One day, when her husband had been more than usually bearish, Mrs. Grey endeavoured to comfort me. I then learnt that the sum which Lady Darlington was able to afford for my maintenance was considerably less than that which had been allowed in times past by my uncle. In plain language, Mr. Grey was not satisfied with what my aunt gave him; but still, owing to the chronic embarrassment of his circumstances, he was scarcely in a position to forego the small monetary advantage he derived from it. Thus he made a profit out of me, and regarded me as a dead loss at the same time. I foresaw that my future career would hardly be one of unalloyed happiness.



THE MAIDEN AT THE WELL.

THE MAIDEN AT THE WELL.

A FACE so pure no gaze can vex,
 Nor more confuse those eyes,
 Than stars which learn from lowly streams
 Their beauty in the skies.

No heart for love, what earth calls love,
 No hopes, no yearnings vain :
 No thoughts but come from holy things,
 Then wander back again.

A life which is so calm and fair
 That little is to tell :
 Her history lies within our hearts—
 The Maiden at the Well.

REA.

TO THE ALPS.

ETERNAL hills, in your sublime abode
 The soul goes forth untrammelled, and apart
 From little self expands and learns of God.
 There it forgets awhile the busy mart
 Where strength, heart, life, are joined with cunning art
 To common currency ; forgets the strife
 For gold, place, power, and fame ; the bitter smart
 Of disappointment, pain, and sorrow rife,
 Where poor frail nature treads the thorny paths of life.

Ye are unsullied by the " serpent's trail "
 Of sin and death, with all their weary woes ;
 And ye do minister within the veil
 Of an eternity that never knows
 The changes of decay. Time overthrows
 Man's proudest glory ; but his hand has striven
 In vain to mar your beauty ; as ye rose
 When form and light to the young earth were given,
 With your white brows ye stand by the closed gates of heaven.

COMMONPLACE PAPERS.

BY A WOMAN.

 "THE WOMAN OF THE PERIOD."

No. II.

PASSING on to the evils of the defective system of training for women, I begin my second paper with rather a sweeping assertion; but I make it "subject to all exceptions." The school-teaching of girls in England is very inefficient; the school-training is very defective, the principle of it is instruction without education. A certain amount of "English branches," with "foreign languages, music and drawing," is gone through. The pupils *do* their "music;" *do* their "English branches;" *do* their "foreign languages;" and when they have *done* them, they do not altogether understand what they have been *doing*. The process has had the effect of making them believe that they have learned a good deal. They have certainly gone through a good deal, but the ordinary result of their labour is similar to Mr. Toots' knowledge, which was like ill-arranged luggage—so tightly packed that he never could get at anything he wanted.

We want, we greatly want, properly trained women as instructors and educators. When we remember to whom the education of most of the girls in England is entrusted, whether brought up at school or under governesses at home, can we wonder at the results? The scantily educated daughters of poor gentry, who have to earn their bread; the daughters of an inferior class, to whom it is a rise in their condition to be associated with the families they enter; to these, some who have been brought up to the work on defective principles, and who gradually work themselves up to being the heads of boarding-schools, managing to keep up an appearance with indiscriminating parents—and you will have a large proportion of the instructresses of the daughters of England. None of these do we blame; they are honestly gaining their livelihood to the best of their ability. But we deplore that they are so utterly unfit for the work they have in hand.

Nevertheless, teachers are not wholly to blame in the matter; parents are equally guilty of producing this superficial system of education. Take, for instance, music. Few parents are willing that their children shall be kept to scales and exercises and studies—they want them to “play tunes.” Any nursery governess can teach them scales. “What,” they argue, “is the use of paying for music if there is not something to show for it? Drawing meets with a similar argument. Parents are dissatisfied if their children are kept to straight lines, curves, cubes, ovals, &c., &c. “We expect them to draw landscapes,” say the parents. The teachers, who have to make a living, give way; and the result is, a series of cramped houses, and frilled trees; or, worse, a series of excellent drawings “mounted” so skilfully by the drawing-master that the pupils fail to recognize their own handiwork, though the parents believe them to be the talented productions of their talented offspring.

And so through the various branches of knowledge. Parents want to see an early show of blossom; so they sacrifice the plant in order, by hot-house pressure, to produce for a short season an ephemeral bloom—the girl has been drilled into the performance of half a dozen “company pieces;” or she can show to admiring (?) visitors some half dozen of the skilfully “mounted” drawings: but when the glory of these is faded, her day is over. She does not understand how to learn a piece without the master; she does not know, when removed from the sustaining prop of masters and mistresses, how to set about drawing the simplest object before her.

With regard to music and drawing, I will here remark, in parenthesis, that much valuable time is lost in teaching either the one or the other to girls who have no taste for them. But then parents hold that a girl is not “finished” without accomplishments, and “music is such an amusement, and gives so much pleasure to others;” a sentiment from which I entirely differ. Music does not give pleasure unless it come from the heart of the performer. The best argument that can be advanced in favour of the music learned for society, is, that it promotes conversation.

There is also another difficulty with parents. Lord Lyttelton, in an excellent address, at one of our Social Science meetings, observed, that “the question of original stupidity was as puzzling to him as the question of original sin.” Undoubtedly, there is a great deal of “original stupidity” in the world; and if parents could only be persuaded, just for the sake of argument, to grant that a little of this “original stupidity” might possibly be possessed by their children, it would often be of the very greatest advantage to them. But parents are apt to believe that their own geese are swans, and that it wants only a little skill on the part of the teacher to develop these

remarkable creatures into geniuses of the first order. Teachers and parents alike are led to overlook the great primary demand in education—that of disciplining and preparing the mind to receive and to grasp knowledge. Teachers believe that their great duty is to convey learning, instead of training their pupils to acquire learning for themselves. They overlook the fact that to teach a girl *how* to learn half-a-dozen lines is of far more value than to teach her to repeat fifty pages by rote.

Lord Lyttelton, in one of his addresses on education, said that “it was well for a boy to learn something that was distasteful to him.” It is equally well for a girl to do the same. There is no discipline so good for the mind as to learn something that is difficult of attainment; and that one must exercise one’s powers in order to understand, is a truth that must be learned and applied bit by bit. I speak from experience, and one’s own experience is a very strong rock to give one argument-ground, though I am quite aware that it is the last thing that any one else is willing to profit by. Still, I believe that in this paper I cannot better plead the cause of the kind of training which I think most valuable, than by giving my own testimony as to its efficacy.

At the age of eleven or twelve I was fortunate enough to have for my instructress a most judicious lady, who advocated for my sister and myself the learning of the Latin grammar, “not,” said she, “that they will probably ever make much progress in Latin, but because it will give them some trouble to learn the grammar thoroughly.” So we learned it bit by bit, line by line; and, what was more, it was so well explained to us that we understood it! Never was a new bit learned until the old was completely conquered. And so it came to pass, that at one period I could say the whole of the Latin grammar from beginning to end, scarcely making a mistake. As far as Latin itself was concerned, I did not progress far; I got through a few chapters of Cæsar and part of the first book of Virgil, and my labours were at an end. But the discipline I never regretted; it did me more good than the acquisition of a much greater amount of knowledge would ever have done.

I had been learning ever since I was four or five years old; and when I was placed with this wise lady I supposed that I had quite done with English grammar and the first rules of arithmetic, but great was my mortification when I found I had to begin both again from the very beginning, just as if I knew nothing at all. In arithmetic especially I remember feeling quite crestfallen (after having *done sums* for several years), to find myself set down to add up an addition sum of a single row of figures!

But the system worked well; every thing was learned from the very beginning, and learned thoroughly, with trouble to the pupil and with trouble to the teacher also. She was determined that the brain should work understandingly; and when I was puzzling over a difficult miscellaneous example, would say, "My dear, it would be very easy for me to show you how to do it, but it will do you more good to find it out for yourself; you will not have me with you through life to explain every thing." And this is just what teachers should understand—but which teachers do not understand—that the aim and object of education is to make their pupils think and reason for themselves, so that their minds shall be intelligently alive to receive and grasp the knowledge placed within their reach.

My good and wise instructress is now dead. She passed away before I could fully appreciate her labours, or tell her how much I valued them; but up to the time of her death I visited her with feelings of respect and affection; and though it is a saying that "no boy ever loved the man who taught him the Latin grammar," I can truly say that it is more than possible for the girl to love the woman who not only taught her the Latin grammar, but who thoroughly instructed her in decimals.

And, in a like spirit, I would say to teachers generally, the more thoroughly and conscientiously you teach, the more will your pupils respect you; and you will lay the foundation of a love, a reverence, a gratitude that will never die out in after years.

I am glad to have the opportunity of paying this tribute to the memory of one whose patience, whose ability, whose conscientiousness, whose strict integrity of principle have been so valuable in their effects upon my education. For though I have now forgotten the decimals, and the Latin grammar has become so incorporated with other knowledge that it has no distinct existence, shall I therefore say, that the acquisition of these things was useless, because I never became a mathematician nor a writer of Latin verses; because, through bending my energies in other directions, these studies have been of no direct use to me? I answer, no. Knowledge that is laboriously acquired is never useless. If it is never brought to bear upon a definite object, it has so cultivated the mind that, to twist for an illustration the poet's words, "its waters returning back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment."

THE LEGEND OF SIR HENRY DE ARUNDEL.

SIR HENRY DE ARUNDEL'S brow is dark,
 Dark as the wave of the wintry sea;
 And sadness lurks in his brooding eye
 Where ever a smile was wont to be.

And when he speaketh his words are few,
 As the words that a dying man may gasp;
 And when he taketh a friendly hand
 The warmth of old it doth fail his grasp.

Why doth this coldness sit at his heart?
 Why doth this sorrow lurk in his eye?
 Men say he hath talked with the weird woman,
 And thus hath she read him his destiny:—

“There is a vault of good grey stone,
 And over it tombs of carving rare;
 Or ever a year and a day be gone,
 Henry de Arundel slumbereth there.

“Yet falleth he not in bower and hall,
 Or under the shade of the good green tree;
 His bier shall be spread on the dark sea weed
 By the shifting sands of the western sea.”

Thus to the knight spake that weird woman,
 When as in Efford's halls he lay:

“Oh! God forbend,” Sir Henry he said,
 “That ever should fall so foul a day.

“Blithely my soul would I breathe away
 In the battle shock to the shouts of the brave
 But bitter it is a nameless corpse
 To be toss'd on the swell of the heaving wave.

“Oh! Efford's bowers are stately and strong,
 Fast by the shore of the western sea;
 But broader the lands of fair Trerice
 By many a mile of lawn and lea.

“ Rise up, rise up, my little foot page
 That kneelest lowly at my side,
 And we will away to fair Trerice
 Before the close of even-tide.

“ And bravely there will we chase the hart,
 And bravely our falcons there we'll fly,
 Far from the moan of the salt sea tide
 And the evil glance of a witch's eye.

“ 'Twas there that my first faint breath I drew,
 'Twas there that my heart to throb began,
 And there, by our Lady's grace, will I die
 For all the word of a false womàn.”

“ Oh ! many a true, true tale, Sir Knight,
 With dole and painfulness is blent ;
 But curse me not for a false womàn,
 Or ever a year and a day be spent.”

They hunted East, they hunted West,
 For many a blitheful summer's morn ;
 They struck full many a stately hern
 When March winds whistled through the thorn.

And aye as the sweet spring leaves grew long,
 And the year and a day was well nigh gone,
 The fire of Sir Henry's eye grew bright,
 And the wonted smile on his cheek it shone.

“ Now, by the holy Saints mine aid ;
 For in twice twelve days my life is free
 From all the spells of the weird womàn,
 Her magic and her grammarye.”

The broad green oaks in their summer pride
 Mirrored themselves in the water still,
 When there came a horseman at eventide
 Toiling over the western hill :
 Never a wearier man and horse
 Heralded tidings of good or ill.

“ To horse, Sir Henry of Arundel !
 As thou art sheriff in Cornish land ;
 Hearken the tidings that I shall tell ;
 And to horse and away with all thy band.

“ Earl Richard of Oxenford, crafty and bold,
 Who got him away from Barnet fight,
 Has won him by stealth St. Michael’s hold,
 Yestreen at the hour of dim twilight.

“ Firm foot in the stirrup, stout lance at rest,
 Mount, mount and away to the western main;
 The knight shall in story and song be blest,
 Who winneth St. Michael’s Mount again.”

A gloom hath come on Sir Henry’s soul,
 A cloud on his brow so broad and clear;
 He standeth as one that heareth not,
 Or a tale of doubtful faith doth hear.

But lightly again the cloud swept o’er,
 And his brow was clear, and his glance was high;
 “ Now cometh my doom in a noble guise;
 A true and a stainless knight I die.

“ And blest be our God, all-merciful,
 Who turneth to day the weariest night:
 Now shall not a nameless end be mine,
 But the death of the brave in stricken fight.

“ To horse! to horse! my merry men all!
 One stroke for the cause of the fair white rose;
 And, whether by sea or by land I fall,
 Mine eyes in an honour’d sleep I close.”

There rode forth a goodly company
 At peep of day to the trumpet’s blare:
 But a weary and sorrowful few came home,
 And their trumpets wailed to the midnight air.

Weary and sad from the western shore
 Their plumes are dank with the salt sea-spray;
 A sad and a weary load they bore,
 Sir Henry of Arundel’s lifeless clay.

The night is gone—and the fateful year
 Passed with the fading stars in the west.
 In the cold grey vault, on a spray-wash’d bier,
 Calmly the bones of Sir Henry rest.

E. BOGER.

HELIO-TYPE, OR PHOTOCHEMIC PRINTING.

UNEXPECTED features occur in the course of application of every new invention. Sometimes they present themselves as serious or even fatal stumbling-blocks ; at other times they add a new value to the original discovery. Thus, the rapid and unexpected absorption of heat by the rarefied air proved fatal to the ingenious mechanism of the atmospheric railways. Thus, on the other hand, the power unexpectedly derived from the blast of the escaped steam raised the velocity of the locomotive to four times that anticipated by George Stephenson. In each of these, as in many other, instances, an unforeseen incident decided the fate of the invention.

When the chemical change effected by certain rays of the spectrum on the salts of silver was first rendered available for the purposes of art, by the use of the camera, the new process was not long in assuming a special development. Faint metallic shadows, resembling, to some extent, reflections on water, were produced on silvered plates by Daguerre. The efforts of Mr. Fox-Talbot and other students of the chemistry of light were then directed to the production of sun pictures, which should, as closely as possible, resemble mezzotint, or line engraving. As experience increased, however, it turned out that the clear and soft tones, graduating with infinite delicacy, which were given by the partial reduction of metal on albumenized paper, recommended themselves to public taste. Photographers then sought no longer to produce work that should counterfeit engraving, but vied with each other in the delicacy or the force of their own shadowy craft. Even the brown gloss, or other metallic tint, was prized as a beauty, instead of being avoided as a novel peculiarity. There can be no doubt that in many cases, especially in the silver photographs executed at Berlin, and in those taken in this country by Signor Morelli, extreme delicacy and beauty is attained. For prints mounted on card, and kept in portfolios, the only objection to these reproductions is their tendency to fade. This may, indeed, according to the skill of the manipulator, and the expense to which he goes in the use of gold, as well as in the expenditure of time in working up each individual

impression, be a question of years rather than of weeks. Still there is no doubt that with all metallic photographs, fading and ultimate obliteration are only questions of time.

To have recourse to the service of the chemistry of light in facilitating actual printing in pigments has, therefore, been an object steadily kept in view by the most philosophic students of photography. Among the various means employed for this purpose, three sister and rival processes claim our chief attention, all three of which depend on the peculiar action of gelatine, when treated with the salts of chromium, under the influence of light.

Gelatine, which is a substance very similar to isinglass, and manufactured by a peculiar process from the skins of animals, when combined with the chromate of potash, is rendered insoluble by exposure to light. It is also rendered insoluble by the application of chrome alum. On these two chemical facts depend the distinct processes of printing in pigment, from matrices photographically prepared, which are known by the names of the Auto-type, the Woodbury-type, and the Helio-type.

In each of these processes a thin plate of gelatine, of the apparent consistency of a sheet of cardboard, is exposed to light transmitted through a photographic negative on glass, after having been immersed in a bath containing a solution of bichromate of potash. In the two former methods, the gelatine plate, the chemical state of which is thus changed, is then placed in a bath of warm water, and the soluble portions, being those from which the light has been kept off by the darker parts of the transparent negative, are washed away. A sort of model, a picture in relief, is thus obtained. In the Auto-type the gelatine is mixed, in the first instance, with a pigment of the required colour—black (from which the name of the carbon process has been taken), red, or any other. The coloured model is transferred to a sheet of card or thick paper, and becomes the actual print—the Auto-type which is obtained by the purchaser. As the impressed model dries, the relief becomes almost imperceptible; and the effect of the best examples closely resembles that of good chalk drawings. The process, however, is both costly and uncertain. The failures are numerous: a separate process is required to ensure permanence. Half tones are not to be procured by it. The most satisfactory productions of the Auto-type Company are due to the extreme beauty of the negatives taken by M. Braun, which they have been fortunate enough to purchase.

In the Woodbury-type the gelatine is not mixed with pigment. When the picture in relief is produced, as in the form mentioned, it is placed under a metallic plate, and subjected to a powerful

hydraulic pressure. The projections of the matrix are thus transferred, in intaglio, to the plate. From this, impressions are taken on paper in a gelatinous ink. The beauty and purity of the tones thus obtained vie with any but the very best silver photographs. Chemical decomposition, or fading from the action of light, is not to be dreaded in the Woodbury-type. Any requisite rapidity of production may be commanded, as it is easy to multiply the plates. The price, moreover, is far below that of the Auto-type, or even of the metallic photograph. But no gelatine print is absolutely safe from the effects of damp; and there is a special peculiarity in the Woodbury-type process which is fatal to its success as a method of book illustration. The ink which is squeezed out in the process of printing accumulates at the side of the print, and, in consequence, the margin has to be cut off. It is thus indispensable for the Woodbury-type print to be mounted; and although this process is now rapidly and elegantly effected, and is unobjectionable in some cases, it is inadmissible in a book, as the different capacity for moisture of the adhering papers causes a twisting and cockling which is destructive of the regularity of the pages. Books which have been illustrated, regardless of expense, by silver photographs, are ruined by the same irresistible hygrometric action.

In the Helio-type process, the gelatine plate, before exposure under the negative, is submitted to the action of chrome alum as well as to that of bichromate of potash. The consequence is, that the entire plate becomes insoluble; but that the portions, which in the other two processes are washed away, retain a certain sponge-like affinity for water. Thence it follows that, if a fatty ink be spread over the plate, it adheres to the dry portions, and is repelled by the wet portions; so that the gelatine acts almost exactly in the same manner as a prepared lithographic stone. And as the difference in relief between different portions of the plate is appreciable, a thicker and a thinner ink can be successively applied, so that not only a monochromatic print of any colour, but even a bichromatic print, can be struck off in a common Albion press. Expense in this process is reduced to an absolute minimum, nothing being required but gelatine, chrome salts, and ordinary lithographic ink, with a simple press, and a plain sheet of paper. Mounting is no longer requisite; a very ingenious and simple paper frame, called a mask, being introduced into the press, in order to keep the margin of the print perfectly clean.

There can be but little doubt that in the Heliotype process we have arrived at the book illustration of the future. The one thing now desired is, to be able to print from the gelatine matrix in combination with type. In all that relates to prints on separate pages

nothing seems to be wanting. Either the graduated half tone of a picture originally produced in the camera, or the sharp black lines of the engraver and the wood-cutter, can be reproduced with equal fidelity. The celebrated "Death and the Knight" of Albert Durer has been copied with a fidelity that is absolutely illusive. On the other hand, representations of sculpture have been given with a softness and play of shadow that equal any effect produced by the most consummate skill of the painter, or the most delicate manipulation of metallic photography.

Helio-type may be said to be yet in its infancy; nor has it had the advantages of wealthy nurses, as in the case of the two other gelatine methods. With proper appliances, there is nothing that can be produced by the Auto-type process that cannot be equalled by the Helio-type. In those cases in which a direct comparison has been made, the purity of tone and clearness of definition attained by the latter process are superior to those effected by the former. The price of the Helio-type is, of course, only a fraction of that of the Auto-type. We have seen no ink yet applied in the Helio-type press that equals the beauty of the gelatine ink used by the Woodbury-type; but we are far from having exhausted experiments on this subject. The absence of the process of mounting is an advantage which must prove decisive in any case where these methods come into competition, excepting for single prints for the portfolio or for framing. While, then, we look forward to see Helio-type prints of far more imposing dimensions, and possibly of greater delicacy of tint and tone, than any that have yet been produced, we cannot conceive of any advance being made on the process in the important features of economy, durability, rapidity of execution, certainty of the exact resemblance of copies, and facility of printing, on paper or on other materials, without involving the necessity of a mount. While each of these three nonmetallic methods has a beauty and a merit of its own, the balance of practical and commercial value inclines steadily in favour of the Helio-type.

F. R. CONDER.

NOT DROWNED AFTER ALL.

LAST summer, one of exceptional heat, left its mark on our memories, in other ways besides the early ripening of the wheat and the quick drying up of our pastures. It will be remembered for the exceptional number of accidental deaths from drowning which occurred, before the customary time for bathing had begun. The close sultry weather drove people to the river's bank and the lake's side weeks before the usual time for cool air; there they boated and they bathed, and a lamentable loss of human life was the consequence. First we heard of a gallant soldier and his child perishing together; then it was a wedding party, where but one remained behind of four; next it was a student who went into the river Lea to bathe, and a few minutes afterwards a suit of clothes marked the place where he disappeared. The list continued to fill; a clergyman, with his betrothed, her father, and her brother, take a row in a boat on the ominous sounding Dee. It's the same old story—the two young men got off for a bathe higher up, and “one is taken, the other left.” Again, a pleasure party on Pontypool Lake, close to shore, under a clear blue sky, with sun shining overhead, green trees waving on the banks, and birds warbling among the branches, look their last on all this beauty, and sink down under the waters, with the poor boatman who had hurried to their help.

Of course this is not all—only a few of the accidents from drowning which happened last summer, and *we* cannot tell what a long list there may be 'ere three months of this summer have come and gone; but the remarkable thing is, that in all of these cases we hear of none being restored to life. The bodies are found, the inquests held, and they are placed in their narrow resting places—“ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” Coroners' juries do their best by recommending drags and other appliances to be kept handy; yet on the Serpentine, where all that is requisite is within reach, boats included, people are drowned, and when the cold water has claimed its victims, its grasp seemingly can never be caused to relax.

Prevention is held to be better than the cure; but as it would be impossible to prevent bathing in hot weather, the next thing therefore to be searched for is a remedy for what results from the

malady. The boating and bathing fever is so pleasant a disease, but it so often ends in death, that we only touch upon the subject for the purpose,—not of preventing either of these exercises, but, if possible, to lessen the danger; in short, to urge the adoption of some other means to recover the drowned to life than are applied at present. At the same time we approach the matter of endeavouring to find some counteracting agent with all due care and respect, feeling that while humbly offering our remarks, we must do so with all deference to the opinions and practical knowledge of experienced men, and it is principally with the hope that some of those may shape our suggestions into form, that we give them.

Most persons will allow that few greater shocks to the nervous system could be given than a sudden immersion in water, and even if partially prepared for such an accident—being in a leaky boat, for instance, which was gradually sinking—the watching of the rising water would have its effect upon any but the very strong minded. We hope, therefore, not to be deemed theoretical when we make the assertion that any timid or nervous man who unexpectedly found himself plunged over head and ears in the water, by a boat upsetting, or carried off his legs by stream or tide while bathing, loses not only his courage but his consciousness, and so far from being able to save himself, sinks helplessly to the bottom.

We are at the same time all aware, doubtless, that when any person faints or swoons away, whether from a fright or from an injury, the pulsation, the beating of the heart, and the breathing, become scarcely observable. On such occasions the respiration is so slight, that it can easily be believed the whole is maintained by the air which was inside of the mouth and throat at the time of the seizure, and that during the period he, or she, remains in this state, there continues as many insensible respirations as there are imperceptible motions of the heart and arteries.

Having premised this much, we can easily picture to ourselves the case of a timorous man falling accidentally into deep water. With him there would be no struggling, no coming up to the surface and going down again; the shock having thrown him into a swoon, he would go down with his lungs full of air, in fact in the best state possible for existing under water, as, from the air within, but a small portion of fluid would find its way by the mouth and nostrils towards the stomach, which could only compress the air a little round the heart and lungs. These, through his being insensible, are only acting feebly, while gradually, from the cold, his legs, arms, in fact all except those organs on which life principally depends, are numbed and dead.

The heart and lungs, however, of the unconscious being manage

to retain their vitality from the air that surrounds them, on the top of which floats the water, which one inhalation would carry downward and cause instant death. A man thus situated might remain immersed, not only for a quarter or half an hour, but for a dozen of hours and when the body was brought to the surface—if proper precautions were taken, and proper attention given—it might be restored to life.

As a proof that we are not basing our arguments on supposition, we will give two or three anecdotes of individuals who recovered, under proper treatment, after being not only hours but days under water. These, however, although well authenticated, must, at this stage, be received with a certain amount of reserve, as the incidents narrated occurred about two hundred years ago; but we may feel assured that there must be a considerable degree of truth and marvellousness in the facts, when they happen to have been noted down and published by different physicians, who were strangers to each other.

Dr. Joel Langelot, an eminent Swedish physician in the last century, communicated the following extraordinary account to the "Secretary of the Academy of the Curious," in Germany:—

"When I was at Tronningholm, where the Queen of Sweden has a palace, I saw a gardener, about sixty-five years of age, and still pretty vigorous, who, eighteen years before, going over the ice without sufficient caution, to assist a man that was drowning, fell himself in the water, at a part where it was eight ells deep, and remained full sixteen hours under the ice, his body in an erect position, before the place was discovered where he was.

"I questioned the man if he had any recollection of what had occurred, and he told me he had a kind of indistinct idea of being frightened when he tumbled in—of his limbs becoming stiff with cold, and then all was a blank. He informed me also that the doctor told him afterwards, when he was taken out of the water, a great bubble of air issued out of his mouth, and it was this, without doubt, that kept him from being suffocated. He likewise described how he was at once covered over with a sheet, and in this condition warmed gently before a fire, adding that 'drowned persons never recover when exposed too soon to the open air.'"

Dr. Boerhaave, in his "Academical Lectures," published at Leyden in 1760, by his pupil, Van Eems, relates the same case of this gardener, from the authority of John Nicholas Pechlin.

A more surprising instance was related to Dr. Langelot by the Keeper of the Royal Library at Stockholm, M. Tilasius, the worthy doctor styling it "a still more extraordinary fact," and he got the Royal Librarian to certify in a note, as follows:—

"A woman in the province of Dalia, in Sweden, by name Mar-

garet Larsdotter, fell three different times of her life into water. The first time, when she was very young, she remained three days under water, but the two other times she had more speedy assistance. This woman died, aged 75, in 1672.

“(Signed) M. TILASIUS,
“Royal Librarian of Stockholm.”

But now comes the most wonderful tale of all, and which had better be given in Dr. L.'s own words:—

“Still what was told me by M. Burnam, on his return to Stockholm, from his journey in West Gothland, seems quite incredible. He says that having by chance been to hear a funeral sermon on the death of an old gentleman of seventy, by name Laurence Jona, of the town of Boness, and parish of Pithovia, the rector had assured the assembly that this person having fallen, at the age of seventeen, into the water, was not drawn out until seven weeks afterwards, and yet had the good hap to be brought to life by the same means as are practised in Sweden.”

Dr. L. continues that, “although he himself was aware of the example of insects and some birds remaining in a torpid state all the winter, yet can hardly believe the fact possible.”

Nor do we; and only account for the statement, by putting it down to a mistake of the clergyman's, who had made use of the word “weeks” instead of days or hours.

As might be expected, Dr. Langelot's communications caused a considerable stir and controversy among the philosophers of the period. Some were incredulous; others believed his statements and received them as facts. Dr. Godfrey Schubert, physician, of Bregents, accepting them as such, endeavoured, in a series of letters, to account for their seeming improbabilities. Taking his ground on the principle that the heart is the first living and the last dying portions of our bodies, he argued next that all the functions of the system corporeal, and particularly those of the lungs, depended on the heart's motions. “A person may therefore live,” says he, “without any sensible respiration, not only during some hours, but even some days, because it may happen that the natural heat is so much diminished by sickness or some other external cause, that it does not require to be tempered every instant by new air.”

Having referred to the Swedish custom or method to recover the drowned, we may as well now state what that method is. Starting for the object in view on the broad basis that heat applied suddenly to any animal in a state of insensibility from cold would be a fatal mistake, and that to expose a body suddenly to the influence of the atmosphere, which for hours had been shrouded from the air, would be equally so, they proceed in their efforts, strictly acting up to

their opinions. The instant a body is taken out of the water it is covered completely over with sheets or blankets, and thus guarded from the atmosphere it is gradually moved into a warmer place, where it is plied with hot flannels, friction, and the like, for several hours. When the motion of blood in the body, which had been so long stagnant, gives signs of returning, their exertions are continued cautiously, until the person comes round, when cordials and other medicines are given to complete the cure.

It must be allowed that there is a deal of common sense in this method of treatment. Most are aware that both extreme heat and extreme cold affect the circulation of the blood, and it appears to be a fundamental law in our human natures, that the degree of heat to which the body is subjected should bear a just proportion to the quantity of life in it. If the vitality is weakened, so must the degree of heat be, that is intended to renew its animation. Life, especially in the young, is very tenacious, and whether it be a case of poisoning, strangling, or drowning, we assert, "while there is hope there may be life." But the means to prevent the small spark of life from being quenched entirely, must be similar to the manner we take when endeavouring to fan a small spark of fire into a blaze—carefully and warily. We can easily perceive the meaning of this attentiveness in the Swedes—as the life increases through the means adopted, the heat is made to increase in proportion, and if this is not observed the body loses the living principle it may possess, and then the mortification of death sets in.

To illustrate the effects of heat on our bodies we beg to call attention to the following facts. If an eel be exposed to such a degree of cold that will render it apparently lifeless, and if it is kept in this very cold temperature—say in water of 40° —the eel will remain in the same condition for hours or days. When you wish to animate it, all that has to be done is gradually to increase the warmth of the water in which it is placed, to say, 60° , when it will have come round, and be as fresh and lively as if nothing had happened to it. If, however, you were to take the eel out of water of 40° , and place it suddenly in some where the temperature was 60° , it would die in a few seconds.

From this we can easily infer that warmth causes a greater exertion of the living powers than cold, and that heat will act on a human being, or upon an animal that is weakly, in a manner which will destroy its existence. If any of us in perfect health pass from a cold apartment into one where the temperature is some 30° greater, he will find his circulation increased to such an extent as to bring on a feeling akin to suffocation, followed by faintness and debility, and it will be some time before this wears off. Should

he, however, leave a very warm room for one 30° lower in temperature, he may feel chilly, but not at all incommoded by the stifling sensation and tendency to swoon, as in the former case.

This subject interests humanity in too great a degree, not to desire here that the knowledge of saving life from drowning, should be, if possible, more extended. If some hundred and fifty years ago, or more, people were frequently brought from out of the jaws of death, after having been for hours in the water, then our knowledge of how to treat persons who are drowned, could not have progressed in that century and a half at all; in fact it must have gone backward. It surely requires no extraordinary powers of comprehension to understand if a man falls into the water, and swoons away through fright, that he will be unable to inhale the water which covers him, and consequently his lungs and heart, in the feeble state they are placed by the fainting, will be able to continue for hours the slight functions requisite to preserve life, and that when the body is recovered, it is only necessary to follow the simple system practised in Sweden, in order to restore consciousness and existence.

It is quite a mistaken idea, that because no signs of life are apparent, after remedies have been applied for an hour, that death must have ensued; as there are many cases on record, where vitality did not appear until after two hours' hard application. So people should never be discouraged, nor cease to persevere, until the too sure signs of mortification have appeared.

The trite maxim "while there is life there is hope," does not apply to persons drowned, but rather the converse, "while there is hope there may be life;" for, while hope remains, perseverance never relaxes, and it is by the continued steady application of certain plain rules that life is restored to the inanimate. We fear that often the mere fact of a body having been an hour or two in the water, is held to be sufficient grounds for considering life to be extinct. In this short paper we have endeavoured to show that this is not always the case, and in such cases of fainting as we have supposed, there is every probability that the vital spark is only smouldering, not extinguished, and if proper pains and precautions be taken in the treatment of the apparently dead, from immersion in the water—they may be brought back again to existence and sensibility by care and attention.

W. D.



CHILDREN OF THE BRICK-FIELDS.

See p. 622.

THE BRICK-FIELDS OF ENGLAND.

IN the soft days of the opening year, when the perfume of the first primrose, the fresh green of the young violet leaves, and the milder breath of the air, fill our hearts with joyous anticipations of the coming spring, and when we see our village school-children bursting merrily out of school, their cheerful little minds freshly invigorated by that flow of animal spirits which those first sunny days never fail to instil in us all, do we ever turn our thoughts in tender pity to those thousands of children to whom Spring is a meaningless name, and to whom the changing seasons convey but few ideas, save perhaps those of greater suffering from the bitter cold of winter and the intense heat of summer.

Spring and autumn! Two seasons so rich in their own distinct and glowing beauty, each bearing long poetic tales in their very names; but poems, how different! One of youth and hope, and aspiration of brilliant futurity—the other, slower and more solemn in its metre, bearing its burden of deeds nobly done, and honours won, or of disappointed hopes and wasted labour; both toned down, and mellowed by the anticipation of coming winter, the emblematic death of all things.

But to thousands of children, autumn and spring have alike no meaning, arouse no anticipations, call up no hopes, awake no memories; all alike the months pass by, saving again, perhaps, that these are less associated in their minds with extremes of temperature, and the suffering consequent thereupon, than the two other seasons.

Many of us, I believe, do turn our thoughts towards the children shut up in great cities, whose case is sad enough, and would be worse, were it not that custom and habit work well, in this weary world, and that the negative evil of the absence of fresh air and rural pleasures may not be felt so acutely as those must deem it, to whom country air is life, and the confinement of a town, poison.

But there is another army of sufferers little known and less thought of, and till recently totally uncared for, who claim our sympathy, and demand protection; and till the protection of the law is obtained for them, help they can have none. Through our

lives we have heard of the tyranny of the Egyptians, who made the enslaved Israelites labour in their brick-fields, embittering their lives with hard bondage. Were it not a story so old, a tale so long gone by, a memory so entirely of the past, we should have grieved more keenly for these unhappy slaves, whose task-masters, in the always graphic and simple language of the Bible, "made the children of Israel to serve with rigour." But though we read it as the history of an abuse done away with, we learn that it was gross enough to call for the special interposition of Providence to rescue His people, "who sighed by reason of their bondage, and their cry came up to God, and God heard their groanings, and God remembered His covenant."

God is not farther from His people in these days; and, though He worked by wonders then, not less sure and certain is the process now by which He protects the creatures of His hands; and help will come to those who need it sorely. How few in England have any knowledge whatever of the state of bondage, worse in one way than Egyptian darkness, in which from twenty to thirty thousand English children are now slaving! And under the very eyes of many who, for want of legal authority, are powerless to prevent the evils which horrify them. The scene is the old, old scene—the Brick-fields of Staffordshire, of Middlesex, and of other English counties. The actors—children of from four years old, upwards; not boys only, but girls also. To realize this to the full let us for a moment compare these infant workers with children of the same age in a higher scale of society. One of four years old is scarcely trusted to walk about without a guiding hand to steady the little limbs; the mind is only beginning to develope, and a very short lesson in the elements of education is as much as the tender brain can bear. Till twelve years old at least, he is a very child, and even in labouring classes in the rural districts of England the parent must be poor indeed, who would take his child from school before ten or eleven years old to put him to work; even then the little gains hardly repay the extra wear and tear of clothes and boots. But here, in these sad districts, no sooner can a child walk than he is sent to the clay fields, often themselves a tiring distance from his home, and set to labour; and in Mr. Baker's report, when, as Inspector of Factories, he visited the brick-fields of Staffordshire, he mentions, which particularly struck him—a boy of five years old working among two or three and twenty females, being "broken in," as they call it, to the labour.

And thus a boy, but little advanced beyond the age at which many schools first admit children to begin the rudiments of learning, is found employing his feeble strength in labour of a kind

from which his happier brother in an agricultural county would shrink at more than twice his age. The work expected of these small slaves, and performed by them, would hardly be believed, were it not found by accurate calculation that a girl or boy of ten years old is required to carry a weight of over 30 lbs. of clay at each journey of forty yards, generally divided into about 20 lbs. carried on the head, while another lump of clay of 10 lbs. or more is borne in the arms. With this weight two hundred and fifty journeys a day are made, amounting to a walk of four miles and a half, the return journey making another four miles and a half, to which must be added the work of "rearing," "gorming," and "hacking" the bricks, averaging three miles daily. To these twelve miles must further be added the average of two miles for going to and coming from the work, giving a total distance traversed by the young clay carriers of fourteen miles a day. The clay carriers work, and walk this weary distance, not one exceptional day only, but every day, week after week, beginning at 6 A.M. till 6 P.M., "plodding," as one of the master brickmakers himself says, "with clay-loaded heads and arms, to and fro over hot drying stones, barefooted and ragged."

There are many circumstances, of course, which conduce to this hard labour. One, alas! the readiness of the parents—often originally clay carriers themselves—to send their children to this work, caring nothing for their real good or moral teaching. The same master brickmaker, whose words were quoted above, says he has known parents in receipt of two, three, and four pounds a week, send their children out to work at the clay works for as many shillings, hung in rags, while they themselves rioted at home in luxuries and drink.

It is curious to watch how, through all this darkness of slavery, and ignorance, and oppression, a strong mind will struggle to the light, and even under these almost impracticable circumstances, will force education and knowledge to come to its assistance till it raises itself above the level of its fellow sufferers, and comes forward, like Moses of old, to speak aloud in behalf of those who cannot plead for themselves. In proof of this I shall be allowed to quote a few words from a paper, read at the Social Science Congress, at Newcastle, in September last, by Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, Leicestershire, who himself, at nine years of age, was employed in the clay field, and carried 40 lbs. of clay or bricks on his head for thirteen hours daily. He says:—"The manner in which I contrived to obtain some education was as follows. For several years I had, in addition to my daily labour, to be up all night at the brick kilns during two nights each week. For this extra work I received

one shilling a week, which shilling was my own. Of this money I paid sixpence for attending a night school in the evening, when not required at the kilns; the remaining sixpence went in the purchase of books. But it is not every child who possesses the desire or determination to do this; yet, without so doing, there is literally no means of instruction open to the children."

Far from wondering that but few should avail themselves of this chance of education, is it not marvellous that any one should have done so?—should have had spirit, after fagging through thirteen hours of weary labour, too often accompanied by kicks and blows from the men above them, still voluntarily to seek another kind of work; different altogether, it is true, but still requiring wakefulness and that intelligence which, one should think, must have been totally exhausted in the physical prostration consequent on that weary trudging to and fro during those prolonged days, and even nights of hot, hard labour.

Speaking of night-work, the same writer says:—"On one occasion I had to perform a very heavy amount of labour. After my customary day's work, I had to carry twelve hundred nine-inch bricks from the maker to the floors on which they are placed to harden. The total distance thus walked by me that night was not less than fourteen miles, seven miles of which I traversed with 11 lbs. weight of clay in my arms, besides lifting the unmade clay, and carrying it some distance to the maker. The total quantity of clay thus carried by me was $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons. For all this labour I received sixpence!" And, let it be remembered, this night-work was not instead of, but in addition to, the daily labour of the boy.

Now, there are two or three points more on which I would touch; and one, but lightly; though it is not the least evil, but a greater one indeed than the frightful overworking I have dwelt upon, for it affects both body and soul; and risks losing for these poor creatures, besides all comfort in this life, all hope of happiness in the world to come. And that is the fearful state of ignorance and immorality in which these poor human souls exist. In one district, and it is very likely the case with most, seventy-five per cent. of the workers are females, employed in most unwomanly work, and dressed in rags, not clothes. Young girls of from nine years old, up to seventeen and eighteen, mixing careless and uncared-for in the society of the lowest men; what hope can there be for them, with no principle to guide them, no fear of wounding the delicacy of others to restrain them, every temptation and facility to do wrong, and few enough incentives to right feeling, to guard their unsheltered path?

After this weary youth of carrying clay and moving bricks,

the next promotion is to the office of moulders ; these are generally women of twenty years old and upwards, who stand at the moulding table, throwing and squeezing the clay into the moulds, and planing it off level with a lath-like piece of wood. In the course of the day one of these women may lift, mould, squeeze and plane, and help to "tap," "gorm," "batt" and "hack," some eight tons of clay each day. By extra exertion three thousand bricks can be moulded in a day ; and for this task the woman is paid at the rate of two and eightpence per thousand ; out of this she pays about two shillings a day to the girls who assist her ; so she can really earn large wages at this man's work, when practice has acquired for her the necessary skill and quickness.

And here we touch on the point I referred to before, when I said that in England, in these days, we are somewhat worse off than the Egyptians in heathen times. For whereas in Scripture it is said "Let there be more work laid upon the men," in England, at least fifteen out of every twenty of these toilers are women and girls ; not one in ten of whom has ever been taught to read and write, nor have above one half of this small proportion ever entered a school. It is difficult to estimate and realize aright the depth of misfortune which is comprehended in these few words ; but, perhaps, I may here quote a forcible sentence from a leading article in *The Standard*, commenting on the address to the Crown, which Lord Shaftesbury moved in July, last year, praying that the brick-field children should be brought under the Factory Act, which would afford them, at least, some protection, though it is doubtful if these enactments will fully meet the requirements of the case. *The Standard* says, "We need not recite in detail the miseries of the juvenile toilers in the brick or pottery yard—the fatally long hours, sixteen a day often—the pitiful youth of the children—the cruel weight they have to carry—their stunted, attenuated, and crippled condition—the incredible distances they have to walk, both while at their work, and in going and coming from home—the utter religious and moral darkness in which they live—their physical degradation causing them to resemble the clay they work upon rather than humanity—the killing variations of heat and cold to which they are subjected—their early mortality and the licence enjoyed by their parents to riot in beer-houses, upon the gains of those infant slaves."

As the above remarks refer to the stunted condition of the children, it is worth mentioning that a boy of eight years old, whose work it was to carry forty-three pounds of clay on his head, a distance of fifteen miles daily, for an average of seventy-three hours weekly, was weighed, and his weight was barely fifty-two

pounds and a half. Thus, the weight he bore was hardly ten pounds less heavy than himself. The remark often made with astonishment when a small girl is seen nursing her baby sister. "There she goes, carrying a child nearly as big as herself," is, in this case, only too terribly paralleled—and this labour, be it remembered, is not occasional, but constant; not done in pride and amusement, but in the dreariest of stern compulsion. This fell under the notice of an American traveller, who, speaking of a girl about thirteen years old, says, "Washed and well clad, and with a little sportive life in her, she would have been almost pretty in face and form; but though there was some colour in her cheeks it was the flitting flush of exhaustion; she moved in a kind of swaying, sliding way, as if muscle and joint did not fit and act together. It seemed a marvel there could be any red blood in her veins at all, and how such a child could ever grow an inch in any direction after being put to this occupation was another mystery."

Surely it was time that a very strong point should be made in this, the most civilized country of the earth, that young girls should not be put to this unseemly labour; and that boys, the material from whence we hope to draw the bone and sinew for our army and navy, should not be thus early crippled and stunted and demoralized, and rendered unfit for the performance of all manly service. If this system were allowed to continue, we should have cause to blush for our so-called civilization, and when it is too late might rue the apathy which allows a crying evil to pass unmitigated, session after session; while minds and souls become more and more deeply sunk in vice and immorality, and thousands perish unnoticed and uncared for. Perish out of the world—and but that God is more merciful than man, and may let their ignorance plead for them, and entitle them to that forgiveness which He who loved little children died to obtain—but for that, a hope we cling to—thousands would perish everlastingly.

Let us hope that the worst time in the brick-fields is over, for a recent amendment, which has been passed this session, provides that the girls shall not commence this kind of work under the age of sixteen, which will afford some amelioration in their condition; but much remains to be done before the crying evils we have alluded to above can be really done away with. What an atmosphere for a girl of sixteen to be launched into! But still the advantage of time for education, and time also for physical development, is a boon not to be lightly estimated; and since a step has been taken in the right direction, let us hope that this great social evil will by degrees be swept away, and that the "cry of the children," which has forced its little voice into notice, may no longer have occasion to make us

blush for the slavery of the brick-fields of England. Let us hope that this deep stain on our national reputation may be effaced as speedily as the difficult nature of the circumstances will allow ; and even if the legislature restrict the employment of girls to those over sixteen, and to boys over ten, let us remember that this is not all—that this is not enough. That the scenes of vice, and the hard labour, and cruel treatment, will not tell much less on a boy of eleven than on one a year younger. Hitherto, as Lord Midleton said in his speech, corroborating Lord Shaftesbury's remarks, the state of things has been "absolutely intolerable." It is one which calls most urgently for redress, and the redress once effected will, I firmly believe, be hailed with thankfulness and satisfaction by all concerned. The masters themselves will be the first to acknowledge the justice of it, for they have already made large concessions, and cheerfully agreed to put themselves under restrictions, because they, who see most of the working of the different systems, have seen the good, indeed the imperative need of so doing. They will welcome the act of legislation which will affect them all equally, and negative the effects of competition which so hamper those who seek to benefit their own workmen, but are unable to influence the less scrupulous of their fellow masters. Let us hope that the day may soon come when the English children, like the sufferers in the bygone days of Egyptian history, may say, "And our cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage ; and God heard our groanings—and God remembered his covenant." We leave this subject for the present with regret, purposing ere long to take it up again, in this or another form.

G. T.

THEOBROMA : A CHAPTER ON CHOCOLATE.

“‘THEOBROMA!’ Charles, my dear, whatever is Theobroma?” asked my wife, as we sat at breakfast the other day, in our little villa at Highgate. “You learned Oxford men really must interpret these long words to us poor, weak, mortal women; how I wish that people would keep to plain, simple English, and not puzzle us with such grand names.”

“Well, my dear Angelina,” I replied, in the tenderest of voices—we have been married only four months on the tenth of this current September—“if you must know everything, it means ‘the food of gods;’ something like ‘Ambrosia,’ I suppose, which they always took, ‘as they sat beside their Nectar,’ as Tennyson sings.”

“Oh! bother your lotus-eaters, Charles; people are always quoting Tennyson. I declare, if I hear so much of him I shall quite hate the Laureate, that I shall; always excepting such lines as *you* repeat.”

So I resolved to make inquiries, and, if possible, to discover, and to write down for Angelina’s satisfaction, all that I could find out about “Theobroma.” And now that I have done it, Angelina is so pleased with my performance, that she has determined on my letting the readers of the “St. James’s Magazine” know “all about it.”

Well then, to make a long story short, Theobroma is not of the heaven, heavenly, but of the earth, earthy: it is simply—what do you think?—Chocolate!

But, whether we call it “Theobroma” or “Broto-broma,” chocolate has a history of its own; and its history is worth telling. It shall be told briefly and simply.

Chocolate is obtained from the seed-beans of the Cacao, a beautiful plant indigenous to the tropical parts of America and the islands which lie off its coasts. As the word “cacao” is not a very easy one for lips accustomed to what Byron calls our Northern “guttural,” the letters have been somewhat transposed and altered, and the plant itself is always called “cocoa” in England. We have “robbed Peter and paid Paul” in the vowels.

We are told, in an amusing little pamphlet¹, just issued by the "Compagnie Coloniale" of Pall Mall, that the "Father of Botany," the Swedish philosopher, Linnæus, was so delighted with the produce of the cacao plant that he named it "Theobroma," from the Greek words "*theos*" and "*broma*," meaning, as we have said, "food for gods." Persons whose only acquaintance with cocoa and chocolate has been confined to the spurious and degraded specimens, unworthy of gods or men, too commonly vended by a host of manufacturers, may scarcely realize this high-flown expression; but the merits of chocolate, when it is obtained pure and good, will be found to justify the title.

The introduction of chocolate to the natives of modern Europe, says our authority, was "one of the earliest benefits of the Spanish conquest of the New World." It was from the natives of Mexico, when that romantic country was won by the arms of Cortes, that the conquerors learnt to use a new and pleasant drink. They found the Emperor Montezuma in his splendid palace, sipping from a golden goblet "a potation of chocolate, flavoured with vanilla and other spices, stirred with a golden spoon, and reduced to a froth of the consistency of honey, which gradually dissolved in the mouth." The word "*cacao*" belonged to the Mexican language; so did the word "*chocolati*," imitating the clashing sound of stones beating the seeds to powder.

As early as in the sixteenth century, long before coffee was brought from Arabia or tea from China, chocolate already formed one of the delicacies of the aristocracy of England, and after the Restoration it was sold in London at prices varying from ten to fifteen shillings per pound.

The delicious American dainty soon became so famous that mention was made of it in personal memoirs, in comedies, and in the light satirical essays of the day. Ozinda's Chocolate-house was full, as we know, of aristocratic customers. The "Cocoa Tree," in St. James's Street, too, another famous house of fashionable resort, is noted in the history of England as the place chosen for the meetings of a great political party in the reign of Queen Anne.

While the charms of this beverage, in the times of our ancestors, particularly in the reigns of Anne and George I., were so highly esteemed by courtiers, by lords and ladies and fine gentlemen in the polite world, the learned physicians of that age extolled its medicinal virtues. It was pronounced by one writer, a hundred and sixty years ago, to be "a great cordial, which restores lost health and gives appetite, wonderfully cheering the spirits." Doctor Friedrich

¹ "Chocolate: its Character, History, and Treatment."

Hoffmann, of Halle, in Germany, composed a Latin treatise "*De Potu Chocolati*," commending it as a remedy for all nervous disorders, low spirits, and hypochondria, wasting disease or general weakness. He noticed especially the case of Cardinal Richelieu, who was cured by it of extreme debility and emaciation, and restored to vigorous health. Other illustrious men have lent it the sanction of their example. Favourable to calm reflection, it has aided scholars and authors in their studies, and statesmen in their anxious deliberations. Voltaire was fond of taking his chocolate at the Café Procope, with a mixture of coffee and milk, as is still commonly practised at Turin.

It would perhaps be more suitable to the pages of the *Food Journal* than to our own, were we to dilate upon the sanitary and nutritious properties of "Theobroma;" but we may say, briefly, without fear of contradiction, that on this subject "doctors" do *not* "differ." They bear witness that the use of chocolate does good service to the human frame, by repairing most promptly the exhausted strength of invalids; of feeble, languid, or very aged persons; of those debilitated by fevers, by a hot climate, by protracted toil of the brain, or by any kind of excesses. It helps the growth of young children, makes lean persons become plump and fat, and assists mothers while nursing, as it promotes the secretion of milk. It is prescribed on the Continent for consumptive patients, and for those of a hectic and feverish complexion. It is the best friend of sufferers from dyspepsia, and of the victims of nervous irritability. In France, it has been remarked, that the continual daily use of coffee with milk, for breakfast in the morning, often causes a chronic derangement of the digestive functions. This disorder appears in the morbid pallor and restlessness of many people of sedentary habits; but chiefly in the spasms, shiverings, and palpitations, which frequently trouble delicate and weakly frames. Brillat-Savarin, the author of the "*Physiologie du Goût*," enjoins the use of chocolate instead of that of *café au lait*, to prevent those evils by which female beauty is sometimes impaired. "The persons," he remarks, "who habitually take chocolate are those who enjoy the most equable and constant health, and are the least liable to a multitude of illnesses which spoil the enjoyment of life."

In England, however, in spite of the acknowledged existence of these properties, tea is drank far more extensively than the coffee, which is such a favourite with our neighbours across the water. Indeed, we believe it is a fact that England uses more tea than all the rest of the world, China included. But it is well to remember that tea may be used not only without a good effect, but even injuriously to the system. Thus Dr. Lankester, in his "*Lectures on*

Food," compares the effects of the aromatic oil of tea, especially of green tea, upon those with whom it disagrees, to the effects of a dose of *digitalis*, or fox-glove, causing sensations of extreme anxiety, sleeplessness, and palpitation of the heart. The headaches and giddiness which affect tea-tasters, and the attacks of paralysis to which men employed in unpacking chests of tea are liable, have been noticed by other medical writers. It is stated by Dr. Lankester, moreover, that the tannic acid, which constitutes one-fourth of the substance of the tea-leaf, forms an insoluble compound with gelatine and albumen, thereby interfering, of course, with the digestion of animal food. "I have so often seen dyspepsia," he says, "removed by persons giving up the practice of taking tea at breakfast, that I have no doubt that the tannic acid of the tea renders the food taken with it more difficult of digestion. Of course, this would occur only in the case of persons in whom the digestive function was already impaired; and such persons may frequently take tea with advantage on an empty stomach." But, as Dr. Lankester observes, "there is no such astringent element in cocoa."

But there are some better elements in cocoa. After citing a chemical analysis of the composition of the cacao seeds, Dr. Lankester proceeds to say:—"If we compare this composition for one moment with that of tea or coffee, we shall see that the flesh-forming and heat-giving elements of food are greatly in the ascendant. The albumen and gluten are in larger proportions than in bread, or oats, or barley." In another page he asserts that "it contains more fat, and as much flesh-forming matter as beef, weight for weight." This indeed is the fact. The alkaloid principle of cocoa, which is called "theobromine," analysed by the chemist Woskresensky, was proved to contain in 100 parts, 47·21 parts of carbon, and 34·38 parts of nitrogen, with 12·80 of oxygen, and 4·53 of hydrogen. It is therefore one of the most highly nitrogenous substances in nature. Now, it is nitrogen which makes, not fat, but serviceable flesh; the fibrin and albumen, which constitute the muscular tissue, and also the fibrous substance of the brain and nerves, contain 15 per cent. of nitrogen; and Dr. E. Smith informs us that the adult human being cannot remain in health and strength unless there be nearly half an ounce of nitrogen in his daily food. This is much as there is in twelve ounces of lean beef, or in two pounds and a half of bread. The carbon also in the cocoa, and the sugar in the chocolate, maintain the vital heat, and tend to make the chocolate-drinker fat. Dr. Lankester may therefore well say—"In estimating the value of cocoa as an article of diet, we must not estimate its medicinal action alone, but the influence of its heat-giving flesh-forming matters. It can hardly be regarded as a sub-

stitute for tea or coffee; it is, in fact, a substitute for all other kinds of food, and, when taken with some form of bread, little or nothing else need be added at a meal."

But Dr. Lankester refers to the curious fact that theobromine may be artificially converted into theine, the active principle of tea; from which he infers that this conversion may probably take place by a natural process in the human body,—so that cocoa may really have the same beneficial effect as tea upon the nervous system, without, as we have seen, the same bad effect upon digestion.

The economic advantages of cocoa are described by Mr. P. L. Simmonds, in his work on the "Commercial Products of the Vegetable Kingdom." He says not only, "It is of all domestic drinks the most alimentary:" but he even says, "It is, without any exception, the cheapest food that we can conceive, as it may literally be termed meat and drink; and were our half-starved artisans, overworked factory children, and rickety millinery girls induced to drink it, instead of the innutritious beverage called tea, its nutritive qualities would soon develope themselves in their improved looks and more robust condition. The heads of the Naval and Military Departments in England have been so impressed with the wholesomeness and superior nutriment of cocoa, that they have judiciously directed that it shall be served out twice or thrice a week to regiments of the line, and daily to the seamen on board her Majesty's ships; and this wise regulation has evinced its salutary effect in the improved health and condition of the men." Official documents of the Admiralty and the War Office will attest the fact.

The public dietaries are calculated upon the principle that an English soldier or sailor requires, in his daily food, five ounces of flesh-forming material, and ten ounces of carbon. Cocoa, as we see, is partly relied upon for this supply—and rightly so, for a pound and a half of the unprepared cacao-seed, the nibs in the rough, with their husks, worth perhaps one shilling and sixpence, contains five ounces of flesh-forming matter, being equivalent to more than two pounds of fine wheaten flour, or nearly five pounds of rice, or twenty-one pounds of potatoes. It is in the seeds of plants that we should naturally expect to find the most perfect concentration of nutritious matter. In a plant of such luxuriant vitality as the cacao, this will be more certainly the case.

The author of "The Chemistry of Common Life," who presents an analysis of theobromine, stating its proportion of nitrogen at 35.85 parts in 100, remarks also, with Dr. Lankester, that "its analogy to theine leads to the belief that it exercises a similar exhilarating, soothing, hunger-stilling, and waste-retarding effect." But it has the advantage, he observes, over tea and coffee, of being

eminently nutritious. "It is rich in all the important principles which are found to co-exist in the most valued kinds of food." Mr. Johnson says that it reminds him most of *milk*. "When mixed with water, as it is usually drunk, it is more properly to be compared with milk than infusions of little direct nutritive value, like those of tea and coffee; and, on the other hand, it has the great advantage over milk, and over beef-tea and other similar beverages, that it contains the substance theobromine, and a volatile empyreumatic oil; thus it unites in itself the exhilarating properties of tea with the strengthening and body-sustaining qualities of milk." The advantage of using it would soon be found in schools, and especially in girls' schools, as suitable to the growing period of youth.

Of the plant named *Theobroma Cacao*, the finest species grow, not in Mexico, but in the isthmus of Central America, Guatemala, Venezuela, and some of the West Indian Islands, particularly where the Spanish and French planters have bestowed the greatest care on its cultivation. The French, also, who brought the Arabian coffee plant to the Antilles, have transplanted the American cacao to the Isles of Bourbon and Réunion, in the Eastern Ocean. It is an evergreen, which grows to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, with drooping bright green leaves, in shape oblong, eight or nine inches long, three inches broad, and pointed at the ends. The flowers and fruit, which it bears at all seasons of the year, grow out of the trunk and thickest parts of the boughs, with stalks only an inch long. Humboldt saw the flower bursting through the earth out of the root, and wondered at the prodigious vital force of this plant. The flowers, which grow in tufts or clusters, are small, having five yellow petals on a rose-coloured calyx; the fruit is a large pod, melon-shaped, usually five or six inches long and three inches thick, deeply furrowed outside, which is green at first, but ripens eventually into a bright yellow. In South America, where an inferior sort grows wild in vast abundance, the Indians eat the pulp of the fruit, or brew a kind of wine of it. The interior of the fruit-pod, divided into five lobes, contains a variable number of seed-beans, imbedded in this luscious pulp. It is the substance of these beans, each splitting into several nibs, that furnishes the exquisite material for human nourishment and refreshment which in England is popularly named *cocoa*, and from which chocolate is prepared.

In the West Indies, by the description of travellers, a "*cacao walk*," or plantation, is a very beautiful scene. As this delicate plant cannot bear the full blaze of the tropical sun, it is usually sheltered by rows of larger trees; sometimes bananas, more frequently the *erythrina* or *corallina*, which the French call "*bois*

immortel," and the Spaniards "*madre de cacao*," displaying a profusion of brilliant red blossoms. Under their spreading foliage, which forms a shady roof, the cacao-trees, ranged by thousands and thousands in long rows, planted at regular intervals, flourish well along the banks of a river, and yield their valuable produce twice a year; the fruit being gathered at Midsummer and Christmas. Such is the bounty of nature in that favoured clime.

When Jamaica was conquered by the English, in the time of Cromwell, there were sixty estates in that island growing cacao, which was the chief article of export. Its culture is now almost extinct in Jamaica, but is carried on in Trinidad and the Windward Islands. No British colony, however, it is stated by Professor Lindley, now produces the best quality of cacao; but that of Trinidad might be greatly improved, if the colonists would attend to it. The first Englishman born in Jamaica, Colonel Montagu James, who lived to the age of 104, took scarcely any food but cocoa or chocolate for the last thirty years of his life. Mr. Simmonds, from his knowledge of the West Indies, says that the planters allow their negro labourers to drink cocoa, made early and left to get cold, in the midst of their day's field-work, as English labourers drink beer. Cattle, horses, pigs, and goats (in the West Indies) are fattened on the split pods of the fruit. In South America, we are told, the seeds are much eaten by the people, and are carried by Indians as a strengthening provision on the most fatiguing journeys. The Spaniards have various ways of making the chocolate paste, spiced with vanilla, cinnamon, almonds, cloves, aniseed, and other spicy matters, to form a dainty refecton. They have such an opinion of its necessity for food, that "to be denied one's very chocolate" is with them a proverb expressive of the most abject poverty.

There is, however, one good reason—as Angelina reminded me—why in England we don't consume a pound of cocoa or chocolate to every pound of tea. The fact is that it is terribly adulterated. This was remarked by the late Dr. Lindley, Professor of Botany, in his lecture to the Society of Arts on the Colonial Products in the Exhibition of 1851. "We have the evidence," he said, "of one of the most skilful brokers in London, who has had forty years' experience of the trade, that we never get good cocoa in this country. The consequence is, that all the best chocolate is made in Spain and France, and the countries where the fine description of cocoa goes. We get here cocoa which is unripe, flinty, and bitter, having undergone changes which cause it to bear a very low price in the market." Mr. Johnston ascribes the limited popularity of chocolate in England to the same cause. The choice specimens of cocoa

exhibited in the South Kensington Museum, except one from Costa Rica, are almost all from the French colonies—from Guadeloupe, Martinique, Guiana, and Réunion. Now, it is true that free-trade tariffs have been lately adopted, and the imports of cocoa have largely increased; but of the millions of pounds which are annually imported here, there is good reason for believing that less than half, and that not the best, was meant for English consumption. The true standard of its proper quality is not yet known among us; and hence the tricks in the way of adulteration, which have been practised with impunity.

Angelina is most anxious to become an accomplished housewife, and accordingly she has asked me to enlighten her on the subject of these tricks of the trade. But this, I fear, that I cannot promise to do, as I am no chemist, and have really no experimental knowledge on the subject. She and many another “mater-familias” who wishes for enlightenment will find it in the Reports of the Analytical Sanitary Commission, which were published a few years since in the *Lancet* by Dr. A. H. Hassall. In many shops the cocoa is sold so extensively mixed up with the husk, which is irritating to the stomach, as to do more harm than good. Out of sixty-eight specimens of “cocoa” prepared and sold in various cities and towns, there were only eight samples that were not adulterated by other substances, such as oils and animal fat. In forty-three samples there was an addition of sugar, which sometimes amounted to as much as fifty per cent. of the article. But this would not be so objectionable if it were called chocolate. In forty-six there was an admixture of starch from potato, sago, Maranta arrowroot, Curcuma arrowroot, wheat flour, Indian corn meal, tapioca, “tous les mois,” or several of these combined. This adulteration, we are told, amounted to sixty-five per cent. in some of the “soluble cocoas;” and in the “cocoa paste” of one of the most extensive manufacturers in England the quantity of potato starch came to fifty per cent. of the article, without reckoning the dose of sugar. The “cocoa nibs” were adulterated with chicory. The real motive of such admixtures, of course, is cheapness; and arrowroot starch makes the liquid thicker, but it is not very digestible or very nutritive. Angelina will be thankful to learn, on the other hand, that it is not *very* unwholesome. But another scientific physician, Dr. Normandy, says:—“I have known cocoa-powder made of potato-starch, moistened with a decoction of cocoa-shells, and sweetened with treacle.” This was doubtless a very cheap article. He speaks again of “the disgusting mixture of bad or musty cocoanuts with their shells, coarse sugar of the very lowest quality, ground with potato-starch, old sea-biscuit, coarse branny flour,

animal fat, generally tallow, and even greaves." Dr. Normandy adds this shrewd suggestion:—"The object of employing a mixture of several kinds of starch in the same preparation is by no means clear. It is, perhaps, explained by the fact that the dock and warehouse sweepings, which consist of a mixture of various starches, are in some cases used by the manufacturers of cocoa." But this is really too bad.

Yet there is one thing even worse. As these compounds, half starch or sugar, would be of a lighter colour than genuine cocoa, they must be made to look red. It was found by the Analytical Commission that the majority of the sixty-eight samples were coloured with mineral or earthy pigments; ruddle and red ochre in some of them, yellow ochre in others; but it is stated by Mitchell, Normandy, and other writers that red-lead has been so employed, as well as vermilion or cinnabar, and other things very dangerous to life. The French writers, Messrs. Jules Garnier and Harel, attest the same fact. Specimens, indeed, of cocoa thus treated with red-lead are exposed in the Museum at South Kensington under the authority of the British Government. Good chocolate, unless tinged with annatto, which is harmless though useless, should not be red, but a rich dark brown.

It is pleasant and refreshing to turn from these vile adulterations to genuine preparations. The Compagnie Coloniale of Paris, at their branch in Pall Mall, supply, as we have reason to know, a real and genuine "Theobroma," such as will gratify even my Angelina's critical taste, having been certified to be pure by no less authorities than the Inspector of Factories for the Department of the Seine in France, and by Dr. Arthur H. Hassall, whose writings on these subjects are works of standard authority. And another source from which Angelina has promised that my breakfast-table shall henceforth be supplied is the chocolate manufactory at Noisiel-sur-Marne, which is identified in England with the name of its manager and proprietor, M. Menier, who has lately purchased an extensive estate in Central America, for the growth of the plant which is to be converted into the "food of the gods." This establishment employs more than four hundred hands, and its head was one of the International Jury of the Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1867.

Amongst our English manufacturers, beyond a doubt, the names which stand highest for their cocoas and chocolates are Messrs. Dunn and Hewett, of Pentonville, and Messrs. Fry, of Bristol and London. Mr. Dunn, the late senior partner in the first-named firm, was the inventor and first introducer of the process in use for rendering cocoa soluble; and Mr. C. Hewett, one of

the present partners, has published a most interesting pamphlet¹ on the subject, giving a history of the introduction of "Theobroma" into England, and enumerating some easy methods of analysis, whereby its purity may be ascertained. It deserves to be mentioned in favour of this firm, that Messrs. Dunn were among the very few establishments whose principals undertook—in answer to Dr. Normandy's challenge—to pay fifty guineas to a London charity, in case it should ever be proved that an article in an adulterated state had been offered for sale at their establishment. Messrs. Fry, too, have established the highest character for their wares by obtaining no less than six prize medals at Exhibitions in London, Paris, Dublin, and New York, including the gold medal of the Académie Nationale Manufacturière et Commerciale, at Paris, last year. They are especially famed for their Caracas Cocoa, so called from the place whence they import it, on the North Coast of South America. In the *Medical Press and Circular* for June, 1869, will be found the results of a series of experiments on samples of cocoa and chocolate, submitted to Dr. Hassall by various firms, among whom the names of Messrs. Dunn, Fry, Cadbury, Van Houten, Handford and Davies, and Lowenthal stand clearly "at the top of the tree."

Before ending this paper, my Angelina reminds me of a good story about chocolate, which she read some few years ago, when a child, in one of Bentley's or Colburn's magazines. In Mexico there is a city called Chiapa, an Archiepiscopal See. One archbishop having died, a new archbishop was commissioned from Rome, and sent out by the Pope to take his place. On preaching for the first time in his cathedral,—to which up to that time he was a stranger—he was surprised to see a number of little boys handing cups of chocolate about to the fairer part of his congregation, who sipped and fanned themselves by turns. The prelate, indignant at the dishonour done to God's house, most sternly censured the custom, and desired that it might not be continued. The ladies, of course, rebelled, and vowed that they would have their vengeance. A week

¹ "Chocolate and Cocoa, its Growth, &c." By Charles Hewett. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., 1862. In this pamphlet Mr. Hewett quotes the following early advertisement from Needham's *Mercurius Politicus*, June 16-23, 1659:—

"Chocolate, an excellent West India drink, sold in Queen's Head-alley, in Bishopsgate-street, by a Frenchman, who did formerly sell it in Gracechurch-street, and in Clement's-churchyard; being the first man who did sell it in England. There you may have it made ready to drink, and also unmade at easie rates, and taught the use thereof, it being for its excellent qualities so much esteemed in all places. It cures and preserves the body of many diseases, as is to be seen by the book, who hath it there to be sold also."

or two afterwards they laid their plans. They agreed to invite the archbishop to a chocolate party next evening, at the house of Signora C——, a leader of fashion, and a member of the Cathedral congregation. Next day the archbishop died—not without suspicion of poison; and his successor, warned by his fate, never interfered with the ladies taking chocolate in the cathedral.

I will only add that as my Angeline's *ménage* is generally regarded as a success among our neighbours at Highgate, I expect that ere long I shall find that chocolate and cocoa are taking their place at the tables of our friends and neighbours in turn with the "tea," which at present enjoys a monopoly of them, and which may fairly be styled "the autocrat of the Englishman's breakfast-table."

F. U. R.

"GOD BLESS OUR WIVES!"

(AN AMERICAN HOME-SONG.)

God bless our wives!
 They fill our hives
 With little bees and honey:
 They ease life's shocks;
 They mend our socks;
 But—don't they spend the money?

When we are sick
 They nurse us quick—
 That is if they do love us:
 And when we die
 The darlings cry,
 And raise tomb-stones above us.

TWO MONTHS' TRAINING AT ALDERSHOT.

TOWARDS the close of September, 1870, I applied for and obtained, without much difficulty, a commission in a West Country Regiment of Militia. As I was naturally anxious to acquire some knowledge of my duties as soon as possible, I begged permission to join a School of Instruction that was then being formed at the Tower of London.

I must here add, possibly to my own discredit, that at the time of which I speak, I knew absolutely nothing of drill.

The permission having been accorded, I reported myself to the adjutant of the Regiment with which the school was in connexion, on the specified date, and shortly afterwards entered on my duties.

Out of twelve or fifteen officers who had joined the school I was the only representative of the militia. The rest were volunteers, one of them a Lieutenant-Colonel. For the first day or two we were exercised under the direction of a very civil and intelligent sergeant in squad-drill, which seemed to exasperate the Lieutenant-Colonel very much. He was likewise pleased to be exasperated at the clumsiness of the reader's humble obedient servant, but as he appeared to be one of those individuals, in respect to whom any thing like a good-humoured apology acts like fuel to the flame, I found it the best plan to let him grumble on. I regret to say that the sergeant, a highly conscientious man, but possibly somewhat deficient in tact, remonstrated with the Lieutenant-Colonel on his own clumsiness more than once, with a blunt straightforwardness that must have been extremely annoying to that meritorious officer.

We practised "squad-drill" for a week, at the rate of four hours a day. During the rather long interval that elapsed between morning and afternoon instruction, some of us found it worth our while to "run through" sword drill, the manual and firing exercise, &c.

In the meanwhile complaints had appeared in the papers of the scant courtesy shown to certain militia and volunteer officers on their joining their respective schools of instruction. I cannot say that we met with any unpleasant treatment at the Tower. On the

contrary, Colonel Burnaby, of the Regiment there quartered, received us with much politeness, and showed us all the attention in his power.

At the end of a week—by no means too early a date—an “instructing officer” was appointed, and on his appearance we began work in good earnest. The relief of the Lieutenant-Colonel, I need hardly say, was unspeakable.

And now it is that as regards myself I must chronicle a disaster, or, at least, a reverse, of rather a humiliating kind. When it appeared that I knew nothing more about drill than I had just learnt in the “Tower ditch,” as the moat in these days is rather contemptuously called, the officer who had been set in charge of us recommended me, to leave the School of Instruction as soon as possible. That is to say his counsel, which practically amounted to this, was in words somewhat as follows:—“You may stay here if you like, or go away if you like; I won’t advise you one way or the other, but you have not the slightest chance of learning your drill in the three weeks we have left to us, or of obtaining a certificate.” So I took my departure with more or less regret, and began to wonder what I should do next.

It now appeared that I had no right to join a school of instruction until I could produce a certificate of proficiency in Part I. of the Red Book, together with the Manual, Bayonet and Firing Exercise. However, permission I had obtained, rightly or wrongly, and the blame, if any, must attach, I suppose, to those who granted it. Probably “they”—who ever may be signified by that small word—took my proficiency in the branches of useful knowledge above specified for granted, and, I may add, that though I had been obliged to leave the School of Instruction my week had not been wholly wasted, for I had gained a very tolerable knowledge of such important matters as “Turnings,” “Extension motions,” “saluting,” marching in quick, slow, and double time, wheeling, the diagonal march, and the formation of a squad to right, left, and right or left about, not to mention that I had found out some of the beauties and difficulties of the manual, sword and bayonet exercise. I could even “stand at ease judging the time,” but as yet “fours”—a most scientific and elaborate manœuvre—was a puzzle to me.

I now applied for permission to be attached to a line regiment, stating that it was my desire, if possible, to go to Aldershot. I had heard nothing but what was bad of the camp in question, which is usually described as a dull, dreary, miserable place; but I wanted to learn something, not simply to amuse myself, and I had an idea that I should get on better, and pick up more knowledge at Aldershot than any where else.

I had no reason ultimately to repent of having acted as I did. I stayed two months, or rather more, at the camp, and enjoyed my visit very much. I was hospitably and kindly received by the officers of the regiment to which I was attached, invited to join their mess, and provided with a very good room in their quarters. I had expected to be lodged in a hut, but the regiment which I shall call the 09th, had been removed to the permanent barracks, after having passed some time under canvas. I was now able to work steadily, and with a fair prospect of gaining by degrees such knowledge as I had set myself to acquire.

November is not a pleasant month any where, and the Camp at Aldershot about this period of the year presents any thing but a lively appearance. Sometimes of an evening, when my day's work was over, I would take a walk across the barren and sombre heath, in the direction of Farnborough or North Camp.

After reaching the top of the hill, beneath the shelter of which lie the town and the permanent barracks, a vast sloping plain would meet the eye, the tint of the whole being a reddish brown, diversified only by the dark green of an occasional fir-tree, the yellow of a well-drilled road going remorselessly straight ahead, or the black squares, intersected with lines at right angles, formed by blocks of huts in South, and then after an interval in North Camp.

As the evening drew on apace, and the dreariness of the scene was intensified, a pleasant contrast to the cold and darkness without, would be afforded by the interior of some of the huts. Glancing in at the windows as I passed, I would see the cosiest of family groups—the soldier and his wife and a friend or two seated round the fire, the children peeping out of bed, with their knees drawn up under the counterpane, and their heads just visible, watching their elders curiously.

On my return, when I reached the brow of the hill overhanging our quarters, the wind would be moaning dismally through the clump of tall, gaunt pines, and the lights in all the casemates of the barracks below would give that portion of the Camp the appearance of a factory-town by night.

I reached Aldershot at the beginning of November, and left it at the commencement of the new year, when deep snow was on the ground. I must own the severity of the weather made drill sometimes rather unpleasant work. Aldershot is a place subject to extremes of heat and cold; and on a winter's day the wind would sweep down the length of the parade-ground very savagely. Then "skirmishing" in the snow was a dreary occupation, the more so as the recruits would now and then turn round at the word of command, and, forgetting the exact position of the imaginary enemy,

would pop with provokingly philosophical calmness at their captain—to wit, the writer of these pages.

However, on the whole, time passed pleasantly enough. I furnished my room comfortably and cheaply. I hired a soldier-servant, who brushed my clothes, made my bed, and attended to my wants generally; and, thanks to the liberality of the regiment to which I was attached, I was able to burn a good fire all day and all night too, had I chosen, without any expense to myself. I set up a piano in my room, and it was a great and general source of amusement, every one who visited me feeling bound to try its “tone” in a more or less eccentric manner. A young subaltern in the room next mine would play the “Mermaid’s Song” from “Oberon,” divers of Beethoven’s sonatas, and other charming pieces in excellent style. On Saturday afternoons perhaps a bandsman or two and a few military choristers would look in, so as to practise the chants and hymns for the next day’s service in the chapel.

Periodically there would be a field-day; and, when marching home, we would congratulate ourselves that, unlike “those poor devils of French,” we had a good dinner in prospect.

At one of these reviews, unless I am much mistaken, the enemy sent us a message, begging we would postpone any hostile demonstration for an hour or more, as he had lost his way.

I have a vivid recollection, too, of an unhappy subaltern upon whose brains devolved the duty of making a “route of the way.” I can see him now, running up to a group of men assembled round a tree, and asking them “if this were the village of Ashe?” and swearing impotently at the big guns which go off from time to time with a vicious bang, and cruelly disorder his ideas.

During the course of the same encounter a chemist’s cart from Guildford got mixed up in the affray, and an old woman who was gathering sticks persisted in her occupation, notwithstanding a cross-fire of great severity, with a *nonchalance* and contemptuous indifference that was rather provoking.

As a rule, the life that we led in barracks was quiet and uneventful enough. We ate and drank—both in moderation, I can assure you, worthy reader, though, possibly enough, you have not much faith in military temperance—read the newspapers, examined the telegrams (of which we received several in the course of the day) with greater or less curiosity, denounced either the French or the Prussians, as we thought fit, and speculated on the chances of a war. During the Russian *imbroglio* a good deal of excitement prevailed, and we looked upon an early outbreak of hostilities as certain. We had even settled where we were to go to. Georgia was to be our destination.

On Saturdays, which were devoted to "coal carrying," I used either to go up "to town," or, if lazily inclined, enjoy a good read by the fire in the Prince Consort's Library. Here were military works of all kinds, comfort, and quiet. The sergeant in charge was a most civil and intelligent man. He had been through the Crimean campaign, and of course took the deepest interest in the Franco-Prussian war. If I remember rightly, he was by birth a North German, and it was his conviction that the Prussians would never enter Paris. But then neither he nor any one else at that time knew the real character of Gambetta's levies.

Once a fortnight "Penny Readings" would take place, at which the officers and the ladies of their household would assist. I remember, too, a capital performance by amateurs—who had all the ability of very clever professionals—at the theatre, formerly the iron club-house, a tolerably commodious and very prettily decorated building. The pieces were "Society" and "A Thumping Legacy," and selections of music were performed between the acts by a military band. On returning to my quarters I met an officer with whom I agreed to walk back to the permanent barracks; and as we neither of us knew our way, we very wisely took a short cut and got lost for a time on the heath.

One morning I was awakened early by music, and shouting, and cheers. I looked out of the window at the end of the passage. It was a cloudy, threatening day, and rain was sweeping rather than falling in fierce gusts. The uproar was caused by detachments setting off *en route* for India. They were bidding a boisterous farewell to their comrades, who were bidding them an equally boisterous "God speed."

At Christmas we had a boar's head, and the festivities of the season were celebrated in a style quite orthodox. A few days afterwards I took my departure—through the snow. My luggage was under the charge of a corporal and two men; these latter marched in single file, the command being given to right or left "wheel" as occasion might require. The whole transaction had an imposing military appearance.

I may state that my expenses at the camp were not enormous. During the first month I was entitled to five shillings a day, which I received, it may be worth while to mention, in the spring of the current year. My lodging and fuel cost me nothing, my servant ten shillings a month, and my furniture; not including the piano, something less than a pound for the same period. For breakfast and luncheon I paid a shilling, and for dinner three shillings. My wine expenses were trivial, and thanks to the kindness of the officers, I had the use of the "ante-room" and all the daily and

weekly papers, besides the monthly magazines. The "Quarterlies," I may add, I did *not* see, for they were voted too "heavy."

At breakfast we had tea, coffee, or chocolate, toast, bread and butter, and the choice of four or five cold joints, including poultry. This for a shilling was not bad. A hot breakfast was sixpence extra.

For luncheon our food was of much the same kind, beer being a penny halfpenny or twopence the glass, and very excellent claret being obtainable for about sevenpence a pint.

For dinner we had two soups, two fish, two entrées, three joints, three pastries, cheese, and dessert.

Coffee and tea could be procured at a cheap rate, and every thing was most admirably served.

I may remark, in conclusion, that the officers of the regiment to which I was attached were able to live even more economically than I myself did. Accustomed to London prices, and having heard much concerning mess expenses, I was really astonished to find the terms on which almost luxurious meals were provided at the camp.

And with this remark I must bring my story for the present to a close.

In a future article I hope to deal more immediately with the Militia itself, trusting that my simple narrative may not be altogether uninteresting to the reader.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK IN MELODRAMA.

WHEN a little boy at school the writer of the present article used to catch an occasional glimpse of a certain gorgeously bound volume, the property of a much envied—I was going to say companion, but prefer the term fellow-pupil, as a difference of four or five years between our respective ages put anything like intimacy out of the question.

The treasure that I so admired from afar was the illustrated edition of Ainsworth's "Tower of London."

On highdays and holidays the fortunate owner of this work would lend it, under certain restrictions, to divers of his young friends, having first ascertained that their hands were clean, and then strictly enjoined them not to take the book out of the school-room, or to pass it on to any one else.

As ill-luck would have it, I never was one of the favoured few, and so my desire to see all the pictures remained ungratified, but I saw some of them, and those excited my curiosity in a high degree.

How I longed to see the rest! I humbly petitioned the thrice-fortunate owner, but in vain. I was obliged to content myself with the reflection that I should not always be a contemptible little boy, that sooner or later I must grow up, and have money, and that I should then be able to buy a copy of the "Tower of London" for my own especial behoof.

How my mouth watered as I anticipated the happy time!

At last it came. The local booksellers being applied to, and not having the work in stock, sent forthwith to the publishers.

With anxious heart I awaited its arrival. With a sort of fierce exultation I heard the boisterous, almost defiant ring at the front-door bell, which I knew could herald the approach only of Simon Renard, De Noailles, Queen Mary, Wolfytt and Mauger.

With trembling hands I undid the parcel. It was a delicious book. I recognized some of the pictures. Others were quite new to me, but hardly the less charming, though somehow they were all smaller than I had anticipated. But presently I reflected that I had become quite a big boy, whereas when I had last seen them I was a mere shrimp. It was not that they had lost bulk, but I had gained it.

Owing, I suppose, to the force of early association, I can never think of George Cruikshank merely, or even principally, as a caricaturist. I love him best in melodrama; and I am not sure even now but that his more serious attempts were some of his most successful.

Let alone the energy of his composition, his power of characterization, and great manipulative skill, he has an extraordinary sense of the picturesque. Moreover, there is a wonderful unity in his elaborate etchings—it would be doing such works an injustice to term them as, however, has been done—sketches; every part helps, each line bespeaks thought and fancy, the minutest details serve in a quiet, natural, forcible way to make the story clearer, to suggest something extraneous to the picture, and yet connected with it more or less closely.

The style of treatment that Cruikshank adopted was by no means simply materialistic. There is more in his drawings than may appear at first sight; and his serious designs generally, though disfigured by a tendency to caricature, exhibit no slight poetical feeling, even if the poetry be not often of a high order.

We observed above that Cruikshank was endowed with a remarkable sense of the picturesque.

It is indeed singular the power he has of investing the merest trifles with interest. He can throw an air of mystery over the most commonplace of landscapes or over the most prosaic of rooms. He alters nothing, but the result is attained legitimately enough by certain lights and shadows, or even by a peculiar disposition of the furniture; in short, by an earnest and sympathetic way of looking at things, quite his own.

He has a knack of casting new and agreeable lights upon dry worn-out, and barren material. Thanks to a lurid sky or a suggestive figure, he can invest even the Seven Dials with an atmosphere of romance.

That Cruikshank, considered simply as a draughtsman, had many and great faults it would be folly to deny. His more serious attempts, even the best of them, lack delicacy, ease, dignity, and true refinement—though not finish. Yet all who have patience or ability to look below the surface, who can distinguish between absence of genius and want of mere technical skill, must see how full they are of individuality, earnestness, and dramatic power.

Not the least salient characteristic of George Cruikshank as an artist was his love of truth. He blinks nothing, but tells the whole story, however grim or even revolting, in the plainest and most direct terms. His more sombre drawings haunt one, they are so bitterly in earnest, so thoroughly and painfully honest.

Take for instance his picture of the burning of Edward Underhill, the Hot Gospeller, on the Tower Green.

Here we have Cruikshank in one of his most characteristic, if not genial moods.

Within a space barely the size of the printed page before the reader, we see exemplified his power of conceiving and reproducing a situation of high dramatic interest, his sense of the picturesque and grimly humorous, his individuality, his power of depicting facial expression by a few happy strokes, his unflinching regard for truth, however repulsive, the suggestiveness of his "by-play"—to import a term from the stage—his manipulative skill, his patient elaboration of detail, and his ability to combine many seemingly discordant elements into one harmonious whole.

It may be worth while to examine this remarkable picture more closely.

It is graphic and striking to a degree.

It is so hideously realistic as to argue either a total want of sensibility on the part of the artist, or a detestation of cruelty so deep and earnest as to be satisfied with nothing less than a savagely exact reproduction of that which it would hold up to abhorrence.

Descending to detail, we may remark the impression of "wind," that the artist has managed to convey. What a savage and vehement blast! How cruelly fierce and bright is the fire! With a diabolic glee that would do credit to the tormentors who flit around the blazing pile or the priests who ordered it to be lighted, it thrusts aside the sullen, and yet merciful smoke, which is borne in dark rolling clouds westward.

What a livid glare is cast over the chapel on the green, and what an indignant tumult is there in the sky, across which the clouds scud, as if horror-stricken. The trees in the background lash themselves in very fury.

As for the sufferer, he has nothing now left of resignation or obstinacy. The fire which smouldered at first has at length seized him, and, his stubbornness conquered, he has no resource but to yield to the extremity of his anguish. His head is thrown back, his eyes start out of their sockets, his mouth is wide open, and his nails are dug into his flesh. The tormentors are heaping up fuel, and stirring the fire in a calm, business-like fashion, one of them wholly indifferent, another—the more active he—with a cruel, half-suppressed grin on his face, as he eyes the martyr. The third—Night-gall the Jailer—a man of superior position, as exemplified by his dress, is just condescending to apply a torch, a duty which he discharges in a cool, off-hand way, more as a matter of form than any thing else. In the meanwhile he balances himself as he kneels,

almost daintily, with one hand, and looks up, not so much at the victim as at the tormentor on the right, to see that he is doing his work properly.

To one side of the picture we have three ecclesiastics. There is no mercy in their prim, puffy faces. Further on, stand two more of the same order. One is a kind of degraded Friar Tuck. He is garbed as a monk; he has a sensual, beast-like face, and yet he is not wholly villanous, for a dimmed sense of commiseration peers through his gluttony. His companion stands with his hand across his mouth; we should judge that he more than half sympathizes with the Reformers—a man of naturally humane instincts, he is overcome with horror. He may anticipate a like fate for himself or some of his friends, or, worse still, for some of his own household, and that too before many weeks have passed; or at least he cannot but foresee that troublous, if not dangerous, times are at hand.

Somewhat to the rear of the burning pile we see a boy horrified out of his wits; his mouth is open, and his arms hang helpless by his sides. No doubt he came out of sheer curiosity. This hideous spectacle will haunt him for many a night to come.

A bearded monk to the left looks on with calm satisfaction. A couple of honest beefeaters near him are fairly disgusted and indignant. One of them clutches his pike, half threateningly, but such is the force of discipline, that both maintain their proper military attitude. Peeping over the shoulder of these two men is an inquisitive half-witted woman. More than one woman, by-the-bye, figures in the picture. Amongst others, a female devotee is so placed, that though in the back-ground, she has a full view of the stake and the pile. But as the wind blows partly in her direction, and the sufferer's back is towards her, she misses the most horrible part of the ceremony. She cannot see the man's face.

Evidently she is one of those wooden-headed and wooden-hearted beings, out of whom endless mechanical prayers, fasting and mortification, have crushed the little humanity she once possessed. Of course she is prepared to believe that whatever the Church, or rather the ignorant priests who undertake to represent the Church do, must be right, and what with this, and what with bigotry, ignorance, credulity, and natural callousness, she has little pity for the sufferers. Her face is blank of meaning, but if she saw the full horrors of the ceremony, perhaps, even *her* womanly compassion—for she must have some—would be aroused.

The rest of the crowd is made up of citizens young and old, brought together chiefly, we may suppose, by curiosity. Their

coarse, plebeian faces express wonder, indifference, stupid horror, and that fiendish glee which exults in cruelty for cruelty's sake.

And now, probably, we have said enough to indicate what a wealth of brain-labour, of industry, mental and mechanical, is contained within the limits of the highly elaborate picture we have attempted to describe. Yet it measures only a few inches square. It embraces within a narrow compass a vast crowd of figures, and the greatest variety of expression. But for all this there is no confusion, notwithstanding the diversity of sentiment unity of purpose has been strictly preserved, and in this as in so many of Cruikshank's designs, the effect, so far from having been obtained at the sacrifice of truth, is absolutely dependent upon truth.

The artist has told a hideous story in hideously plain language. He has softened down nothing, he has subtracted no one necessary element of horror. We have a martyrdom not as we might please to imagine it, but as in fact it was, full of all that is most revolting to our nature as rational and civilized beings.

Artists generally are content to suggest; Cruikshank, rightly or wrongly, has chosen to depict. Instead of the conventional figures in conventional attitudes of faith and resignation, bound to a stake around which are heaped faggots that have as yet scarcely begun to burn, we have a fellow creature shrieking with anguish in the heart of a pitiless blaze, and a multitude of spectators, whose faces and attitudes bespeak the varying emotions that so frightful a spectacle was calculated to arouse.

Cruikshank is no man for half measures. When he treats of a ghastly subject his pictures are ghastly indeed. He disdains to mitigate the ugliness of an execution or a martyrdom. On the contrary, he brings out the full horrors of the situation with an almost cynical boldness. He reproduces with strange and repulsive force the very crisis of the hideous drama. The event in itself was inexpressibly shocking, and the artist seems determined that even at this distance of time we should share to some extent the disgust and indignation of the spectators.

There is a ghastly drawing in the "Tower of London"—it serves as the frontispiece—of the execution of Lady Jane Grey.

It is frightfully realistic, conceived in the very spirit of melodrama. In short it is a sickening picture. Tragic dignity it has none; indeed so devoid is it of any thing of the kind, that it excites loathing rather than any sentiment akin to wrath or compassion. It would haunt a child in its dream; its one purpose evidently being to reproduce in the most vivid manner possible all the material horrors of an execution.

De la Roche has treated the same subject very differently. He

sought to stimulate a higher feeling than mere disgust; he has centred our attention on the victim, not purposely drawn it aside to the accessories. But then he was a tragic artist, and dealt with the pathetic, whereas Cruikshank wanted simply to horrify and sicken us, and in this he has succeeded to perfection. As a melodramatic artist he was and is without a rival.

There is a certain element of caricature in the drawing of which we speak, which renders it additionally repulsive. The executioner is bandy-legged and squints. He is not, however, a mere grotesque monster; his attitude being full of concentrated energy and resolve. You can see that he has swung up the axe with an effort, that he is hurling all his force into the blow which after just this one hesitating pause of the uplifted knife will come down with a flash and a thud—decisive and well aimed—of which so thoroughly scientific and practised a headsman might well be proud.

The Lieutenant of the Tower looks on resolutely, and yet, as is apparent from his firm set lips and knitted brow, not without a certain disposition to flinch. Even *his* strong heart fails him.

The lady in waiting hides her face in her hands; shocked beyond expression, and faint with horror, she clutches the railing of the scaffold to prevent herself from falling.

Two soldiers gaze on open-mouthed. We can see the face only of one of them, but the expression of the other is made manifest by his own attitude and that of his companion.

Wolfytt, the torturer, grasping the edge of the hoarding, tries to wriggle himself upwards to have a better view. He looks on eagerly and inquisitively. He and his friend, the executioner, have been discussing the whole matter overnight; and the sworn tormentor takes a true professional interest in seeing a bloody task thoroughly well done.

Sorrocold, the chirurgeon, is indifferent.

Lady Jane herself is calm, her hands are clasped as if in deep wordless prayer, her head is bowed resignedly on the block, and her neck and shoulders are bared in a manner horribly suggestive. Another moment, and the axe, with a whirr, will be down upon her! Who can imagine her feelings, or picture what is passing in her mind? Instant death!—the vaguest of terms, signifying we know not what.

Further on in the book is a wonderfully spirited etching of the execution of the Duke of Northumberland on Tower Hill. It contains more figures than we should care to count—a perfect forest of heads, all defined with marvellous precision. A drawing so full of elaborately-wrought detail must have cost the artist weeks of toil. It is indeed extraordinary the amount of labour

that Cruikshank was content to expend upon picture after picture. His patience, and thoughtfulness, and self-exaction are really marvellous. When we remember all the work he has done—when we try vainly to count the thousands and thousands of drawings that he has produced of one kind and another—and then consider his prodigality of detail, the artistic finish, and the untiring elaboration displayed in nearly every thing he undertook, we are amazed—we seem to be dealing with the work, not of an individual, but of a generation.

In “Jack Sheppard”—an exciting, energetic, and not very refined or edifying romance—there are some of the most spirited, original, and effective drawings that even Cruikshank ever limned. They are full of vitality, suggestiveness, and appropriately lurid effects. Our artist was always great in his skies and backgrounds. And yet with all his love of detail and finish, the subordinate parts of his pictures were never obtrusive.

We may here remark that some years ago a draughtsman, formerly of repute, named Alfred Ashley, illustrated a pretty well forgotten, but by no means undeserving, novel of George Herbert Rodwell, entitled “Old London Bridge,” in a style that partook in some degree of George Cruikshank’s merits and mode of treatment, and in a higher degree of his really objectionable mannerism. The plates in question were picturesque, and more or less graphic. Further, they exhibited industry and a feeling for colour. But they were deficient in individual character, and the figure drawing was “so-so.”

Cruikshank’s style of illustration, though it once counted its admirers by thousands, if not millions, and had many imitators, is now pretty well out of date. Though carefully elaborated, his drawings abound in errors, partly of taste, mostly technical. His young ladies, for instance, are unendurable. Like Doré he failed successfully to depict the refined and graceful. He seems to have suffered from deficiencies in early training. A certain grotesque element appears even in his most serious attempts. His women are almost invariably, his men not seldom, badly proportioned. He had a natural tendency towards the grim and exaggerated. He could be very funny if he liked, and very revolting. He had no mercy on the spectator. He mixed up the ghastly and the ludicrous, though perhaps this is only another way of saying that he had a strong sense of contrast. His giants and dwarfs and witches are wonderful. They are full of mingled spite, shrewdness, and good-nature.

His Wolfytts and Mangers are horrible enough in all conscience, but his Marys and Elizabeths are preposterous, less from

sheer ugliness than from a lack of power which they argue on the part of the artist.

George Cruikshank, in fact—however surprising the statement may appear—was, technically speaking, “cabinued, cribbed, confined, and bound,” at least in the delineation of the human figure. There were certain limits, and rather narrow ones, beyond which, as a mere draughtsman, he could not pass, but his merits, after all, depend less on his pencil which *drew*, than on his head which *conceived*. He had a surprisingly keen sense of humour, he had the happiest knack of seizing and reproducing a dramatic situation; his personages, however exaggerated or weak in limb, were full of individuality, as his drawings, as a whole, are of purpose. His fancy and versatility are amazing; he was never affected, though always thoughtful, and frequently, even in his later years, strikingly original. However defective his works may have been in point of drawing, they were never slovenly or commonplace; he had the gift of being able to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the author he undertook to illustrate, and no subject, however trivial, was beneath his notice.

Lastly, we may add—and in so doing we pay no mere formal compliment to the artist—that let the subject matter given him be what it might, he always did his best. Historical romance or fairy tale, Jack Sheppard or Oliver Twist, George Cruikshank, the most fanciful, the most graphic, the most industrious of draughtsmen, was never found wanting.

OPERATIC NOVELTIES.

THE wind-up of the late Opera season at Drury Lane was marked by the revival—we might almost say, production—of “Anna Bolena.”

This work, which if not the best, is by no means the worst of Donizetti’s many operas, has not been played for twenty years. It is hardly likely to enjoy a renewed lease of its former great popularity, at least if we may judge by the manner in which it was received. Not that the audiences were hostile, but they were scanty and unenthusiastic. Perhaps, however, the hot weather had something to do with this.

“Anna Bolena,” as most of our readers must be aware, was the first opera in which Donizetti exhibited a distinct style of treatment and marked originality. It was the predecessor of “Lucrezia Borgia,” “Lucia di Lammermoor,” and “La Favorita;” but it was not the first work of its composer by a score or more.

It embraces an effective, rather brilliant, but not very original overture in Rossini’s earlier or Italian style, a good deal of pleasant and agreeable melody, and it displays a knowledge of stage requirements—using the term in rather a low sense. The orchestration is clever, but at times unnecessarily noisy; heavy, without being full. There is a certain degree of dramatic expression, but of a broad and general, rather than subtle or definite kind, and we find few traces of real passion, and not much intensity. A certain languor weighs upon the entire work. On the whole, it is not very exciting; but grace of melody and fluency of ideas save it from being exactly tedious. We are inclined to think that it would improve on further acquaintance, though it is decidedly without depth. It is almost as ambitious, but not quite so ponderous, as one of Meyerbeer’s merciless *chef d’œuvres*. On the other hand, it has not Meyerbeer’s energy, impressiveness, individuality, or finish.

Possibly for this last term, there are those who would suggest another and less complimentary phrase—over-elaboration.

“Anna Bolena” was so far welcome that it came as a comparative novelty; and during the past season there has been little

enough of novelty at either house. We hope the work will be repeated, for we should like to hear it again. The "cast" might be strengthened with advantage. It was efficient, but not remarkable. Such audiences as were attracted to the theatre must have been drawn thither by the abstract merit of the piece itself, or by sheer curiosity. If we may venture to express a frank opinion, *Mdlle. Titiens* does not appear to advantage in "*Anna Bolena*."

We need hardly add that the *libretto* upon which the opera is founded is a preposterous burlesque of English history. But who looks for merit, literary, dramatic, or poetical, in a work of this kind? Operas of the "*Anna Bolena*" type are not so much musical dramas as a succession of airs and concerted pieces, sung with words, dresses, and scenery by way of accompaniment. They are meant simply to amuse. It is hardly fair to criticize them seriously, for, though pretty enough, they are flimsy, conventional, and only half in earnest.

In Italian opera of this class all the emotions are stereotyped. There is a certain kind of love, more or less sensuous and artificial, a certain kind of fury approaching the bombastic, and a certain kind of such other emotions as can be made dramatically effective. There is no attempt at gradation of tone or refinement of expression. Neither is there much concentrated power; all is on the surface, and the nerves of the spectators are affected very little.

Verdi is energetic enough; and his celebrated quartett in "*Rigoletto*" shows that he can be terribly in earnest when he likes. Beethoven and Wagner throw all the power of great genius into their music; but "*Rigoletto*" is a weird, ghastly drama; "*Fidelio*" is terrific; and "*L'Ollandese Dannato*" has for some inscrutable reason been shelved. On the whole, we doubt whether grim earnestness is in favour at the Opera House. Music, we regret to say, is regarded, at least in fashionable circles, less as an art than a frivolous amusement.

"*Le Astuzie Femmini*," is very well in its way, but it ought never to have been brought out at Covent Garden. It is a musical farce, and the huge building swallows it up. Slight orchestration, almost exclusively for stringed instruments, and graceful but unpretending melodies, are lost on the huge stage in Bow Street. When such works as that in question—which, by-the-by was produced and played in a very slovenly manner—are set before the public in a theatre of enormous dimensions, we are reminded of a perambulator drawn by steam power. These slight operettas on big stages, and with the accompaniment of a gigantic orchestra, are a mistake altogether. They are dismal failures, the composer's

intention is perverted, and he runs the risk of being misjudged and misunderstood. Being so far off you cannot see the faces of the actors, and so miss the bye-play and the point of the jokes—such as they are. But then to be sure there is not much comic talent on the opera boards at present, so perhaps on the whole we are no great losers.

Signor Borella, we may add, is the only singer who has the slightest sense of humour, and who can be funny, and yet not vulgar. Besides he has a fine voice, and can use it like an artist, so should any theatre of moderate dimensions be opened, as was the Lyceum in the spring of the present year, for comic opera, we hope he will return and play some of Rossini's characters as they ought to be played, but have not been played this long while.

In conclusion, we may ask where are "La Juive," "La Donna del Lago," "L'Ombre," "Macbeth," "Les deux Journées," "L'Ollandese Dannato," "Medea," and a dozen other operas, which are always going to be "produced immediately," or are announced as being in rehearsal, or appear and disappear with perplexing abruptness, generally towards the close of the season, and which are destined from time to time to figure tantalizingly in that *index expurgatorius*—a manager's prospectus?

There is something in operatic concerns which passes the understanding of ordinary mortals. It is strange indeed that when such works as "Der Freischutz," "Oberon," "Euryanthe," "Jessonda," "Orfeo," "Lohengrin," and "Romeo e Giuletta" exist, the public should be content with hearing "La Sonnambula," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "La Figlia del Reggimento" over and over again.

When are we to hear that missing act of "William Tell?" when the Walpurgis scene from Gounod's "Faust?"

Verdi has written other operas besides "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," and some very good ones too. Wagner is not wholly unintelligible, and he is certainly a man of great and original genius. Mozart's "Così fan tutti" deserves occasional repetition, and something might be done with "Idomeneo." An obscure individual, named Auber, once wrote some works entitled respectively "Les Diamans de la Couronne," "Le premier Jour de Bonheur," and "Le Philtre"—by many persons thought superior to the better known "L'Elisir d'Amore." One or two of Rossini's masterpieces would make a pleasant change—say "Le Siège d'Corinthe," and "Matilde di Shabran," or even "L'Italiani en Algeria." How about Sphor, how about a dozen other composers, of whom, in spite of their European fame, we have heard little in the past, and are likely to hear still less in the future?

But then to be sure the function of an opera house is not to cultivate musical taste, but to fill a manager's pocket.

Therefore let us be content with Donizetti and Bellini during the term of our natural existence.

GEMS FROM CLASSIC MINES.

HORACE 1. ODE V. AD PYRRHAM.

(*Editio Altera.*)¹

AH! tell me, sweet Pyrrha, what beautiful boy
This evening shall feast on your charms,
In some bower 'mid the roses, the scene of your joy,
In the raptured embrace of your arms.

For whom are you binding your gold-gleaming hair,
And so simply adorning your dress?
Shall this lord of your fond love be doom'd to despair
When a shipwreck his barque shall oppress?

Shall he who believes you the best of the best,
And dreams not of change and deceit,
Shall he who reposes his head on your breast
Find all your endearments a cheat?

How I pity the wretch who descries not the snare
That beams from your eye and your brow!
Escaped from the wreck of my peace, now, I swear,
A fit offering to Heaven I'll vow.

D. C. L.

¹ For another version of this Ode, by a different hand, see above, p. 516.

THE SENTENCE OF PONTIUS PILATE.

WE have lately had submitted to us a newspaper paragraph, of uncertain date, headed, "A CURIOUS RELIC," and giving what ought, if genuine, to be a document of great and surpassing interest to every member of Christendom, recording, as it does, the actual sentence of death which was passed by Pontius Pilate, as the Roman Governor of Judæa, upon the Saviour of Mankind. The cutting states that it is "a correct transcript of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been uttered by judicial lips in the annals of the world." It has appeared in the *Kölnische Zeitung*; but, apart from German papers, we do not know that it has ever appeared in an English form.

The sentence itself runs as follows :—

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the 17th year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 25th of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas, Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the presidential seat of the praetor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove that :—1. Jesus is a misleader. 2. He has excited the people to sedition. 3. He is an enemy to the laws. 4. He calls himself the Son of God. 5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 6. He went into the Temple, followed by a multitude, carrying palms in their hands. It likewise orders the first centurion, Quirilius Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution, and forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus."

The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are : 1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee. 2. John Zorobabel. 3. Raphael Robani. 4. Capet. Finally it orders that the said Jesus be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournea.

The sentence is engraved on a plate of brass, in the Hebrew language, and on its sides is an inscription certifying that—"A similar plate has been sent to each tribe."

This curious document, it is said, was discovered in A.D. 1280, in the city of Aquill, in the kingdom of Naples, in the course of a search made for the discovery of Roman antiquities: and it remained there until it was found by the Commissaries of Art in the French Army of Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy, it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained, by petition, leave that the plate might be kept by them, as an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the Commission of Arts. Dénon had a *fac simile* of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet, for 2,890 francs. There seems to be little or no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this document; and it is obvious to remark, that the reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those recorded in the Gospels. True or false, the document is well worth placing on permanent record, in the hope that some of our readers may be able to test its genuineness.

F. U. R.

OLD FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE sun is setting in a golden glory
 O'er the dark forest trees of Fontainebleau;
 The wind is sighing out the self-same story
 That it was whispering thousand years ago.

Stories of burning love and pledges broken,
 Stories of brilliant deeds and tarnished fame,
 Stories of hearts that died of love unspoken;
 Those tales of bygone days, ring they not still the same?

Recall the time when those o'erarching alleys
 Shaded the sun from Diane's beauteous face;
 Recall the days when those majestic valleys
 Saw the three brother kings of Henri's race

Chasing the deer, by courtiers gay surrounded
 And royal huntsmen, clad in gold and green;
 And ever where the roebuck lightly bounded
 Foremost and fairest Marie's face was seen.

But ah! what destiny! what joys and sorrows
 'Ere those bright eyes have wept away their life!
 What sweet to-days! what agonizing morrows!
 What courtly triumph and what mortal strife!

"Who speaks of strife in sunny Fontainebleau?"
 Rings out the merry voice of Gabrielle—
 "Bring me my horse, and let us hunt the roe—
 The noble sport my monarch loves so well."

The gay cortège rides through the gilded gate
 With laughter, revelry, and royal pride;
 And lightly careless of his kingly state
 Great Henri lingers by his fair one's side.

And soon a stag on foot, whose antlers show
 He has roamed free for many a year at will
 Under the beeches of old Fontainebleau,
 And at the dripping well has drunk his fill.

He flies! He flies! He skirts the rocky vale
 Where Fronchard's rocks repeat the wolf's wild cry,
 Where grim distorted masses tell the tale
 Of earth's convulsive throes in days gone by.

Onward he flies—he skirts the wooded height
 Of Mont St. Pere, with silver birches crowned:
 Headlong he still pursues his rapid flight,
 Still following close, the well-trained coursers bound.

And on they gallop through the livelong day
 Into the forest's densest deepest gloom;
 Thickets of juniper perfume their way
 And tufts of golden gorse and golden broom.

But see! a figure down the grassy ride
 Beneath the tall black firs comes swift along!
 Say why the foaming chargers start aside?
 Say why the linnets cease their evening song?

Sable his hunting garb, and waving plume,
 Coal black the snorting charger he bestrides;
 Back draws each frightened squire, each pallid groom:
 Straight to the king the sable huntsman rides!

He speaks not, but he checks his courser's pace
And gazes on the king, and lifts his hand,
One moment's time ; then fades away in space
And ah ! what terror fills the courtly band !

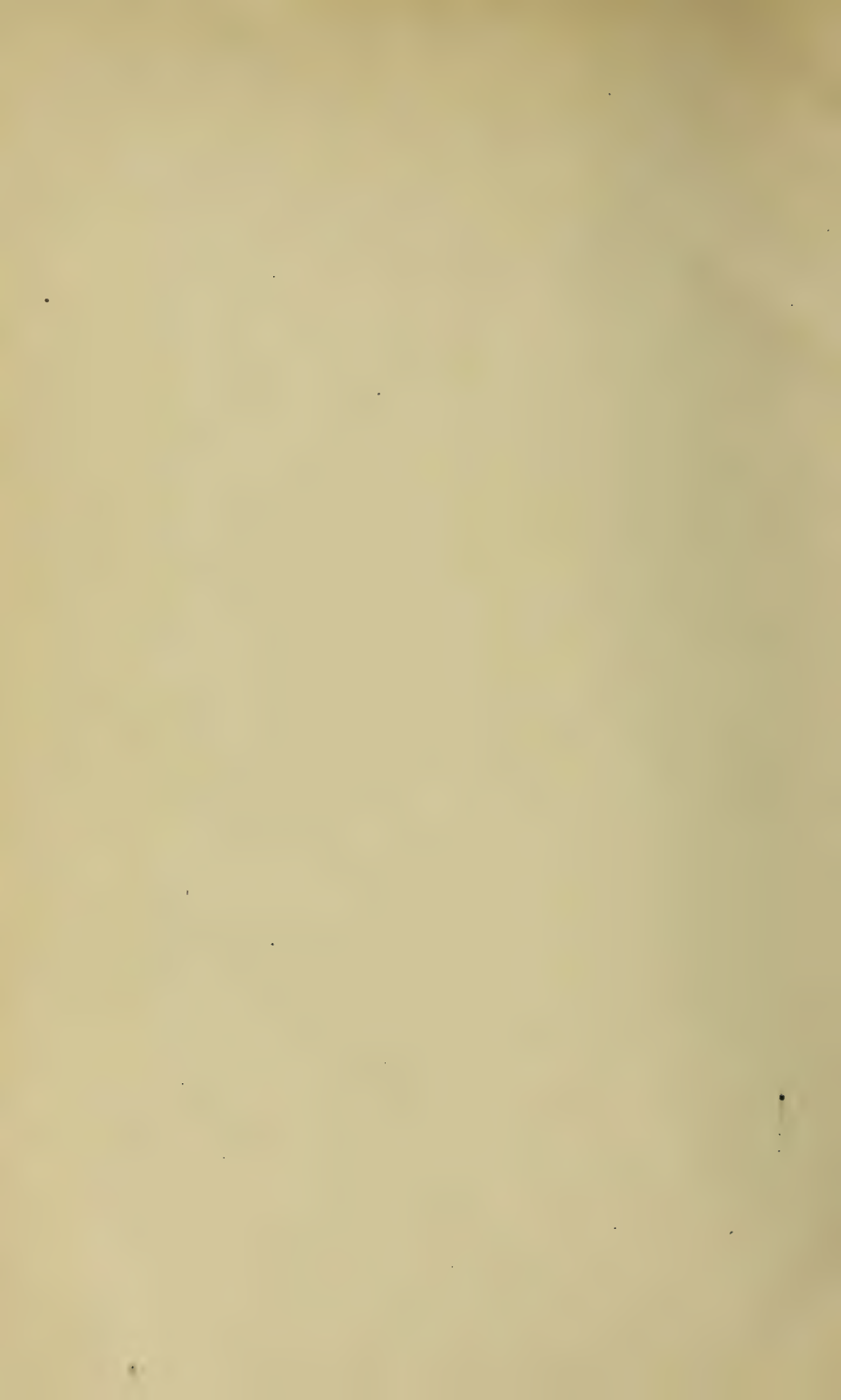
And Henri's cheek grew pale—He knew too well
What meant the Spectral Huntsman's presence there :
He gasped and sighed, and turned to Gabrielle ;
Fainting, she clasps La Croix du Grandveneur !

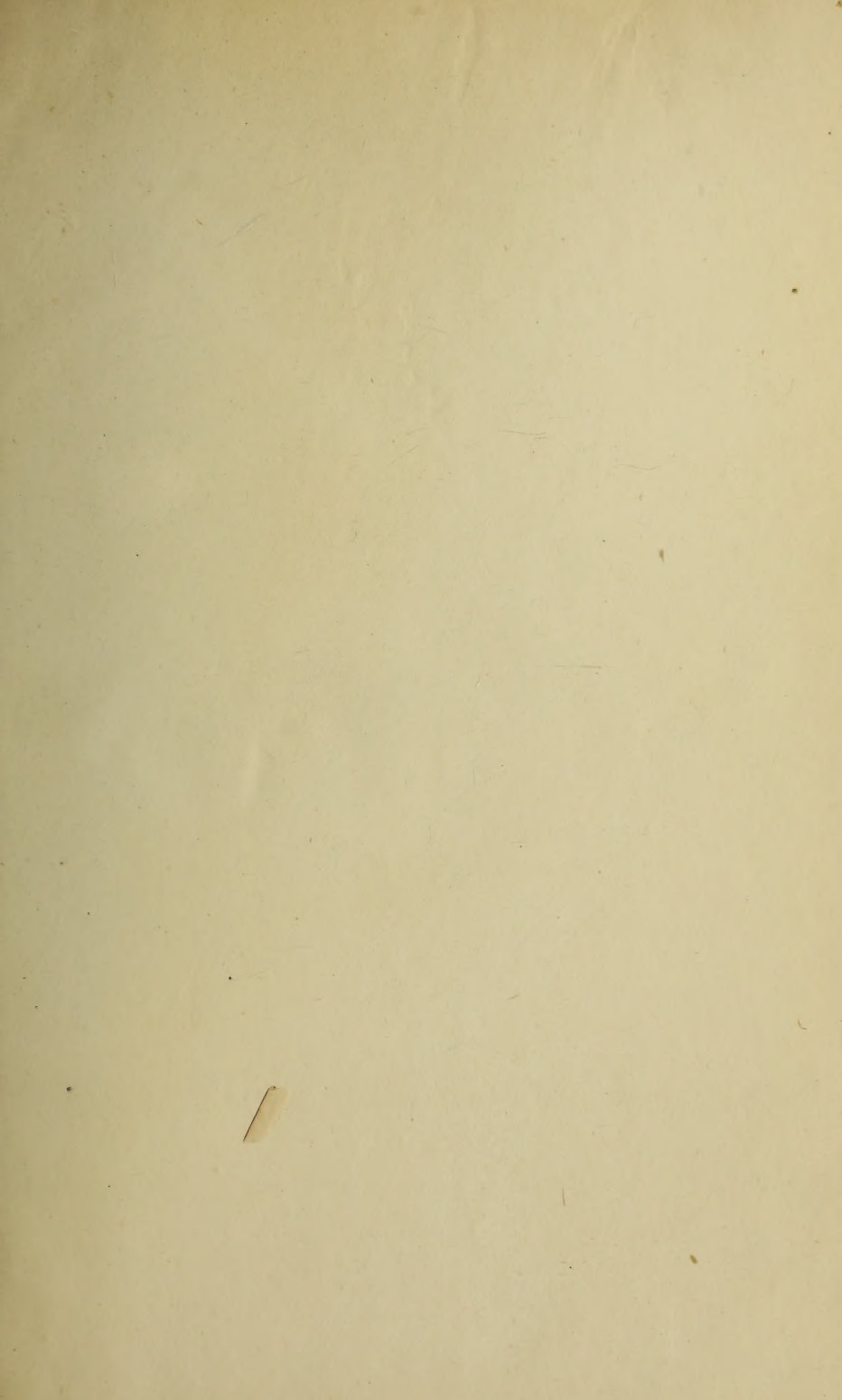
Ay ! kneel, and vow thy vows, fair Gabrielle !
All unavailing for thy lover's life :—
Too surely doth that spectral form foretell
Thy monarch's fall beneath the assassin's knife !

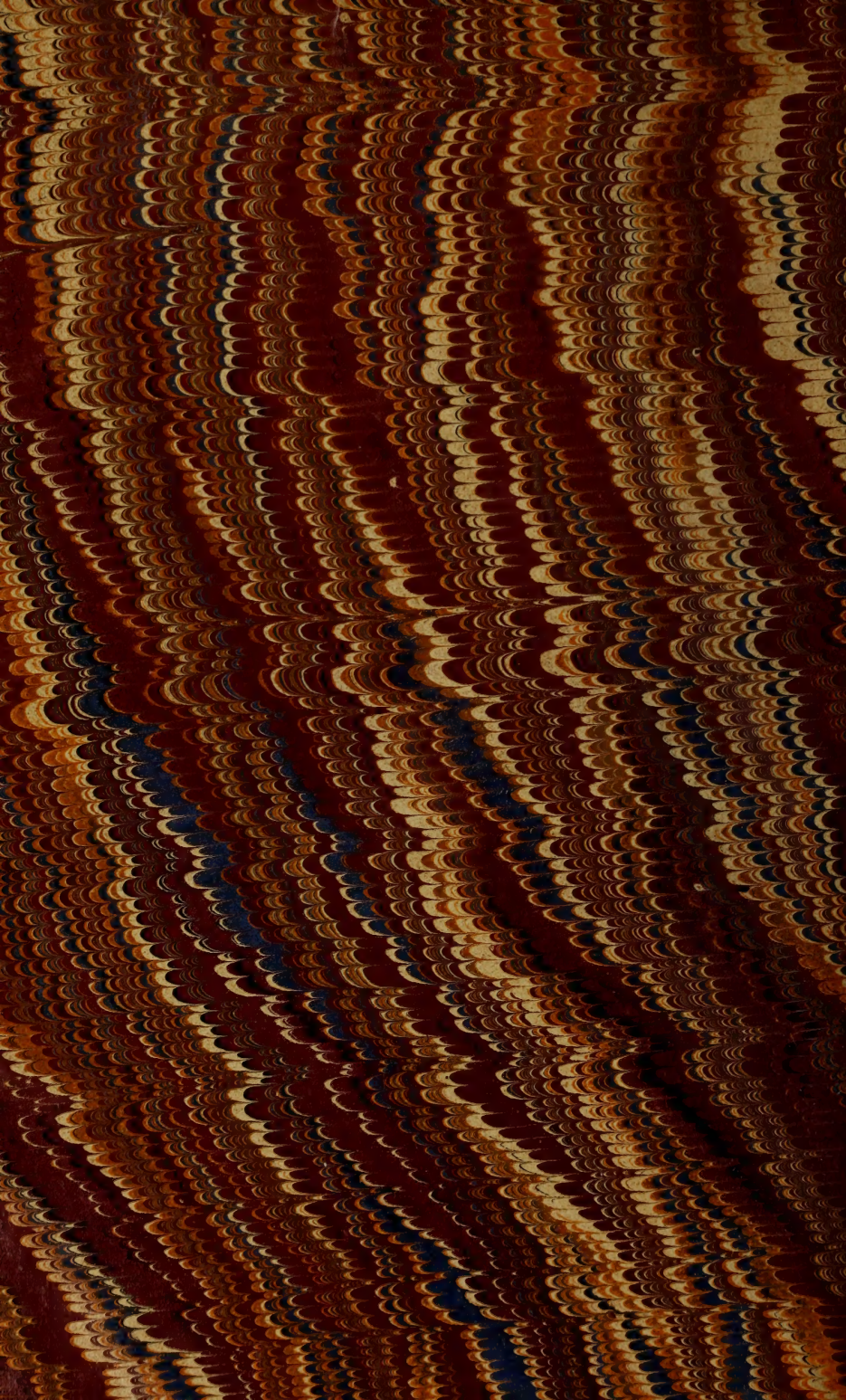
Ay—weep, ye broken hearts of Fontainebleau ;
Weep for the tragedies of bygone story ;
Weep for the buried hopes of long ago ;
And pray for calmer days,—more peaceful glory !

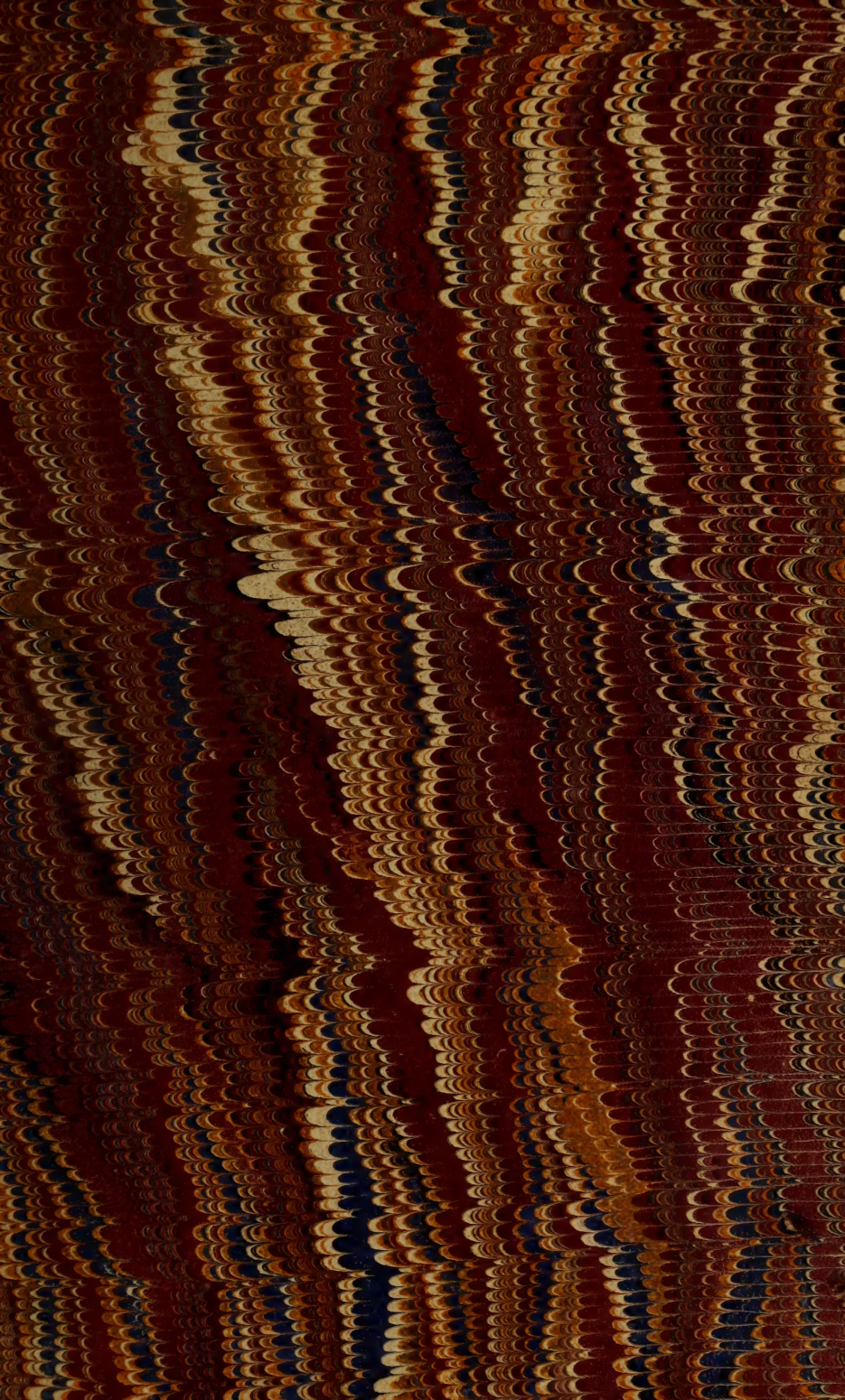
G. T.

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